

































# DEL MONTE WAVE.

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## Sketch of Monterey,

QUEEN OF AMERICAN WATERING PLACES.

In the month of December, 1602, Don Sebastian Vizcayno, acting under instructions of Philip III of Spain, sailed into the placid waters of what is now known as the Bay of Monterey, and landing with two priests and a number of soldiers, took possession of the country in the name of his royal master. A cross was erected by Vizcayno, and religious ceremonies were performed at an improvised altar beneath the gracious protection of an umbrageous oak. The spot was called Monterey in honor of Gaspar de Zuniga, Count de Monterey, at the time Viceroy of Mexico, and the projector and patron of the expedition. In 1769 Gaspar de Portala, Governor of Lower California, headed an expedition northward, and marching by Monterey, which he was attempting to find, reached San Francisco Bay, upon which he and his two attendant priests, Fathers Juan Crespi and Francisco Gomez, bestowed its present name. This expedition was fitted out in the interest of Padre Junipero Serra, who had just been placed at the head of sixteen missionaries from the Franciscan convent of San Fernando, all of whom were to be sent into Alta California to labor among the Indians. Portala's first expedition having failed in its purpose, a second was sent from San Diego in 1770. This was in two divisions, Father Junipero Serra and a company of priests going by sea, and Portala by land. The brig San Antonio, which conveyed the forces by water, landed at Monterey on the 31st of May after a voyage of forty-six days. Portala had reached the spot eight days before. The latter, on his previous march northward, had erected a cross, which served in this visit to guide him onward. The San Antonio had, a year previous, brought to San Diego the first party of white men who came to make a permanent settlement in what was then Upper, or New California. Monterey thrived and eventually became one of the largest shipping-points on the coast, while the neighboring mission also increased both in spiritual and temporal influence. The place early became the capital of the Territory, and many of the Governors under Spanish, Mexican and American rule made it their homes. The final event of public importance in Monterey was the meeting of the Constitutional Convention of California, early in August, 1849. The old town is situated upon the gently sloping shores of Monterey Bay, with one of the loveliest outlooks upon the Pacific imaginable; near it, upon the south, a peninsular juts out several miles into the sea forming the barrier of the bay in that direction, and in front is a beautiful beach of clean, white sand, across which the waves are ever chasing each other in white mantles.

Across the turquoise sea, twenty miles or so away, lies Santa Cruz at the northern entrance to Monterey Bay. In no land in the world does verdure reach a higher state of perfection than in California; and, although the soil in the neighborhood of Monterey is not of the best, trees, plants and flowers abound, adding their varied tints to the beauty of the landscape. The hues of the ocean and sky rival the tropics, and the profusion of vegetable life and loveliness also suggest a far-southern clime.

The bay of Monterey is a magnificent sheet of water. There is a wealth of color in both sea and sky bigly suggestive of southern seas. The waters abound in many kinds of fish, especially rock-cod, barracuda, pomfino, Spanish mackerel, and flounder, and these may be taken at all seasons of the year. Upon the beaches below Monterey are found many varieties of sea mosses, shells, pebbles, and agates, and some of these are very brilliant in color. The bay is well protected and is delightfully adapted to yachting. In the streams near Monterey trout are quite plentiful, and lovers of angling have every means of indulging in the sport.

It required only the building of a first class hotel to make Monterey the perfection of a watering place, and this want was amply supplied in 1880, when a magnificent structure was reared about a

mile from the town. The site selected was in a stately grove of pine, oak, and cedar, the trees being sufficiently scattered to admit of the adornment of the grounds by driveways, footpaths, lawns, and beds of flowers. A plat of 126 acres was set aside and enclosed as the hotel grounds while 7,000 acres more were purchased for other purposes. The fact that the visitor may ride a score of miles over well-kept and macadamized roads, and be all the time within the borders of the hotel company's property, serves to show, in some measure, the vast extent of these possessions. Since it was originally established the house has been enlarged by the addition of a capacious wing. The new portion of the hotel forms an extension of the main front, although running backward at a different angle. The rooms are large and airy, and the visitor, expecting to find an ordinary hotel, a house of public accommodation, constructed and conducted purely for purposes of profit, where the surroundings are all oppressively suggestive of the commercial rather than the social aspect of life, will be disappointed, and agreeably so. In its external and internal appearance, and in the social atmosphere and tone which pervade the entire establishment, the Hotel del Monte reminds one infinitely more of a modern English country mansion than of an American watering-place hotel. It is the handsomest watering-place hotel in America. The office or lobby in the front center of the building is a cosy apartment 42 by 48 feet, containing a mammoth fire-place. As in the best Eastern resorts, the office is intended as much for the occupancy of ladies as for gentlemen. Connected with the lobby is a pleasant reading and writing room, 24 by 36 feet, and beyond this, and entered from a spacious hallway, is a ladies' billiard-room, 25 by 62 feet, one of the largest and at the same time most elegant apartments for such uses to be found in any hotel in America. A ladies' parlor, 34 by 42 feet, lies beyond this room; and partly in the rear, and approached by means of both a ballway and a covered veranda, is a fine ball-room, 36 by 72 feet. Beyond this is the new wing, four stories in height. The apartments are sunny, roomy, well lighted and well ventilated, and here, as well as in the main section of the house, are means of artificial heat, when such is required. The halls or corridors in both the old and new portions of the house are wide and lofty, and the staircases are also capacious. The dining-room is an elegant apartment 45 by 70 feet, and there is also a dining-room for children and servants, and rooms for private parties. The kitchen is 33 by 40 feet. The hotel is lighted throughout with gas made at the works upon the grounds, and supplied with pure water from the Carmel River. No pains have been spared to provide against fire, both in construction of flues and in the apparatus for extinguishing flames. The main part of the hotel is 385 feet in length, independent of the wings, and its width is 115 feet. The main, or front, division, is three stories in height, with additional floors in the broad towers. There are rooms *en suite*, parlor and bed-room, and also single rooms on every floor. The central tower, or observatory, is 25 by 30 feet, and 80 feet high, and the end towers have an elevation of 50 feet. The house is elegantly furnished throughout, and is kept so scrupulously neat and clean that the visitor is sure to think it can have been opened but yesterday. The bar, bowling-alley, and smoking room are contained in a separate building, and still further away, hidden by the trees, is a finely-appointed stable and carriage-house. As driving constitutes one of the leading amusements of Monterey, the latter appurtenances have been especially looked after. There are accommodations for sixty or more horses, and there is telephone communication between hotel and stable. Both hot and cold water are carried through the hotel in pipes, and the house is provided with all other modern appliances and improvements. There are bath-rooms on the different floors, free to the guests. In front and at the ends of the house are broad, shaded verandas, where the guests may sit indolently inhaling the pure air fresh from the ocean, perfumed with the aroma of flowers, or, preferring exercise, indulge in the gentle excitement of the shuffle-board. The grounds surrounding the hotel present the perfection of art in the way of landscape gardening. Under the direc-



tion of Mr. R. Ulrich, an accomplished landscape gardener, a corps of between forty and fifty men is kept constantly engaged in embellishing the gardens, avenues, and walks. The approach to the hotel from the railway station is by a winding avenue shaded by venerable trees, or by a graveled walk forming a more direct route. The distance is slight, since the hotel has a station upon its grounds. To the left is a little lake, with a fountain, bearing its old Spanish title of Laguna del Rey. The hotel is first seen through a vista of trees, and, in its beautiful embowerment of foliage and flowers, resembles some rich private home in the midst of a broad park. This impression is heightened when the broader extent of avenues, lawns, and flower-bordered walks come into view. The gardener's art has turned many acres into a choice conservatory, where the richest flowers blossom in profusion. Here and there are swings, croquet grounds, an archery, lawn-tennis courts, and bins of fine beach sand, the latter being intended for the use and amusement of the children who cannot await the bathing-hour for the daily visit to the beach. The use of all these, as well as of the ladies' billiard-room, is free to guests. In all directions there are seats for loungers. Through a vista formed by the umbrageous oaks and pines, the huge, bulbous forms of a varied family of cacti are seen. In another place is a bewildering maze. Everywhere flowers and rare plants abound, and every avenue and pathway is bordered by intricate floral devices. In any direction the eye may turn are fresh visions of beauty. In the fall of 1883 a great improvement was consummated in the introduction of an abundant supply of pure, soft water from the Carmel River. Extensive water-works were constructed at an expense of over half a million dollars. The supply not only meets the requirements of the hotel, but also feeds the great fountain in the lake. The Hotel del Monte has been under the experienced management of Mr. George Schonewald ever since it was built. Mr. S. is aided by a competent corps of office assistants, E. T. Simmons being chief clerk and J. A. Clough, room clerk.

The bathing-beach is one of the finest on the coast. W. H. Daily, the champion swimmer of the Pacific Coast, who made a careful examination of its features in the middle of December, 1879, pronounces it *the finest*, and says it is entirely free from stones below high-water mark, and also free from undertow. He found the water at that time of the year not too cold for enjoyable bathing, and during the winter months surf-bathing is frequently indulged in. It is doubtful if every visitor can as easily adapt himself to the sea, however, and to accommodate those who may prefer a warmer temperature than the surf can give, a luxurious swimming-bath has been erected at a cost of upwards of \$75,000. The great tanks are 150 feet in length and 50 feet in width. There are four separate tanks, holding in the aggregate 450,000 gallons of sea-water, the depth being graduated from three to six feet.

One of the most important events in the early history of Monterey was the establishment of the San Carlos Mission, or the Mission Carmelo. This mission, one of the first established towards the end of the eighteenth century in Upper California, by Father Junipero Serra and his coadjutors in the work of civilizing and Christianizing the Indians, was founded on the 3d of June, 1770. The first church was erected near the present town of Monterey, but the site was thought to be undesirable, and a new location was secured near where the Carmel River empties into Carmel Bay. Here, upon a hill four or five miles below Monterey, a more pretentious structure was reared. The sun now rests on its walls of dull red stone with a warm glow, and the edifice seems like an Old World ruin transplanted to this new land.

In connection with Del Monte, extensive improvements have been carried out in addition to those observable in the neighborhood of that establishment. The chief of these has been the construction of many miles of driveways along the picturesque coast. Leaving the Hotel del Monte for a morning drive, one gains the outer world over a grandly-shaped avenue which winds towards the beach; then skirting the beach and the town, he has a choice of routes. If he chooses the road to the right he courses along by the sea, and if he turns to the left he mounts the hill back of the town. The best way is to go by the former and return by the latter. The drives through the town disclose much of interest, and the driver will point out the historic buildings. The road leads past the steamer-wharf, the whaling-cove,

and the huts of the Chinese fishermen. Just outside the village a wooden cross by the side of a little creek marks the landing of Padre Junipero Serra. The road continues through pleasant woods and along the stretches of white, foam-flecked sand, which are broken here and there by rocky headlands, about which the waves throw aloft great fountains of spray. Grass and wild-flowers of every hue carpet the fields from December to June, and almost invade the domain of the sea, whilst the variegated tints of shells and sea-mosses cast up on the sands rival the flowers in imitating the bright hues of the rainbow. Nowhere are the waters of the Pacific Ocean more brilliantly varied in hue. Sapphire, opal, emerald, cream-white, topaz, mother-of-pearl, and crystal of every shade play before the eye with every rush of the mighty wave into the carved and chiseled rocks and the long rifts of the coast. The camp-ground of the Pacific Grove Retreat, the summer meeting-place of the Chatauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, and of an association of Methodists, lies pleasantly along the shore, a mile or so from the town. It resembles Ocean Grove, Oak Bluffs, and other Eastern resorts of the kind, with a greater richness of shore scenery. It is one of the most popular ocean resorts on the coast, and, like the Hotel del Monte, is kept open the year round, J. O. Johnson being Superintendent. Leaving Point Pinos and its lighthouse to the right, and taking the roadway through the woods, Moss Beach is soon reached. Here one may find employment for hours in gathering bright mosses and shells, while the neighboring fields afford many varieties of flowers. Rounding a little point beyond the beach, the Seal Rocks are brought into view. These are some rocky islands near the shore where hundreds of seals and sea-lions are seen disporting themselves. The rocks are also often white with birds. Another little beach and another little stretch of forest road bring one to the famed Cypress Point. Here is a grove of trees wholly unlike any found elsewhere on the coast. The huge gnarled trunks give evidence of great age. The close-knit branches and golden-green foliage produce a wealth of shade; and, as some writer has said, this is the one spot more perfectly adapted than any other point in the world for picnics and camping. Beyond Cypress Point lies Carmel Bay, if anything more beautiful than the bay of Monterey, while the rocky headlands of Point Lobos and the drooping forms of the sierra of the Santa Lucia appear in the distant blue beyond. Another reach of road, beneath the bearded and moss-hung branches of giant pines and cedars, with frequent glimpses of the blue ocean through the dusky aisles of the forest, brings one to Pebble Beach. From this latter point there is a road back to Monterey over the hills; or the explorer may gain the old Mission Church by a circuitous route. Besides the route here described there are roads leading in other directions, one up the coast to Castroville, and thence to Watsonville and Santa Cruz, another southward towards Point Sur, and a third towards Salinas City.

The mild winter climate of California renders it especially desirable as a place of sojourn for persons who seek to escape from the extremes of cold and sudden changes of temperature experienced in the East. Monterey seems to possess many advantages over other parts of California on account of the remarkable equability of its temperature. It is cooler here in summer and warmer in winter than at most other resorts, and the difference in mean temperature between January and July has been shown, by careful meteorological observations taken for a series of years, to be only nine or ten degrees. The superiority of the Southern California climate over that of Italy and Florida has been noted by many writers. The winter months represent the rainy season on the Pacific Coast, but the weather during this period is not disagreeable. Commencing in November, rain falls frequently, though by no means continuously, the succeeding three or four months generally being divided into two or three wet periods. It is the general impression in the East, among persons who have not taken occasion to inform themselves fully upon the subject, that during the wet season (so called in contradistinction to the dry months, when moisture rarely falls) rain is incessant. This popular error is corrected by a glance at the weather tables. A series of observations in past years show that the amount of rainfall in California is less than one-half as great as in the States east of the Mississippi. The East has as much rain in its summer and autumn as California has in its entire rainy season. After each rainfall at Monterey the sun comes out as bright and warm as before, and in twenty-four hours after the most copious pour there are no visible indications of it, as is usual in Eastern States, and no traces of the visitation left except in firm, mudless grounds and roads, and an enlivened growth of grasses, shrubs, and flowers.



## BREAKERS.

"Charlie," said his wife, with a chilling severity, "I just saw you coming out of the club-house." "Well, my dear," replied the heartless worser half, "you wouldn't have the man you love above all others in the world staying in a saloon all day, would you?"

At Pacific Grove: "Isn't my photograph excellent?" asked a loquacious wife of her husband. "Well, my dear," replied he, drawlingly, "there is too much repose about the mouth for it to be strictly natural." The book she was holding just missed him.

He: "I'll drop over and enjoy the beauties of Del Monte, to-morrow, I guess." She: "Will you? Well, I'll just drop over there with you, my dear." They compromised and spent the Sabbath at Castroville. Castroville has its beauties, you know.

On the Daisy Train from Del Monte on Monday morning: "The breakers were very fine, yesterday." "I thought so; there was Miss—" "Why, what are you talking about, what do you mean?" "Why, I mean the Sabbath-breakers, my boy; surely, they were very fine."

Two girls of high feather, upon entering the ladies' parlor at Del Monte, met a fat citizen's fat wife quitting it. "Ah!" said one of them, pretty loudly, "there is beef-a-la-mode going out." "Yes," answered the fat woman, "and there is a poor kind of game coming in."

It was on the beach near the pavillion: "Don't you love the waves, Colonel?" sea-reneily inquired a kitenish maiden of '49 or spring of '50. "Yes; the waves of a handkerchief in the pretty hand of a pretty girl." She was not even passably good-looking, and she thought a shot-tower had hit her.

"I wonder what the wild waves are saying, this morning, my dear?" faintly murmured the young husband, as he pressed his "matutinal" for the third time—to which the madam responded: "They are not saying much, but they are steadily thinking that the fools are not all dead." He did not finish the third cocktail.

It was on the veranda at Del Monte: He (to an elderly lady, richly attired)—"I have never observed you among the bathers, Mrs. Bang; aw dwon't you fancy the surf?" She: "I think I might like the sea well enough, but I should have such a continuous dread of the horrid incubus that—" "Mother!" shouted the daisy of the group, "hurry up and come along, for we are all ready." He: "By Jove! that girl's awfully clever—awfully good to her mother, you know. But continuous dread! and incubus for octo—octo—by Jove! I've forgotten the name of the sea devil, myself, you know."

Tw'as a bright and moonlight evening  
As they wandered on the shore,  
And she gently pressed his coat-sleeve,  
As she oft had done before.  
And they talked about his college,  
While she charmed him with her looks;  
Then she called him very naughty,  
Not at all well up in books.  
"Have you ever read," she murmured,  
"Squees' Memoir? I wish you would."  
"Well, since you insist," he whispered,  
"I will try and be so good."  
"Take your arm away—you monster!  
From my waist, you awful bad!  
That's not what I meant at all, sir!  
There, you're breaking my new fan.  
"Tw'as the 'Life of Joseph Squees' sir;  
And I think you're awful bad!  
Am I angry? Take me home, sir.  
Yes, I am, just fearful mad!"  
\* \* \* \* \*

Tw'as a bright and moonlight evening,  
As he wandered on the shore—  
But no maiden pressed his coat-sleeve  
As she used in days of yore.

## WAVELETS.

What is it the sad sea waves?

The swells of the ocean get dead broke as soon as they strike the shore.

San Francisco went crazy over a dead whale not long since. Well, we Montereyans "nose" how it is ourself.

Ulrich, the gardner, says that tulips seem to do best on the veranda under a subdued light, or where there is no light.

Crossing Monterey bay on a chopped sea reminds one of the country generally after the first rains—everything seems to be coming up.

A Van Ness avenue belle says there is something about Monterey that is conducive to sentiment and matrimony. Is it Cy-press grove?

A San Francisco dude, while having his hair cut last Saturday evening, asked the Del Monte barber what he thought of his moustache; and ye tonsorial wretch replied: "Bring it with you next time you come down, and I will give you my opinion."

"On the Pacific Coast," says the New York *Sun*, "ladies and gentlemen wear bathing suits which would not be tolerated at any of the Atlantic bathing places. They are decollete, short-sleeved, short-legged, and fit the figure *a la* Jersey. This rather surprises us. Judging from the Eastern papers, the ladies there are a head and shoulders above ours.

The "wave" dance—that shocking "hug-and-jump waltz," which paralyzed the prudes and all others who do not dance, some years ago—has gone entirely out of fashion. There was really too much actual squeezing and hugging to be long tolerated at so public a place as a dancing party—not that the participants ever betrayed any symptoms of indignant objections, at all; but frowns came so fast and so furious from those who did not know how to let their hearts throb against their partners' vests, that the "wave" was soon blushed out of existence.

They wandered by the sad sea waves,  
And talked in tender tones of love;  
He vowed that he would be her slave,  
And prize her all the world above.  
But she replied not, only sighed,  
And seemed depressed, aweared;  
She sadly eyed the flowing tide,  
And heeded not the love-words said.  
"O, why so sad, love, tell me why?"  
He said, and gently pressed her hand;  
She turned her tear-dimmed eyes away,  
And sobbed: "My boots are full of sand."

## GIRLS.

On this most interesting topic we give the following pointers to our young men readers:

A good girl to have—Sal Vation.  
A disagreeable girl—Annie Mosity.  
A fighting girl—Hittie Maginn.  
A sweet girl—Carrie Mel.  
A pleasant girl—Jennie Rosity.  
A "summer" girl—Helen Blazes.  
A sick girl—Sally Vate.  
A smooth girl—Amelia Ration.  
A seedy girl—Cora Ander.  
A clear case of girl—E. Lucy Date.  
A geometrical girl—Polly Gon.  
A flower girl—Rhoda Dendron.  
A musical girl—Sarah Nade.  
A profound girl—Mettie Physics.  
A star girl—Meta Oric.  
A clinging girl—Jessie Mine.  
A nervous girl—Hester Ical.  
A muscular girl—Callie Sthenics.  
A lively girl—Annie Mation.  
An uncertain girl—Eva Nescent.  
A sad girl—Ella G.  
A serene girl—Mollie Fy.  
A great big girl—Ellie Phant.  
A warlike girl—Millie Tarry.



## SPLASHES FOR LITTLE ONES.

Eva, noticing a flock of noisy blackbirds, said: "Mamma, I guess they are having a sewing 'ciety!"

"Surely, you've not washed, this morning, Johnnie?" "No, mamma! I was in bed so late, that I did not think I required it!"

A little Boston boy on being asked, when he saw George Washington's picture, if he knew the man's name, quickly replied: "Ben Butler."

Tender-hearted Tommie: "Mother, won't you stop Sal killing that fly?" Mother: "Why?" Tommie: "Because I want to kill him myself."

"Can any of you children tell me why Adam fell?" said Mr. Jones in Sunday school. "Banana peel!" yelled Freddie Brown, as he slid out of the door.

Nellie: "Please shut your eyes for a moment, mamma." Mamma: "Why?" Nellie: "You said you never wanted to see me take any sugar, and I'm going to take a piece, now."

At the family table the other night Tommy heard his father speaking about crests. The next day the little one's mother was surprised to hear him ask: "Mamma, what is our 'trade mark'?"

A little Monterey girl, upon being reproved, the other day, by an elder sister for using a slang expression, sharply replied: "Well, if *you* went into San Francisco society more *you* would hear slang."

A few days ago Maud S., a Salinas pet, wanted to go bare-footed like the boys. In a little while after trying it she returned home, saying: "Mamma, my feet are all wearing out, and papa will have to buy me some new ones."

Mary, who was inquisitive, listened to what a gentleman was saying about his step-son. The next day Mary went to him and said: "Please tell me some more about your doorstep-son, and what made him that kind of a boy?"

Little Willie, having hunted in all the corners for his shoes, at last gave them up, and climbing on a chair betook himself to a dictionary, and said: "Papa always looks in it to find things, and I'm looking in it to find my shoes."

Little Sammy has quite advanced ideas. He has a doll which he calls his wife. Recently he said to his "wife": "When I am a man, I am going to be a Mason, like pap, and then you won't see me until twelve o'clock at night."

A lady wanted her little girl to bathe in a room, the windows of which opened into the yard, in which were some fowls. "But," said the little girl, "I don't want to bathe before the chickens." "O, never mind the chickens," said the mother. "Well," said the little woman, "I won't bathe before the rooster, anyhow."

A little San Francisco girl, whom we will call Katie, wished very much to be put in long stockings. One morning her mamma promised her that if she came home that day and could tell her truthfully that she had not been stood in the corner during school hours she would at once put her in long stockings. That night when Katie returned home her mamma said to her: "Katie, were you stood in the corner to-day?" To which Katie replied: "I told the teacher (Uh! uh!) to stand me in the (Uh!) middle of the floor."

Little Jimmie, for once, couldn't have his way. "Mamma, I am going to leave 'oo; going to take the train an' never come back." Mamma said: "Very well; I, too, shall get on a train and go away forever." This terrible scheme had never entered Jimmie's head. He suddenly remembered that if his mother were to disappear he would certainly be spanked as often as he should deserve it. Running up to her and throwing his arms about her, he said: "Mamma, me and you'll go on the same train--won't we, mamma?"

"Do you love me?" stammered Benny  
To a bright eyed little maid;  
"Do you love me—love me, Jenny?  
I'll not tell; don't be afraid!"

"Yes, I love you," answered Jenny;  
"But—'twas only yesterday  
That I said the same thing, Benny!  
(And she blushed), to Bobbie Gray."

## WOMAN LAND.

When a woman has bought her husband a seventy-five cent shirt and got a ten dollar bonnet for herself, there is a heaven-born look of gratified love and happiness in her eyes that would make a tax collector weep to be the subject of.

In the remote history of several countries, weddings were an unregarded episode, except that "the lady was hit on the head and dragged quietly out of the camp." The style nowadays is, pretty generally, to drag the poor creature ostentatiously into church, marry her, and then drag her out and hit her afterward.

At Washington: Good looking army officer, who has been doing guard duty at the Capital for seventeen years, to Miss Cleveland: "Pray, what do our ladies find to think about besides parties and dress?" Miss Cleveland, with gracious tact and taste: "They think profoundly of the heroic deeds of the army officers in our midst." It was not a cannon ball that hit him; but he looked as if some Miss-ile had passed dangerously close.

The Washington *Herald* says "that the new style Miss Cleveland adopted, on Tuesday evening, for wearing her hair was generally pronounced more becoming to her than the way she had previously dressed it." We are very glad to know this. That other way was simply abominable. Of course, there are many who are perfectly indifferent as to the manner of Miss Cleveland's coiffure. But we—we draw the line—and we are unalterably opposed to the way in which Miss Cleveland previously dressed her hair. Hair-rassing, isn't it!

"When, soon after our civil war," says the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, "the United States sent a monitor to convey to the Czar the resolutions of Congress congratulating him on his escape from assassination, the officers of the American vessel were gorgeously entertained at St. Petersburg. At a great banquet in the Winter Palace the enthusiasm ran so high that a fair young princess tore the diamond necklace from her throat and threw it down the table toward the officers, exclaiming: '*Aux Americaines!*' The string broke and the diamonds scattered over the floor. The officers picked them up and pressed them to their lips amid shouts of '*Vive la Russie! Vive les femmes Russes!*'"

The Miss Kate Homer Clayton Howe, who was arrested lately in New Orleans charged with obtaining money and goods by false pretences, and who posed in that city as a lecturer, and flitted discreetly in good San Francisco society for a while, attempted one day to borrow a diamond necklace from Randolph & Co. This is merely mentioned to show to what straits (not sequence) one may come when in need of pecuniary aid. We only wonder that while the good lady was about doing something to tide over the little financial stress encountered in our hospitable midst she did not strike the charming old lapidary known as Randolph & Co. for his whole store. She could have got it as easily as a diamond necklace.

Baltimore society has been in the throes of a sensation which is, briefly, thus: Miss Hardesty, a grand-daughter of President Monroe, was on a visit, in Baltimore, to the mother of Pedro S. Moran, who resides further south, but who was also on a visit to his mother. Young Mr. Moran admired Miss Hardesty, and caught her, one day, somewhat unawares, and imprinted a regular stem-winder on her cherry lips. Miss H. became furious, although Mr. M. apologized and said that he had committed the so-called offense in fun. This, however, did not appease the young lady's wrath, and she forthwith informed a millionaire uncle of the offender, who proceeded to castigate his nephew for all he was worth. Pedro took two or three pretty savage knocks from his uncle, when patience ceased to be a virtue, and he doubled up the relative aforesaid by punching him twice in the bread basket. Friends then interfered, and the aristocratic sloggers were separated and removed from the scene of their curious encounter. It is not every day that a society chap may kiss a pretty girl against her will and have a chance to settle the controversy growing out of it with his own uncle. It is generally the big brother that looms up and proceeds to mop the floor with the dainty operator in osculatory sweets, while said B. B. comes off without a scratch. Better than all, however, is our glorious climate, with-in whose radiance many a pretty girl may be kissed—*not* against her will—at least, such is our information.



It is no unkindness to other California ladies, eminent for their good works, to say of Mrs. E. B. Crocker that she is way in advance of all others in approved benefactions and other philanthropic acts. There are women in England and elsewhere in America than California who, like this distinguished Sacramento lady, have written their names high up in the records of imperishable fame on account of their noble charities. There are, also, a number of wealthy ladies in our midst who are constantly giving from their substantial and ever-increasing stores—notably Mrs. Charles Crocker and her daughter, Mrs. Leland Stanford, Mrs. George Hearst, the Sutro girls, and, possibly, one or two others; but to Mrs. E. B. Crocker rightly belongs the crown for queenly acts which cannot be properly delineated or portrayed by pencil or pen.

Society people should take warning from what befell Colonel Ellis, of London, a few days ago, and "never no more" lay down strips of carpet from carriage-step to mansion-door. Ellis had bidden guests to a feast, and had laid a beautiful strip of Axminster across the flagging in front of his house, so that dainty slippers need not be soiled; but, one of the guests, Mrs. Watson, fell over said Axminster and injured her spine, and sued Ellis for damages, and received £50. The Colonel appealed, but the decision was upheld, "the Lord Chief Justice stating that the public had an uncontrollable right to use the highway, and that those who laid down carpets must take the consequences." Thus is added a new terror to society. Imagine, for instance, an expectant bridegroom tripping it joyously over the aristocratic strip of Axminster, and accidentally turning a flip-flap and injuring his spine, yet still having backbone enough left to sue the father of his adored one for damages. Come to think of it, though, \$250 is not a bad thing for the average bridegroom, provided the spinal column is not permanently disabled.

A lady, according to a New York telegram, who claims to be a sort of brevet wife of Ross R. Winans, a son of a former millionaire of Baltimore, has sued Mr. Winans for divorce. Mr. Winans, while admitting that he has had relations with Aliee that do not make him ineligible to "good society" so long as his bank account is substantial, denies that he has ever been given in marriage or been given away by any promises of a "foolish character." The Miss Whistler, to whom Mr. Winans says he is really and lawfully married, is a daughter of the deceased Colonel Whistler, U. S. A. In 1863 Mrs. Whistler—accompanied by a delightful old gentleman at our elbow—ran the blockade at Wilmington (N. C.) one dark night and arrived, shortly afterward, at the Bermudas, and then went to Liverpool, and from thence to Paris and St. Petersburg, where Colonel Whistler was engaged in railroad building with the elder Winans. Mrs. Whistler was 67 years of age at the time, but seemed more like a charming woman of forty. The elder Winans was formerly a blacksmith of Baltimore, and made a fortune subsequently by the invention of a traction engine and in railroad building in Russia. His sons, Thomas and Ross W., inherited their father's fortune—or their shares of it—which was so ample as to give them the entree of what is termed fashionable society, so long as they did not actually take their scarlet women along.

She never, never told her love;  
Of love she'd never speak;  
"Concealment," as with Shakespeare's maid,  
"Fed on her damask cheek;"  
And when this very common theme  
From other's lips she heard,  
She very, very faintly smiled,  
But never spoke a word.  
Woman is strange, a mystery:  
A puzzler; yes, and more;  
But such a curious thing as this  
I never knew before;  
I was surprised until I knew  
The reason; 'twas, ah, well!  
She never, never told her love,  
Because—she'd none to tell.

A Santa Cruz dude wants to know why Miss Wixon still persists in the effort to Palmer-self off as Miss Emma Nevada.

The lady with the artificial limb declined to accompany her friends into the surf, whispering to a near and dear companion: "It *wooden* do, you know."

## CHARACTER OF THE SEXES.

It is more than doubtful if any but enthusiastic students of German literature have ever heard even the name of Christoph August Tiedge, or know of his great work, "Urania," a poem, in which he sings of the immortality of the soul in nine cantos, the length of which inclines one to think that he also believed in the immortality of the bodies of his readers and the infinity of their patience. Yet the life of this obscure poet was not uninteresting. Like Ulysses, of old, he saw many men and cities and knew their customs and habits. It has so happened that recently a lucky accident has brought to light a hidden and unknown manuscript of his in which he has written out the results of his many experiences of the world. The work was written in 1792, and is entitled an "Attempt at the Philosophy of Life." It is published by Sacher-Masoch, at Leipsic. As fascinating a part of this work as any is the chapter on the "Character of the Sexes," wherein the author treats of men and women in their mutual relations. An abstract of some of his remarks about women will not be uninteresting—it being kept in mind that his remarks were made a century ago, and that the social conditions then prevailing were somewhat different from those which obtain here and now:

Despite the weakness of the feminine sex it seems destined to rule the masculine.

For a perfect union of two people there must not only be a sympathy in thought and taste, community of interest and resemblance of disposition—these only make continual intercourse pleasant—but they must be inseparable. This only comes when each supplies what the other needs. This is seen sometimes in friendships, sometimes in marriage.

When men criticize their wives, they do not mind remarks on their weaknesses, for these weaknesses are the cords that bind their husbands to them. Masculine traits in a woman are as disagreeable as womanishness in a man. For example, timidity, which is characteristic of the one, is ridiculous in the other. Therefore, women often affect weaknesses, etc., to please men, because in this way the latter are given an opportunity to show their courage, strength, etc. So a man must not hesitate to carry a woman over a muddy puddle though his shoes may be thinner than hers. Hence it is often rather unpleasant being a man when women are about.

Practical affairs are, to a certain extent, controlled by men through their strength and skill, and the men, in turn, by their wives. These govern their husband through their appetites. The man, in contrast to the woman, despite his physical strength, is practically weak. For example, the husband tells his wife his secrets, but she keeps hers to herself. It is only with reference to the secrets of others that women are accused of being unable to keep things to themselves.

There are many aids to woman's weakness. Her tears, those mighty weapons, are always ready. When frightened she shrieks and grows pale. She is endowed by nature with a facility for talking which is by no means without its charm. She can quickly get a superficial knowledge of any subject, and then converse about it with much animation. This conversational ability not only is agreeable, but is sometimes of practical value. As when, for example, a poor man wants a favor from a richer one, he sends his wife, who gets usually more than he himself could. Women like to talk. When they have discussed some insignificant matter for hours, they feel that they have not said all they wanted to say.

In the matter of their inclination to the other sex they are stronger than men. They care more for the whole sex, less for the individual; with men the reverse is true. A man is more scrupulous in his choice of a wife than is a woman in her choice of her husband. But this comes from the fact that the man chooses, the woman is chosen. She must not show any affection for any man, so she customarily acts as if she accepted him only because he wanted her so much, and as if she merely endured his caresses but did not find any pleasure in them. When it comes to a *tete-a-tete*, all women are coquettes. By marriage the woman gains her freedom, the man loses his.

It is a universal rule that young men rule over wives older than themselves, and young wives over old husbands.

Although women may have as much brains as men, they seldom have the organizing, practical ability of the other sex. They are fertile in plans, but fail in carrying them out. They are often inclined to save at home in order to shine out of doors. They have less sense of gratitude, feeling that what pleases them, what they want, is their due.

Two women seldom trust each other entirely, unless they are mother and daughter. They are inclined to be jealous, especially when they are good-



looking, or want to be thought or think themselves so. Each tries to surpass the other, and the one succeeding is always proud and happy over it. This same characteristic is noticeable in some men. It is the reason why some prefer the society of their inferiors to their equals.

A woman understands how to carry herself under change of circumstances better than a man. A man who has risen from a poor to a rich condition almost invariably makes himself ridiculous. But a poor girl, with any sort of an education, married to a rich man, will soon accommodate herself to and be at home in the position of her husband. They are prouder of social rank and distinction than men. But men are often more anxious about what people say of them than are women.

Flattery is seldom disagreeable to a woman unless it offend her taste. It is a tribute men must constantly pay, either in word or deed. Young women take almost any kind of it in earnest, even if their mirror contradict it. This instills a great self-love in them and is favorable to the growth of that vanity of which no one is destitute.

These few excerpts will serve to show that our philosopher kept his eyes wide open in society, and will give some slight idea of the style and matter of his "Philosophy of Life." That the man who wrote the "Philosophy" could ever have considered himself inspired by the muse, and of a poetic temperament, is odd. That after the lapse of nearly a century he should be shown to the world in this new light, a light which so absorbs and outshines the feeble, struggling ray reflected from "Urania" by histories of literature, is fortunate for his future reputation. Tiedge, the would-be moralizing theological poet, gives place at once to Tiedge, the keen-eyed man of the world.

### REMARKABLE FIDELITY.

[Santa Barbara Press.]

An instance of remarkable honesty and fidelity has just been made public, which rivals in interest any olden legend or any tale of the Arabian Nights. The characters are all well known in Santa Barbara and Ventura counties, and the names figure conspicuously in Southern California history. The thread of the story, briefly stated, is as follows: Nearly twenty years ago, one of the wealthy ladies of Los Angeles county, finding herself nigh unto death, made a very unusual provision for her only daughter, then an infant. She intrusted to one of her near and dear lady friends a very large amount of jewelry and valuables, which the friend was to keep until the child grew to womanhood, and married. On her wedding day the mother's gift was to be given to the daughter, but until then the most profound secrecy was to be maintained regarding the existence of the legacy. There was a magnificent pearl and diamond necklace, whose value was not less than \$10,000. There were quantities of massive silver and gold plate, there were large solitaire diamond rings; there were ornaments so rich and rare that they would have honored the diadem of a queen. The most costly wardrobes of silk and satin and fine lace were among the treasures which were confided to this friend, and with the rest was the very wedding robe which the mother had worn as she stood before the altar. It was the mother's request that the daughter be married in this same robe. And so the mother died, and the earnest kiss which the devoted friend pressed upon the pallid brow was the seal of a vow of fidelity. The wealthy Spanish father may have wondered what disposition his wife made of her treasure, but if so, he never gave expression to his thoughts. Time rolled on, and the little orphan child became a sweet, graceful girl. Meantime the father removed to Santa Barbara, the tide of fortune turned from his door, and left him almost penniless. Misfortune, too, had visited the household of the friend, and her vast estates became involved, and poverty crept close to her fireside. She had a son whose talents gave promise of a brilliant career. Her very life was wrapped up in his future. There was a time when the trust confided to her keeping would have been sufficient to have saved her from bankruptcy. There was not a living soul who knew of the existence of the treasures. From time to time the great chests had to be opened and the rich robes and laces cared for, lest moth, or dust, or time mar the delicate fabrics. Yet never once did this faithful friend falter. Reverses came, poverty came, and many bright hopes vanished, but the treasures were preserved. The girl grew to be a beautiful young lady, and in due time became betrothed to a young gentleman of good business prospects, and who is highly respected in the community. The wedding occurred a short time ago, and was largely attended. The bride's attire was so rich and elegant that it attracted universal admiration, but none guessed that it was the mother's wedding robe so mysteriously preserved and so faithfully presented. All the treasures, to the value of many thousands of dollars, were scrupulously delivered to the new bride, and are now safely deposited in one of our city banks. The faithful friend is now living in Ventura county. Her son has been a member of the Legislature, and is one of the most prominent young men in Southern California.

### LETTER FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

THE HOLIDAY SEASON—SOCIETY PEOPLE IN THE EAST AND ELSEWHERE—  
GOOD APPOINTMENT—NOT IN GOOD FORM—A NEW RAGE—HOTEL  
NOTES, ETC.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 23, 1885.

Nothing more vividly bespeaks the coming of the holidays than the store windows, which are now in grand and gorgeous shape and hue. Chief among all of the panoramas of wonder and beauty, is Shreve's, under the Sutter and Montgomery corner of the Occidental Hotel, where the windows are crowded with diamonds, silverware, watches, clocks, bronzes, etc. It is a most tempting and tantalizing display, I can assure you. Col. Andrews, under the Russ, as usual, makes a magnificent display of jewelry and precious stones, and especially of all kinds of quartz work. Gump, on Market, near Second, and Sanborn & Vail, Market, near Fifth, dealers in pictures and picture frames, looking glasses and bric-a-brac, have dressed their show windows beautifully and profusely, which, of course, attract all the passers-by. Antisell, the great piano man, who took the first premium at New Orleans, has made his place on Market street very attractive. I notice that Steele, the well-known druggist, under the Palace, on Market street, has arrayed a window with pretty things in the way of perfumeries, soaps, and other toilet articles. Carmany, whose gentlemen's furnishing goods store is on Kearny, between Geary and Post, has lately received a splendid assortment of gloves, handkerchiefs, ties and under-clothing from the east. The Golden Rule Bazaar, on Market street, is a great resort. No place in the city, however, attracts more than Chadbourne's furniture store on Market street. Ichi Ban, of course, is a central point. Bancroft's fine book store is another. Indeed, there are too many pretty sights to enumerate.

#### SOCIETY PEOPLE IN THE EAST.

Among our best-known society people who will winter in the East are Mrs. Lucy Arnold, of Sacramento, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. General Williams, at Lafayette, Indiana; Mrs. General J. F. Houghton, who departed on the 27th of November, and would spend the holidays with her married daughter at Hartford, Conn.; accompanied by Miss Lizzie Hewlett, who will pass several months in Baltimore; Miss Annie Pierce, of Santa Clara, who left for the east on the 27th of November; Miss Felton, who left here for Washington on the 25th of the same month; Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Roscnstock, who went to New York on the 2nd of December; Mrs. Henry S. Crocker, who went to the same city on the 24th of November; Miss Denver, who is visiting family friends in Washington; Mrs. Maynard and Miss Houston, who left here during the latter part of November; Mrs. Gashwiler is living stylishly at the Fifth-Avenue Hotel, New York, and Gotham rumor has it that Harry Logan will soon take Mrs. G. matrimonially to his arms, which will make the charming widow's third venture. Mrs. Ustick, who was a resident at the Grand for several years after her divorce from her husband, is living in gorgeous state at 34 Grammercy Park, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker are keeping house in New York; Hon. Leland Stanford and Mrs. Stanford, and Hon. W. W. Morrow and family are in Washington; Judge and Mrs. Wallace are still in New York; Mrs. George F. Ladd is at the Brunswick, New York; Mrs. A. J. Pope and the Misses Florence and Mamie Pope are at the Windsor; Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Jobson, of Sacramento, are also in New York; Miss Hamilton, also of Sacramento, will spend most of the winter in the East.

#### IN EUROPE AND ELSEWHERE.

Europe too, seems to have many claims upon our people, if we may judge from the contingent abroad, thus: The MacDermots, after a stay of several months at the Langham, in London, have taken a chateau near Paris; Mrs. John McMullin and the Misses Lilo and Bettie McMullin, accompanied by Mrs. Milton S. Latham, were in Paris in December; Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hecht are on their way to Europe; Mrs. Sanderson and her daughters were in London a few weeks ago; Mrs. Colonel Eddy is still traveling in foreign lands; Colonel and Mrs. Horace Fletcher were in Japan at last accounts, but were contemplating a trip around the world; Mrs. Catherwood left here on December 4th for Europe on a visit to her children; Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and son are in Paris; Mr. and Mrs. B. Chandler Howard are in Japan; Miss Daisy Hunt is in Honolulu; Frank Miller, Cashier of the National Gold Bank of D. O. Mills, Sacramento, accompanied by his wife, has gone to Japan, thence to India, Italy, England, New York and home, making the circuit of the globe; Mr. and Mrs. Miller expect to be absent several months.

#### A GOOD APPOINTMENT.

The appointment of R. P. Hammond, Jr., as Surveyor-General of California, meets with general approval. Mr. Hammond is favorably known in his profession of a civil engineer, is a native of this State, a lieutenant in the Third regiment of the National Guard, and is one of the best representatives of the young Democracy of California. After many years the government has appointed a man as Surveyor-General who understands surveying. The non-partisan indorsement that Mr. Hammond received was a sufficient testimonial to his worth.



If President Cleveland's eastern appointments have been made with as much care and judgment as those in California, he need stand in small fear of sectional opposition in the United States Senate. You are aware, of course that this is young Dick, who laid out the grounds of Del Monte and the company's roads leading thereabouts and therefrom.

NOT IN GOOD FORM.

The letters "R. S. V. P.," which mean in Latin "respond if you please," are not put on cards of the very best entertainers in New York nowadays. The assumption is that a cultured lady or gentleman will answer an invitation without being requested to do so. About the only new thing in the way of invitation cards are some that are re-engraved with the words, "An early answer is requested," at the bottom of the cards. That was, of course, however, thoroughly unusual. The prevailing style to-day for all invitation cards and notes, as well as in writing paper and business blanks, is severely simple. Plain, white and black, without fancy lettering, is the only correct thing.

A NEW RAGE.

Society misses are informed that the most fashionable rage in Boston and New York at present is the collection of military buttons. Apropos, the New York Times says that "a young lady of the Astor family is credited with the possession of a string of these trinkets in which nearly every government of the world is represented." If the San Francisco girls go in for this thing they will make it warm for some of the army and navy bloods in our midst.

FAMILIES AT THE PALACE HOTEL.

The following named families are domiciled at the Palace for the winter: A. L. Tubbs and family, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Loomis, Mr. and Mrs. Drury Malone and family, Mrs. McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Main, Mr. and Mrs. Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Goodman, Major and Mrs. Truman and daughter, Judge and Mrs. Hager and family, Mr. and Mrs. Gilson and son, Mr. and Mrs. Hitchcock, the Misses Corbett, Mr. and Mrs. Lugsdin and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Alvord, Mrs. Boggs and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Harrington and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. Janin, Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. Anstin, Mrs. Dearborn and son, Dr. and Mrs. McNulty, Mr. and Mrs. Avery, Mr. and Mrs. Mosely, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. More, Mr. and Mrs. Marks, Justice and Mrs. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Goodman, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. English, Mrs. Stanley, Miss Garber, Mr. and Mrs. Martinez, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. McKinley, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Hallet and son, Judge and Mrs. Estee, Dr. and Mrs. Toland Gen. Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Sachs, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Jones, W. E. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Adams and daughter, Mr. J. P. Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. Saupson Laws, Mrs. W. S. Keyes, D. N. Walter and family, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Prescott, Mr. and Mrs. A. Lusk, Mr. and Mrs. R. Cohn, Geo. D. Newhall, R. B. Woodward, Frank and Victor Hicks, Mr. and Mrs. Rosenstock, Mr. and Mrs. Nuttall, Raphael Weill, Leon Weill, Henry Weill, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Chapman, Mrs. Capt. Cobb, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Laton, Judge W. C. Belcher, Mr. Theo. Payne, Warren Payne, Major and Mrs. Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Paxton, Mr. and Mrs. Halsey, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Dickenson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Lathrop, Dr. and Mrs. Younger, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Jenks, Dr. and Mrs. Boyson, Mr. and Mrs. Cheeseman.

FAMILIES AT THE BALDWIN HOTEL.

The following named are permanent guests at the Baldwin: Mrs. G. F. Sharp, E. Barron and family, Mrs. Tobelman, Mrs. E. Joseph and family, Chas. S. Moses and wife, A. Cheseborough and family, E. A. Telford, Dr. W. F. McAllister and wife, G. T. Coulter and family, F. A. Frank, H. H. See, M. Lewis and wife, H. B. Underhill and wife, H. J. Kowalsky, C. Derby and wife, M. Leventritt and family, Mrs. L. E. Jones, Mrs. F. Unger, A. Hayman and wife, E. R. Swain, F. Swift, Mrs. C. Holland, Joseph Holland, Mrs. M. D. Bailey, Mrs. L. Shilling, Miss Shilling, Mrs. T. H. Williams, W. W. Belvin and wife, H. E. Highton and wife, H. H. Pearson and family, H. B. Smith and wife, Mrs. H. Conrad, Miss Conrad, Chas. Shilling, Dr. Gardner, I. Rothwell, C. W. Keeny and wife, E. A. Belcher, S. M. Baker, L. Thors and wife, Dr. C. W. Fox and wife, Jas. Gillon, C. S. Givens, C. D. Price and family, and others.

HEBE.

#### LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND—A STREAM OF BEWITCHING GIRLS—AN OPINION OF SOUTHERN LADIES—CHANDLER'S WIFE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 9th, 1885.

I hardly need write, what the telegraph has surely informed you, that Congress is already in session, with most of its members in their seats. There is an abundance of Democratic element here, and a good many office-seekers from all the States. There is not a great deal to be given out, however, just at present, as most of the ministries and consulships have been disposed of, the Southerners getting a very large majority of them. There is a general good feeling for President Cleveland by all classes, political or otherwise. There seems to be a growing impression, indeed, that he has been consistently faithful to his party and to its platform, which are generally contradictory in their demands.

A STREAM OF BEWITCHING ONES.

The usual stream of bewitching young girls has commenced to flow into Washington this winter, and while it may be ungallant to remark this fact, it is, nevertheless, true that their charms are only exceeded by the disproportion of their number, and this, moreover, is easier to account for than to remedy. The moment a man reaches that bright goal of the politician's ambition, a seat in Congress, his wife, with the generosity native to her gentle sex, proceeds to invite a few dozen of her young lady friends to spend the winter in Washington under her distinguished chaperonage. The vista of delight which such an invitation opens to a pretty girl in a dull provincial town is overwhelming, and the fate must be strong and cruel indeed that can prevent her from accepting; so she comes, with a number of pretty dresses in her trunks and intoxicating visions of conquest and pleasure in her head. Unfortunately the Congressman does not emulate his lady by inviting a corresponding number of young men, partly from a lack of similar generosity of heart perhaps, but chiefly because young men of polished address and elegant leisure are naturally few in American towns and villages, where honest poverty and industrious ambition are as universally characteristic of the young men as refinement and beauty are of the young girls. The natural result of this preponderance of sweet and youthful femininity in our winter society is a wearing and disappointed rivalry for the attentions of the few eligibles of the other sex, unless, indeed, in the cases of those rare young women so refreshingly unambitious, so beautifully unsophisticated as to feel content with the more congenial but undistinguished society of a fascinating young officer, or even of an uninteresting but impecunious department clerk, over whose head depends always the sword of Damocles. Strange that in the female society genus this latter species should be so scarce. Not one but will acknowledge that gliding through the picturesque figures of the German, receiving and bestowing pretty favors with a hidden coquettish meaning, with one of the young and impecunious for a partner, is a thousand times more exhilarating to her heart than to sit in a corner smiling at the ponderous nothings and elephantine coquetry of some celebrated magnate, whose dignity, whose gout, or whose obesity forbids him to tread the light fantastic; but in the same breath she sighs that to wear at her belt the bald scalp of the uncongenial magnate is a crowning honor, worth the sacrifice of a whole row of a more profuse but less honored chevalliers. Yet, while the pretty visitor may object to the superfluity of her own kind, and the prevailing dearth of marriageable mankind, who else would willingly diminish by a single jot that abundance of youth and beauty which lends a witchery of lovely faces and bright costumes to the cosmopolitan society here, that is the supreme charm?

AN OPINION OF SOUTHERN LADIES.

There are more Southern ladies here already this winter than there have been for 24 years. You can generally tell them from their Northern sisters. By the way, the Southern ladies are great readers. They literally devour books, and this may account for their beautiful, flowery and rhythmical sentences. Their conversation is like the music of running waters, smooth, even and delightful, the tone of voice extremely pleasing and the repose of manner and the perfect ease with which they entertain something to admire. In this lies the great charm of the girls of Dixie. They are indolent but accomplished, shiftless but charming, prejudiced but hospitable. Many know no more about cooking than the man in the moon, but they can play the piano or guitar and sing like nightingales; they could not make an apron to save their lives, but they can quote Shakespeare, Byron, Moore, Tennyson, Whittier and all the rest by the hour; they know nothing about domestic economy, except that the cupboards must be kept locked when there are dark servants around the house, but they can tell you the derivation of "deuteroscopy" or some equally obsolete word with perfect ease; they cannot tell you where the poor of the place live, but they can define what constitutes aristocracy till it would make your head swim. In fact, they are calculated to make brilliant society women and rich men's wives. The stately formalities for which the South was noted are still observed, and the code of honor—that relic of barbarism—still remains unburied. Appearances go a great way in the south, but the entree of "upper tendom" is not obtained with a pocket-book, no matter how plethoric; your credentials must be irreproachable. Herein has the South the advantage of the North—the best society is free from the "shoddy" element that is so prevalent in our cities up North.

CHANDLER'S WIFE.

I ran across ex-Secretary of the Navy Chandler, a few days ago, the man who made quite a fool of himself by his many mean orders while at the head of the Navy Department. His appointment to the naval portfolio called up a curious bit of gossip here at the time; and possibly your readers may remember that when J. Wilkes Booth was shot the picture of a young lady, a reigning society belle, was found on his person. The original of the portrait was recognized as Miss Hale, the daughter of a prominent politician of the time. Some romantic stories were told, of course, though nothing was precisely known concerning her relations with Booth. Miss Hale afterwards became Mrs. Chandler, and subsequently the wife of the Secretary of the Navy. The same whirligig of time which brought this about made the then young son of the martyred Lincoln Secretary of War. Now, according to official etiquette, it was the duty of the Secretary of War to escort the wife of his next in rank to dinner on state occasions—the wife of the Secretary of the Navy. Secretary Lincoln, in short, was, by social custom, compelled to escort the one time sweetheart of the assassin of his distinguished father.

Gossip.



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MONTEREY, CAL., - - - JANUARY, 1886.

THE latest fashion among the rich and charitable in London is giving breakfast to unemployed workmen—Baron Rothschild lately serving one, on the sunny side of the Thames, to one thousand persons, assisted by the Princess Louise and Mrs. Gladstone.

AMERICAN fathers are not the only ones who give their daughters checks for substantial sums on their wedding day. For the Duke of Bedford presented his daughter, upon her marriage to Sir Edward Malet, with \$750,000 and jewelry worth \$50,000 more. Still, *Punch* says the Duke, who is the owner of Covent Garden and other property, is a mean, niggardly person. Guess Sir Edward won't say so.

THE latest Boston craze is the driving of phaetons and T-carts with donkeys—that is, donkeys in place of horses; and, such being the case, the ponies are being crowded out, and donkeys are selling as high as \$250 each, say, for stylish ones. What constitutes a “stylish donkey” is more than we can explain. An ass, in Wales, may be purchased for from five to fifteen dollars; but the animals are dearer than that here—at least in their own estimation.

THE new slang monosyllable in genteel English society is “smart,” and is taking the place of “awful,” “quite too awful,” “awfully nice.” It is at present used strictly and only in the positive degree. We shall probably hear this “smart” word a good deal among our “smart” youth of both sexes at Monterey and Menlo during the coming season, and in lawn-tennis courts and at clubs elsewhere. At first sight it don't seem so felicitous as “too-too” or “awfully nice,” but it is “Hinglish, you know,” and there are enough anglo-maniacs in our midst to give the word of the hour a good start. We can imagine Miss McFlimsy making a ten-strike at the Del Monte club-house and the chorus of the boys in attendance: “Smart!” No comparatives nor superlatives, at present, young gentlemen—for that isn't “Hinglish, you know.”

THE plug hat is virtually a sort of social guarantee for the preservation of peace and order. He who puts on one has given a hostage to the community for his good behavior. The wearer of a plug hat must move with a certain sedateness and propriety. He cannot run, or jump, or romp, or get into a fight, except at the peril of his head-gear. All the hidden influences of the beaver tend toward respectability. He who wears one is obliged to keep the rest of his body in decent trim, that there may be no incongruity between head and body. He is apt to become thoughtful through the necessity of watching the sky whenever he goes out. The chances are that he will buy an umbrella, which is another guarantee for good behavior, and the care of hat and umbrella—perpetual and exacting as it must ever be—adds to the sweetness of his character. The man who wears a plug hat naturally takes to the society of women, and all its elevated tendencies. He cannot go hunting and fishing without abandoning his beloved hat, but in the modern enjoyment of croquet and lawn tennis he may sport his beaver with impunity. In other words, the constant use of a plug hat makes a man composed in manner, quiet and gentlemanly in conduct, and the companion of the ladies. The inevitable result is prosperity, marriage and church membership.

SHE, who was at one time accounted the most beautiful, accomplished and fascinating woman in Washington society, is now a fugitive from America, still brilliant and beautiful, however; while he, who was at one time her husband, and a millionaire United States Senator, is at present, or has been, an employe in one of the great factories he once owned. She made a study of the art to please, and her natural taste for knowing something of everything made her the most agreeable lady in society at one time—with men in particular. Multitudes of women, also, beheld this supreme society ruler with admiration, albeit she was too beautiful, too brilliant and too popular to be a favorite with all of her own sex. He was, at the time of their marriage, regarded as the “best catch” in the country—young, wealthy, an ex-Governor, a United States Senator elect for six years, and the wearer of a Major-General's uniform. Still, he was a dull, heavy man, without mental resources or much physical energy. The man was a meteor, the woman a star. Their lives point to us a moral—who can fail to have sympathy for both?

AMONG the charming delusions with which conventional society attempts to throw toilet-powder, as it were, into the eyes of the rest of the gaping and critical universe, chaperoning is the most delightful humbug of all. In late years a number of social customs have sprung up which have as their basis the idea that what would be wrong in an unmarried girl or several unmarried girls is all right if they have a married woman with them. Accordingly, if a gay young bachelor wants to have a good time he gives a dinner party, an opera party, a theatre party, a yachting party or some other kind of a party; he invites half a dozen or so of his young lady friends, provides five of them with the right kind of partners, selects judiciously some masculine friend who will be sure to be pleasing to the young married lady invited as chaperone, and then the young bachelor has everything his own way. It is seldom to be presumed that such affairs are gotten up by young bachelors out of pure love of seeing their fellow creatures happy, and there is always a young lady along to whom the young bachelor manages to have a good deal to say and whom he will more than likely accompany to her home in a carriage. The success of the parties almost always depends upon whether the chaperone has an agreeable partner. In fashionable society it is considered proper for young ladies to go to dinner parties in unmarried gentlemen's houses, providing there is a chaperone for the party. With singular inconsistency, on the other hand, it is a little hard to get the most fashionable girls to go to the opera or the theatre with a gentleman alone. They will go with a party and form a part of a party, though it may be only four or six, but somehow when a young gentleman and lady in the most fashionable society are seen together by themselves a few times at the play-house it is regarded as an evidence that they are engaged.

WHEN we read of elaborate ladies' lunch-parties—or *dejeuners*, as these sometimes tremendous feasts are delicately called—we are impressed with the fact that the loveliest of God's creation refuses to be distanced by the heavier repasts of mere men. In truth, the most extravagant gastronomic affairs presented at any of the club-houses or up-stairs apartments of questionable French restaurants by men, are almost daily eclipsed by ostentatious women who desire to be known as luminaries as entertainers. They little know that vulgar prodigality will, in time, destroy all the finer graces of life. They will not heed what we say, of course; but, all the same, their continued ostentation and display will prove fatal to social virtues. Let those ladies bear in mind, when next they revel in priceless Lafitte and Johannisberger, and rare viands in a score of incomparable courses, that there are possibly husbands who—seeing their homes invaded by this demon of desire to shine and outshine—might be found at some of the clubs, or elsewhere, tossing off Chablis and Roederer, and otherwise drowning their many sorrows engendered by an accumulation of domestic skeletons. The rich ladies of our land are greatly to blame for much of the discontent that quietly works its way to their domestic altars, little dreaming that when said demon of discontent comes in at their front doors all the angels of man's nature fly out of the back windows, and that with those same seraphs go, never to return, the grace and beauty, and rational comfort of what had once been a happy family. Two years ago next June a certain aristocratic lady gave a fifteen-thousand-dollar german at Newport; the dancing floor was a golden cage filled with a variety of stuffed birds, so arranged as to swing backward and forward with the motion of the dancers; all other accessories were of the same gorgeous character. This lady, a short time ago, sued her husband for divorce on the ground of incompatibility of temper, staying out all night and failure to provide. The husband kicked and accused his “better-half” of adultery, drunkenness, and many other things too numerous to mention. Social extravagance had turned the wife's little head and erected a prodigious skeleton in a recess of her household—the demon of which we have just spoken came in at the front door you will observe, and the angel flew out at the back window.



# PALACE HOTEL,

San Francisco. - - - - - California.

A. D. SHARON, Lessee.

The Largest and Best Appointed Hotel in the United States.  
Guests Entertained on either the American or European Plan.

THE RESTAURANT IS AN ADJUNCT TO THE HOTEL, AND IS THE  
FINEST IN THE CITY.

## St. Charles Hotel

MONTEREY, CAL.

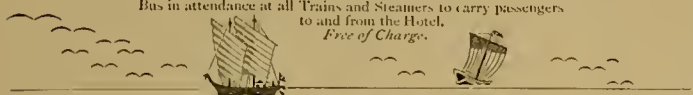
R. C. WORNES.

Proprietor.

PRICES - Per Day, \$1.50 to \$2.00; Per Week, \$8 to \$10.

Bar with Choice Liquors and Billiard Room in connection with the Hotel.

Bus in attendance at all Trains and Steamers to carry passengers  
to and from the Hotel.  
Free of Charge.



## THE EBBITT,

WASHINGTON, D. C. - ARMY AND NAVY HEADQUARTERS.

Four Iron Fire Escapes, and the Finest and Most Com-  
modious Elevator in the World.

TERMS: \$3 and \$4, Per Day.

THE EBBITT is on the corner of Fourteenth and F Streets, on both horse railroads, and is equi-  
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Broadway and 29th Sts., NEW YORK.

Headquarters for Army and Navy People, and  
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THE STURTEVANT is kept on the American and European Plans, and has Safety Elevators  
and Fire Escapes.

LELAND BROTHERS, Props.

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(CANADIAN SIDE.)

THE CLIFTON has been for many years the favorite house at Niagara Falls. Its charges are fair  
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G. M. COLBURN, Prop.

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(Successor to H. A. CLAWSON.)

## DEPOT HOTEL,

LOS ANGELES, - - - - - CALIFORNIA.

All Trains Stop Thirty Minutes for Meals. A Lunch Counter  
Connected at which Meals can be had at all hours.

The finest and best furnished rooms in the city. The table the best in Los Angeles. Guests stop-  
ping at the Depot Hotel save all expense of transporting baggage. Street cars leave the front of the  
Hotel every seven minutes for all parts of the city.

S. REINHART, Prop.

entrance to the Salinas River from the Bay of Monterey. Sixty miles  
to the east, and beyond the Pajaro Valley, are seen the Pacheco and  
other peaks. The air is clear, balmy, fragrant and spring like. Pro-  
tected by forests and mountains from the northerly blasts, Santa Cruz  
enjoys a climate that places with a northerly exposure cannot have.  
The prevailing winter air current is southerly, always warm, gen-  
erally mild, bearing a moisture caught up from the untainted waters  
of the great ocean. It has a temperature of 65 degrees, and when  
this current blows hard, as it does sometimes for two or three days, it  
brings considerable rain. The most unpleasant winds of this coast  
are the northerly, especially when accompanied with rain showers.

stage, and thought he didn't smell just right, but he had no time to inquire  
into it. He had not got fairly into his position before "Parthenia" came  
out on a hop, skip and a jump, and threw herself all over him. She got  
one lung full of insect powder and the other full of benzine, and as she said  
"Wilt thou always love me, Ingomar?" she dropped her head over his  
shoulder and said in an aside, "For the love of heaven what have you been  
drinking?" and then she sneezed a couple of times. "Ingomar" held her  
up the best he could, considering that his nose was full of insect powder,  
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# DEL MONTE WAVE.

Published Every Month at One Dollar a Year, which includes Postage in delivery,

BY DEL MONTE PUBLISHING CO.,

AT MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO AGENCY,

ROOM NO. 220, LICK HOUSE.

ISAAC RUDISILL, Traveling Agent and Business Manager of the WAVE, is *alone* authorized to receive moneys for subscriptions and advertisements. All his transactions for the Paper will be honored by

DEL MONTE PUBLISHING CO.

MONTEREY, CAL., - - - JANUARY, 1886.

THE latest fashion among the rich and charitable in London is giving breakfast to unemployed workmen—Baron Rothschild lately serving one, on the sunny side of the Thames, to one thousand persons, assisted by the Princess Louise and Mrs. Gladstone.

AMERICAN fathers are not the only ones who give their daughters checks for substantial sums on their wedding day. For the Duke of Bedford presented his daughter, upon her marriage to Sir Edward Malet, with \$750,000 and jewelry worth \$50,000 more. Still, *Punch* says the Duke, who is the owner of Covent Garden and other property, is a mean, niggardly person. Guess Sir Edward won't say so.

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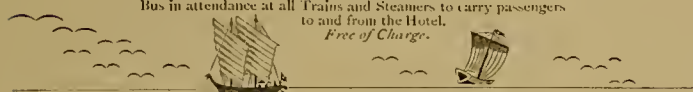
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## THE WAVE.

THE ONLY EXISTING COMPLETE BOOK IN THE WORLD ON THE SUBJECT.

Every Gentleman should have it in his possession.

Every Lawyer and Journalist must have it as a book of Reference.

No Army or Navy Officer should be without it.

No Library in the World will be complete without it.

Every Historical Student and Curious Reader will want it.

see advertisement of Southern Pacific Railroad (Northern Division) which runs several trains daily between San Francisco and Monterey, Santa Cruz, San Jose, Gilroy, Santa Clara, &c., on top half of inside of last cover. Right under that please peruse the advertisement of Chadbourne & Co., the great furniture dealers at 741, 743 and 745 Market street, and who also have branches at Seattle and Portland. Furthermore, go to Carmany's for furnishing goods; and either to Sanborn & Vail's or Gump's for pictures and artists' materials; to Le Count Brothers for fine stationery; to the Indianapolis Furniture Co. for everything in the furniture line; to John Keogh's for feather, mattresses, hair, excelsior and the like; to Steele & Co. for drugs, medicines and articles of perfumery and for toilet use; to Antisell's for pianos, for he took the first prize, you know, at the N. O. Exposition; to A. F. Nye & Co. for gas fixtures and globes; to the Goodyear Agency for all kinds of rubber goods; to Lebnbaum's for choice groceries, wines, liquors and for outfits of canned goods, &c., for camping parties and tourists. And above all things, take out an accidental policy in the "Travelers," the famous Accidental Insurance Company.

We would highly recommend Geyser Soda as the nicest water to drink before breakfast that we have ever known. Keep a dozen near at hand at all times. See advertisement.

Those who have tried it say that Castalian is the great remedy for external and internal use. See advertisement.

### THE GARDEN CITY.

We are of that number who think there is no prettier place anywhere in the world than San Jose, sometimes, and very appropriately, too, called the Garden City. It is fifty miles from San Francisco, and is the county seat of Santa Clara County. There are a number of good hotels, the St. James being a great favorite with all travelers. There are two daily newspapers and a number of weeklies, several banks, and many schools, universities and churches. There are many beautiful drives in the vicinity of San Jose—the Alameda, leading from San Jose to Santa Clara, being the most attractive, having rows of willows on each side of the way, planted by the missionaries in 1799, for the purpose of shading the walk which connected the pueblo of San Jose with the Mission church, occupying a site near the church now standing in Santa Clara. The population of San Jose is about 20,000. Parties visiting San Jose in search of real estate should be sure and call on James Clayton, the well-known and reliable real estate agent and dealer. The New Almaden Quicksilver Mines are fourteen miles from San Jose.

### BEAR IN MIND

That the leading hotel, in the town of Monterey, is the St. Charles, where one may have all the good things one wants and not have to be regulated by fashion's requirements; that the Del Monte Drug Store is second to none in San Francisco, and that you may get books and soda, toilet articles and perfumeries, as well as cough compounds and plasters, and the hundreds of other things that are warranted to make the sick well, or, at least relieved; that the White House, like its namesake in San Francisco, keeps a splendid line of all kinds of dry goods, &c., &c.; and that you must never pass the Palace of Fashion. Gentle reader, please bear all this in mind.

### "THE TACOMA."

This is the name of the new and elegant hotel on Puget Sound, opposite Mount Tacoma, an advertisement and engraving of which may be found in THE WAVE. It is, undoubtedly, as fine a summer resort as there is in the world; and will be more elaborately treated of in another number. In the meantime, see advertisement.

## THE

# FIELD OF HONOR

Being a Full, Graphic, and Comprehensive History

## OF DUELLING AND DUELLING SCENES.

From the Introduction of the Judicial Duel into Europe during the Sixth Century up to the time of its General Debatement and Prohibition; also of the Rise and Prevalence and General Decadence of the Private Duel throughout the Civilized World; and, also, Graphic and Elaborate Descriptions of all the Noted Fatal Duels that have ever taken place in Europe and America, and of the Many Other Famous Hostile Meetings of Distinguished Americans and Europeans upon the (so-called) "Field of Honor."

By MAJOR BEN C. TRUMAN,

Author of "CAMPAIGNING IN TENNESSEE," "THE SOUTH AFTER THE WAR," "SEMI-TROPICAL CALIFORNIA," "OCCIDENTAL SKETCHES," "TOURISTS' ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO THE CELEBRATED SUMMER AND WINTER RESORTS OF CALIFORNIA," "HOMES AND HAPPINESS IN THE GOLDEN STATE OF CALIFORNIA."

Published by FORDS, HOWARD & HURLBERT, 27 Park Place, N. Y.

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## THE DAISY TRAIN.

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The following impromptu was written by William H. Barues:

"3:30." "All aboard!" the bell has ceased to sound,  
And the "Daisy" leaves the depot, gliding swiftly o'er the ground.  
It passes curve, and switch, and frog, long rows of cars and shops,  
Then pulls up at Valencia street, for just "a minute-stop."

"3:42." And now we're off, with speed in every nerve,  
And quickly by surroundings fly, as we spin round the curve.  
O'er hill and dale, up, down, in, out, through sunshine and in shade,  
And always running up to time, no matter what the grade.

"4:09." Now "San Mateo's" left and miles just twenty-one  
Have easily accomplished in the half an hour's run.  
But now the engineer's firm grasp doth touch the "throttle" true,  
And the passengers begin to feel what "the Daisy" has to do.

"Redwood!" is called, "4:21," "Menlo" at "29,"  
At "55" the towering domes of "Santa Clara" shine,  
And "5:03" brings us "San Jose," with its attractions fair;  
"An hour and a half" and "50 miles," and "a minute or two to spare."

But now for a run of 30 miles over the level track,  
Like a steed to the spur doth the engine respond, as the lever is pulled back.  
"A mile a minute." "Can it be?" "That's what the watches show!"  
"5:50," "Gilroy." "On time." "All right." And on again we go.

"6:20," and at "Pajaro," "Castroville" at "39,"  
At "7:06" "Del Monte's" reached, and the Daisy's "just on time."  
125 the miles that rapidly we've gone,  
Made ten full stops, and only now three hours and a half from home.

They talk of "Flying Dutchmen" that run on rails "abroad,"  
Of "Manchester Expresses" that "fairly fly the road,"  
But for *bona fide* fast going just go some pleasant day  
On the "Daisy Train" from Frisco, that runs to Monterey.

## SANTA CRUZ.

We shall ever make it our business to say a good word for our neighbor on the other side of the bay, and of which a correspondent of the *Toronto Globe*, writing from San Francisco to that paper on March 25, 1882, said: "Santa Cruz is, I think, one of the pleasantest places in California. I spent several days there—summer days in January—warm sunshine and blue skies almost every day. Stretched out before you are the bluish-green waters of Monterey Bay, and here is a beach for sea-bathing fully equal to that of Cape May, all nearly surrounded by mountains, the great Loma Prieta, hoary with its snow-covering, looming up above the rest. In almost every garden the choicest roses were in full bloom, richer and more fragrant here than I have ever seen in any other part of California."

Henry Myrick, the leading real estate dealer of the place, and a very agreeable gentleman of superior information—having traveled in almost every country under the sun—says in some of his writings: "The city of Santa Cruz is situated close to the thirty-seventh parallel of north latitude, looking out on the Bay of Monterey and the Pacific Ocean. The big Panama steamers may often be seen passing, and Monterey is generally visible, twenty miles across the bay, looking in clear weather and early morning more like five miles distant, with its white beach shining in the sun, and a few of its houses visible through a glass. Behind Monterey looms up the Santa Lucia range of mountains, 3,000 to 4,000 feet high; and to the left, or southeast, the Gabilan Mountains stand in bold relief, guarding, as it were, the

entrance to the Salinas River from the Bay of Monterey. Sixty miles to the east, and beyond the Pajaro Valley, are seen the Pacheco and other peaks. The air is clear, balmy, fragrant and spring like. Protected by forests and mountains from the northerly blasts, Santa Cruz enjoys a climate that places with a northerly exposure cannot have. The prevailing winter air current is southerly, always warm, generally mild, bearing a moisture caught up from the untainted waters of the great ocean. It has a temperature of 65 degrees, and when this current blows hard, as it does sometimes for two or three days, it brings considerable rain. The most unpleasant winds of this coast are the northerly, especially when accompanied with rain showers. They are cold, changeable, and in some respects correspond with the northeast winds of the Atlantic coast, causing neuralgia, rheumatism and influenza. Santa Cruz is fairly sheltered from these winds and is free from those complaints. The wet season does not mean continuous rain, as many Eastern people suppose. The rains occur most frequently at night, with intervening days of warm and pleasant sunshine. The roads in most places are good all winter. Walking or riding is practicable nearly every day. There is seldom need of an invalid remaining indoors on account of weather. Sometimes the mornings are frosty, the thermometer going down to thirty degrees. Snow seldom falls, except on the higher mountain ranges, and there only a few times during the winter. Lung diseases, so common throughout the Northwestern States, resulting from an inconstant climate during winter months, is not a frequent complaint in this locality. Catarrhs are less frequent than in summer."

The Pacific Ocean House is the principal hotel in the city, containing 100 rooms, with splendid ball-room 55x65 feet, and all modern improvements; also extensive grounds, containing swings and croquet grounds for the accommodation of guests. Street cars pass the door for the bathing beach every five minutes. Sportsmen will find good hunting and fishing. Trout and quail in abundance. Coach and carriages attend all steamers and trains to convey passengers to and from the hotel free of charge. The Pacific Ocean House is open all the year round. Rates, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00 per day, with special contracts for families, and a winter tariff, offering great advantages to invalids and permanent boarders. Superior livery in direct connection with this hotel.

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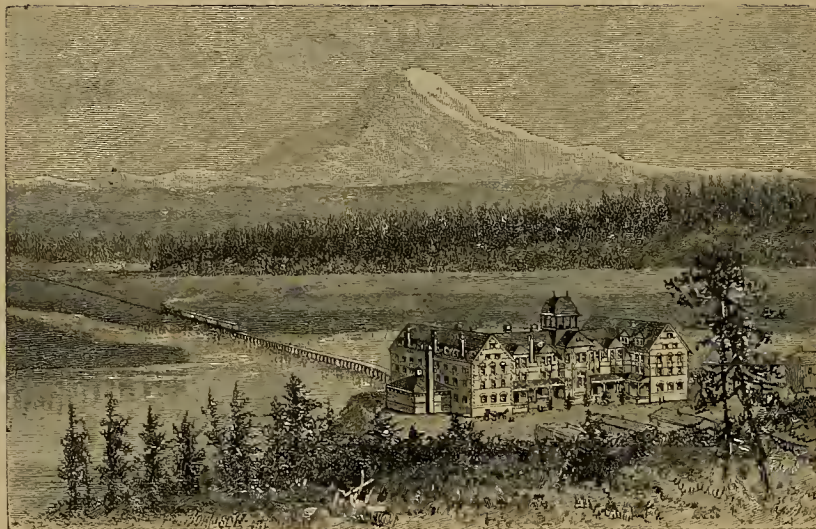
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Many ladies and children have a little candle-stick for sealing wax, and a neatly engraved monogram in ivory or steel.

### DIRECTIONS FOR USING WAX.

There is great art in sealing a letter. Do not begin by thrusting the end of the wax into the flame and hurriedly conveying it in a flaming spatter to your envelope. On the contrary, take plenty of time. When note and candle are ready, lay the seal on the table at your right hand, in such a position that, when used, the impression may be square and right side up. Then hold the wax above the flame of the candle, but not near enough to burn. A burnt wax makes a brittle, streaky seal, and is hard to manage. When the wax has gradually softened, apply it with a circular movement upon the place to be sealed; then rub it well around and down until you have a circle of proper size and thickness. The wax has now cooled so that it will not take a clear impression. Hold the envelope some distance from the flame until the wax has again become soft; then moisten and apply the seal; the result will be a clear-cut and pretty impression.

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# DEL MONTE WAVE.

Vol I. No. 2.

Monterey, California, February, 1886.

10 Cents.

## Sketch of Monterey.

### QUEEN OF AMERICAN WATERING PLACES.

In the month of December, 1602, Don Sebastiau Vizeayno, acting under instructions of Philip III of Spain, sailed into the placid waters of what is now known as the Bay of Monterey, and landing with two priests and a number of soldiers, took possession of the country in the name of his royal master. A cross was erected by Vizeayno, and religious ceremonies were performed at an improvised altar beneath the gracious protection of an umbrageous oak. The spot was called Monterey in honor of Gaspar de Zuniga, Count de Monterey, at the time Viceroy of Mexico, and the projector and patron of the expedition. In 1769 Gaspar de Portala, Governor of Lower California, headed an expedition northward, and marching by Monterey, which he was attempting to find, reached San Francisco Bay, upon which he and his two attendant priests, Fathers Juan Crespi and Francisco Gomez, bestowed its present name. This expedition was fitted out in the interest of Padre Junipero Serra, who had just been placed at the head of sixteen missionaries from the Franciscan convent of San Fernando, all of whom were to be sent into Alta California to labor among the Indians. Portala's first expedition having failed in its purpose, a second was sent from San Diego in 1770. This was in two divisions, Father Junipero Serra and a company of priests going by sea, and Portala by land. The brig San Antonio, which conveyed the forces by water, landed at Monterey on the 31st of May after a voyage of forty-six days. Portala had reached the spot eight days before. The latter, on his previous march northward, had erected a cross, which served in this visit to guide him onward. The San Antonio had, a year previous, brought to San Diego the first party of white men who came to make a permanent settlement in what was then Upper, or New California. Monterey thrived and eventually became one of the largest shipping-points on the coast, while the neighboring mission also increased both in spiritual and temporal influence. The place early became the capital of the Territory, and many of the Governors under Spanish, Mexican and American rule made it their homes. The final event of public importance in Monterey was the meeting of the Constitutional Convention of California, early in August, 1849. The old town is situated upon the gently sloping shores of Monterey Bay, with one of the loveliest outlooks upon the Pacific imaginable; near it, upon the south, a peninsular juts out several miles into the sea forming the barrier of the bay in that direction, and in front is a beautiful beach of clean, white sand, across which the waves are ever chasing each other in white mantles.

Across the turquoise sea, twenty miles or so away, lies Santa Cruz at the northern entrance to Monterey Bay. In no land in the world does verdure reach a higher state of perfection than in California; and, although the soil in the neighborhood of Monterey is not of the best, trees, plants and flowers abound, adding their varied tints to the beauty of the landscape. The hues of the ocean and sky rival the tropics, and the profusion of vegetable life and loveliness also suggest a far-southern clime.

The bay of Monterey is a magnificent sheet of water. There is a wealth of color in both sea and sky highly suggestive of southern seas. The waters abound in many kinds of fish, especially rock-cod, barracuda, pomfino, Spanish mackerel, and flounder, and these may be taken at all seasons of the year. Upon the beaches below Monterey are found many varieties of sea mosses, shells, pebbles, and agates, and some of these are very brilliant in color. The bay is well protected and is delightfully adapted to yachting. In the streams near Monterey trout are quite plentiful, and lovers of angling have every means of indulging in the sport.

It required only the building of a first class hotel to make Monterey the perfection of a watering place, and this want was amply supplied in 1880, when a magnificent structure was reared about a

mile from the town. The site selected was in a stately grove of pine, oak, and cedar, the trees being sufficiently scattered to admit of the adornment of the grounds by driveways, footpaths, lawns, and beds of flowers. A plat of 126 acres was set aside and enclosed as the hotel grounds while 7,000 acres more were purchased for other purposes. The fact that the visitor may ride a score of miles over well-kept and macadamized roads, and be all the time within the borders of the hotel company's property, serves to show, in some measure, the vast extent of these possessions. Since it was originally established the house has been enlarged by the addition of a capacious wing. The new portion of the hotel forms an extension of the main front, although running backward at a different angle. The rooms are large and airy, and the visitor, expecting to find an ordinary hotel, a house of public accommodation, constructed and conducted purely for purposes of profit, where the surroundings are all oppressively suggestive of the commercial rather than the social aspect of life, will be disappointed, and agreeably so. In its external and internal appearance, and in the social atmosphere and tone which pervade the entire establishment, the Hotel del Monte reminds one infinitely more of a modern English country mansion than of an American watering-place hotel. It is the handsomest watering-place hotel in America. The office or lobby in the front center of the building is a cosy apartment 42 by 48 feet, containing a mammoth fire-place. As in the best Eastern resorts, the office is intended as much for the occupancy of ladies as for gentlemen. Connected with the lobby is a pleasant reading and writing room, 24 by 36 feet, and beyond this, and entered from a spacious hallway, is a ladies' billiard-room, 25 by 62 feet, one of the largest and at the same time most elegant apartments for such uses to be found in any hotel in America. A ladies' parlor, 34 by 42 feet, lies beyond this room; and partly in the rear, and approached by means of both a hallway and a covered veranda, is a fine ball-room, 36 by 72 feet. Beyond this is the new wing, four stories in height. The apartments are sunny, roomy, well lighted and well ventilated, and here, as well as in the main section of the house, are means of artificial heat, when such is required. The halls or corridors in both the old and new portions of the house are wide and lofty, and the staircases are also capacious. The dining-room is an elegant apartment 45 by 70 feet, and there is also a dining-room for children and servants, and rooms for private parties. The kitchen is 33 by 40 feet. The hotel is lighted throughout with gas made at the works upon the grounds, and supplied with pure water from the Carmel River. No pains have been spared to provide against fire, both in construction of flues and in the apparatus for extinguishing flames. The main part of the hotel is 385 feet in length, independent of the wings, and its width is 115 feet. The main, or front, division, is three stories in height, with additional floors in the broad towers. There are rooms *en suite*, parlor and bed-room, and also single rooms on every floor. The central tower, or observatory, is 25 by 30 feet, and 80 feet high, and the end towers have an elevation of 50 feet. The house is elegantly furnished throughout, and is kept so scrupulously neat and clean that the visitor is sure to think it can have been opened but yesterday. The bar, bowling-alley, and smoking room are contained in a separate building, and still further away, hidden by the trees, is a finely-appointed stable and carriage-house. As driving constitutes one of the leading amusements of Monterey, the latter appurtenances have been especially looked after. There are accommodations for sixty or more horses, and there is telephone communication between hotel and stable. Both hot and cold water are carried through the hotel in pipes, and the house is provided with all other modern appliances and improvements. There are bath-rooms on the different floors, free to the guests. In front and at the ends of the house are broad, shaded verandas, where the guests may sit indolently inhaling the pure air fresh from the ocean, perfumed with the aroma of flowers, or, preferring exercise, indulge in the gentle excitement of the shuffle-board. The grounds surrounding the hotel present the perfection of art in the way of landscape gardening. Under the direc-



tion of Mr. R. Ulrich, an accomplished landscape gardener, a corps of between forty and fifty men is kept constantly engaged in embellishing the gardens, avenues, and walks. The approach to the hotel from the railway station is by a winding avenue shaded by venerable trees, or by a graveled walk forming a more direct route. The distance is slight, since the hotel has a station upon its grounds. To the left is a little lake, with a fountain, bearing its old Spanish title of Laguna del Rey. The hotel is first seen through a vista of trees, and, in its beautiful embowerment of foliage and flowers, resembles some rich private home in the midst of a broad park. This impression is heightened when the broader extent of avenues, lawns, and flower-bordered walks come into view. The gardener's art has turned many acres into a choice conservatory, where the richest flowers blossom in profusion. Here and there are swings, croquet grounds, an archery, lawn-tennis courts, and bins of fine beach sand, the latter being intended for the use and amusement of the children who cannot await the bathing-hour for the daily visit to the beach. The use of all these, as well as of the ladies' billiard-room, is free to guests. In all directions there are seats for loungers. Through a vista formed by the umbrageous oaks and pines, the huge, bulbous forms of a varied family of cacti are seen. In another place is a bewildering maze. Everywhere flowers and rare plants abound, and every avenue and pathway is bordered by intricate floral devices. In any direction the eye may turn are fresh visions of beauty. In the fall of 1883 a great improvement was consummated in the introduction of an abundant supply of pure, soft water from the Carmel River. Extensive water-works were constructed at an expense of over half a million dollars. The supply not only meets the requirements of the hotel, but also feeds the great fountain in the lake. The Hotel del Monte has been under the experienced management of Mr. George Schonewald ever since it was built. Mr. S. is aided by a competent corps of office assistants, E. T. Simmons being chief clerk and J. A. Clough, room clerk.

The bathing-beach is one of the finest on the coast. W. H. Daily, the champion swimmer of the Pacific Coast, who made a careful examination of its features in the middle of December, 1879, pronounced it *the finest*, and says it is entirely free from stones below high-water mark, and also free from undertow. He found the water at that time of the year not too cold for enjoyable bathing, and during the winter months surf-bathing is frequently indulged in. It is doubtful if every visitor can as easily adapt himself to the sea, however, and to accommodate those who may prefer a warmer temperature than the surf can give, a luxurious swimming-bath has been erected at a cost of upwards of \$75,000. The great tanks are 150 feet in length and 50 feet in width. There are four separate tanks, holding in the aggregate 450,000 gallons of sea-water, the depth being graduated from three to six feet.

One of the most important events in the early history of Monterey was the establishment of the San Carlos Mission, or the Mission Carmelo. This mission, one of the first established towards the end of the eighteenth century in Upper California, by Father Junipero Serra and his coadjutors in the work of civilizing and Christianizing the Indians, was founded on the 3d of June, 1770. The first church was erected near the present town of Monterey, but the site was thought to be undesirable, and a new location was secured near where the Carmel River empties into Carmel Bay. Here, upon a hill four or five miles below Monterey, a more pretentious structure was reared. The sun now rests on its walls of dull red stone with a warm glow, and the edifice seems like an Old World ruin transplanted to this new land.

In connection with Del Monte, extensive improvements have been carried out in addition to those observable in the neighborhood of that establishment. The chief of these has been the construction of many miles of driveways along the picturesque coast. Leaving the Hotel del Monte for a morning drive, one gains the outer world over a grandly-shaped avenue which winds towards the beach; then skirting the beach and the town, he has a choice of routes. If he chooses the road to the right he courses along by the sea, and if he turns to the left he mounts the hill back of the town. The best way is to go by the former and return by the latter. The drives through the town disclose much of interest, and the driver will point out the historic buildings. The road leads past the steamer-wharf, the whaling-cove,

and the huts of the Chinese fishermen. Just outside the village a wooden cross by the side of a little creek marks the landing of Padre Junipero Serra. The road continues through pleasant woods and along the stretches of white, foam-flecked sand, which are broken here and there by rocky headlands, about which the waves throw aloft great fountains of spray. Grass and wild-flowers of every hue carpet the fields from December to June, and almost invade the domain of the sea, whilst the variegated tufts of shells and sea-mosses east up on the sands rival the flowers in imitating the bright hues of the rainbow. Nowhere are the waters of the Pacific Ocean more brilliantly varied in hue. Sapphire, opal, emerald, cream-white, topaz, mother-of-pearl, and crystal of every shade play before the eye with every rush of the mighty wave into the carved and chiseled rocks and the long rifts of the coast. The camp-ground of the Pacific Grove Retreat, the summer meeting-place of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, and of an association of Methodists, lies pleasantly along the shore, a mile or so from the town. It resembles Ocean Grove, Oak Bluffs, and other Eastern resorts of the kind, with a greater richness of shore scenery. It is one of the most popular ocean resorts on the coast, and, like the Hotel del Monte, is kept open the year round, J. O. Johnson being Superintendent. Leaving Point Pinos and its lighthouse to the right, and taking the roadway through the woods, Moss Beach is soon reached. Here one may find employment for hours in gathering bright mosses and shells, while the neighboring fields afford many varieties of flowers. Rounding a little point beyond the beach, the Seal Rocks are brought into view. These are some rocky islands near the shore where hundreds of seals and sea-lions are seen disporting themselves. The rocks are also often white with birds. Another little beach and another little stretch of forest road bring one to the famed Cypress Point. Here is a grove of trees wholly unlike any found elsewhere on the coast. The huge gnarled trunks give evidence of great age. The close-knit branches and golden-green foliage produce a wealth of shade; and, as some writer has said, this is the one spot more perfectly adapted than any other point in the world for picnics and camping. Beyond Cypress Point lies Carmel Bay, if anything more beautiful than the bay of Monterey, while the rocky headlands of Point Lobos and the drooping forms of the sierra of the Santa Lucia appear in the distant blue beyond. Another reach of road, beneath the bearded and moss-hung branches of giant pines and cedars, with frequent glimpses of the blue ocean through the dusky aisles of the forest, brings one to Pebble Beach. From this latter point there is a road back to Monterey over the hills; or the explorer may gain the old Mission Church by a circuitous route. Besides the route here described there are roads leading in other directions, one up the coast to Castroville, and thence to Watsonville and Santa Cruz, another southward towards Point Sur, and a third towards Salinas City.

The mild winter climate of California renders it especially desirable as a place of sojourn for persons who seek to escape from the extremes of cold and sudden changes of temperature experienced in the East. Monterey seems to possess many advantages over other parts of California on account of the remarkable equability of its temperature. It is cooler here in summer and warmer in winter than at most other resorts, and the difference in mean temperature between January and July has been shown, by careful meteorological observations taken for a series of years, to be only nine or ten degrees. The superiority of the Southern California climate over that of Italy and Florida has been noted by many writers. The winter months represent the rainy season on the Pacific Coast, but the weather during this period is not disagreeable. Commencing in November, rain falls frequently, though by no means continuously, the succeeding three or four months generally being divided into two or three wet periods. It is the general impression in the East, among persons who have not taken occasion to inform themselves fully upon the subject, that during the wet season (so called in contradistinction to the dry months, when moisture rarely falls) rain is incessant. This popular error is corrected by a glance at the weather tables. A series of observations in past years show that the amount of rainfall in California is less than one-half as great as in the States east of the Mississippi. The East has as much rain in its summer and autumn as California has in its entire rainy season. After each rainfall at Monterey the sun comes out as bright and warm as before, and in twenty-four hours after the most copious pour there are no visible indications of it, as is usual in Eastern States, and no traces of the visitation left except in firm, mudless grounds and roads, and an enlivened growth of grasses, shrubs, and flowers.



## BREAKERS.

"Charlie," said his wife, with a chilling severity, "I just saw you coming out of the club-house." "Well, my dear," replied the heartless worser half, "you wouldn't have the man you love above all others in the world staying in a saloon all day, would you?"

At Pacific Grove: "Isn't my photograph excellent?" asked a loquacious wife of her husband. "Well, my dear," replied he, drawlingly, "there is too much repose about the mouth for it to be strictly natural." The hook she was holding just missed him.

He: "I'll drop over and enjoy the beauties of Del Monte, to-morrow, I guess." She: "Will you? Well, I'll just drop over there with you, my dear." They compromised and spent the Sabbath at Castroville. Castroville has its beauties, you know.

On the Daisy Train from Del Monte on Monday morning: "The breakers were very fine, yesterday." "I thought so; there was Miss—" "Why, what are you talking about, what do you mean?" "Why, I mean the Sabbath-breakers, my boy; surely, they were very fine."

Two girls of high feather, upon entering the ladies' parlor at Del Monte, met a fat citizen's fat wife quitting it. "Ah!" said one of them, pretty loudly, "there is beef-a-la-mode going out." "Yes," answered the fat woman, "and there is a poor kind of game coming in."

It was on the beach near the pavilion: "Don't you love the waves, Colonel?" sea-reneily inquired a kittenish maiden of '49 or spring of '50. "Yes; the waves of a handkerchief in the pretty hand of a pretty girl." She was not even passably good-looking, and she thought a shot-tower had hit her.

"I wonder what the wild waves are saying, this morning, my dear?" faintly murmured the young husband, as he pressed his "matutinal" for the third time—to which the madam responded: "They are not saying much, but they are steadily thinking that the fools are not all dead." He did not finish the third cocktail.

It was on the veranda at Del Monte: He (to an elderly lady, richly attired)—"I have never observed you among the bathers, Mrs. Bang; aw dwon't you fancy the surf?" She: "I think I might like the sea well enough, but I should have such a continuous dread of the horrid incubus that—" "Mother!" shouted the daisy of the group, "hurry up and come along, for we are all ready." He: "By Jove! that girl's awfully clever—awfully good to her mother, you know. But continuous dread! and incubus for octo—octo—by Jove! I've forgotten the name of the sea devil, myself, you know."

Tw'as a bright and moonlight evening  
As they wandered on the shore,  
And she gently pressed his coat-sleeve,  
As she oft had done before.  
And they talked about his college,  
While she charmed him with her looks;  
Then she called him very naughty,  
Not at all well up in books.  
"Have you ever read," she murmured,  
"Squees' Memoir? I wish you would."  
"Well, since you insist," he whispered,  
"I will try and be so good."  
"Take your arm away—you monster!  
From my waist, you awful man!  
That's not what I meant at all, sir!  
There, you're breaking my new fan.  
"Tw'as the 'Life of Joseph Squees' sir;  
And I think you're awful bad!  
Am I angry? Take me home, sir.  
Yes, I am, just fearful mad!"  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Tw'as a bright and moonlight evening,  
As he wandered on the shore—  
But no maiden pressed his coat-sleeve  
As she used in days of yore.

## WAVELETS.

What is it the sad sea waves?

The swells of the ocean get dead broke as soon as they strike the shore.

San Francisco went crazy over a dead whale not long since. Well, we Montereyans "nose" how it is ourself.

Ulrich, the gardner, says that tulips seem to do best on the veranda under a subdual light, or where there is no light.

Crossing Monterey bay on a chopped sea reminds one of the country generally after the first rains—everything seems to be coming up.

A Van Ness avenue belle says there is something about Monterey that is conducive to sentiment and matrimony. Is it Cy-press grove?

A San Francisco dude, while having his hair cut last Saturday evening, asked the Del Monte barber what he thought of his moustache; and ye tonsorial wretch replied: "Bring it with you next time you come down, and I will give you my opinion."

"On the Pacific Coast," says the New York *Sun*, "ladies and gentlemen wear bathing suits which would not be tolerated at any of the Atlantic bathing places. They are decollete, short-sleeved, short-legged, and fit the figure *a la* Jersey. This rather surprises us. Judging from the Eastern papers, the ladies there are a head and shoulders above ours.

The "wave" dance—that shocking "hug-and-jump waltz," which paralyzed the prudes and all others who do not dance, some years ago—has gone entirely out of fashion. There was really too much actual squeezing and hugging to be long tolerated at so public a place as a dancing party—not that the participants ever betrayed any symptoms of indignant objections, at all; but frowns came so fast and so furious from those who did not know how to let their hearts throb against their partners' vests, that the "wave" was soon blushed out of existence.

They wandered by the sad sea waves,  
And talked in tender tones of love;  
He vowed that he would be her slave,  
And prize her all the world above.

But she replied not, only sighed,  
And seemed depressed, aweared;  
She sadly eyed the flowing tide,  
And heeded not the love-words said.

"O, why so sad, love, tell me why?"  
He said, and gently pressed her hand;  
She turned her tear-dimmed eyes away,  
And sobbed: "My boots are full of sand."

## GIRLS.

On this most interesting topic we give the following pointers to our young men readers:

A good girl to have—Sal Vation.  
A disagreeable girl—Annie Mosity.  
A fighting girl—Hittie Maginn.  
A sweet girl—Carrie Mel.  
A pleasant girl—Jennie Rosity.  
A "summer" girl—Helen Blazes.  
A sick girl—Sally Vate.  
A smooth girl—Amelia Ration.  
A seedy girl—Cora Ander.  
A clear case of girl—E. Lucy Date.  
A geometrical girl—Polly Gon.  
A flower girl—Rhoda Dendron.  
A musical girl—Sarah Nade.  
A profound girl—Mettie Physics.  
A star girl—Meta Oric.  
A clinging girl—Jessie Mine.  
A nervous girl—Hester Ical.  
A muscular girl—Callie Sthenics.  
A lively girl—Annie Matton.  
An uncertain girl—Eva Nescent.  
A sad girl—Ella G.  
A serene girl—Mollie Fy.  
A great big girl—Ellie Phant.  
A warlike girl—Millie Tarry.



## SPLASHES FOR LITTLE ONES.

Eva, noticing a flock of noisy blackbirds, said: "Mamma, I guess they are having a sewing 'ciety!"

"Surely, you've not washed, this morning, Johnnie?" "No, mamma! I was in bed so late, that I did not think I required it!"

A little Boston boy on being asked, when he saw George Washington's picture, if he knew the man's name, quickly replied: "Ben Butler."

Tender-hearted Tommie: "Mother, won't you stop Sal killing that fly?" Mother: "Why?" Tommie: "Because I want to kill him myself."

"Can any of you children tell me why Adam fell?" said Mr. Jones in Sunday school. "Banana peel!" yelled Freddie Brown, as he slid out of the door.

Nellie: "Please shut your eyes for a moment, mamma." Mamma: "Why?" Nellie: "You said you never wanted to see me take any sugar, and I'm going to take a piece, now."

At the family table the other night Tommy heard his father speaking about crests. The next day the little one's mother was surprised to hear him ask: "Mamma, what is our 'trade mark'?"

A little Monterey girl, upon being reproved, the other day, by an elder sister for using a slang expression, sharply replied: "Well, if *you* went into San Francisco society more *you* would hear slang."

A few days ago Maud S., a Salinas pet, wanted to go bare-footed like the boys. In a little while after trying it she returned home, saying: "Mamma, my feet are all wearing out, and papa will have to buy me some new ones."

Mary, who was inquisitive, listened to what a gentleman was saying about his step-son. The next day Mary went to him and said: "Please tell me some more about your doorstep-son, and what made him that kind of a boy?"

Little Willie, having hunted in all the corners for his shoes, at last gave them up, and climbing on a chair betook himself to a dictionary, and said: "Papa always looks in it to find things, and I'm looking in it to find my shoes."

Little Sammy has quite advanced ideas. He has a doll which he calls his wife. Recently he said to his "wife": "When I am a man, I am going to be a Mason, like pap, and then you won't see me until twelve o'clock at night."

A lady wanted her little girl to bathe in a room, the windows of which opened into the yard, in which were some fowls. "But," said the little girl, "I don't want to bathe before the chickens." "O, never mind the chickens," said the mother. "Well," said the little woman, "I won't bathe before the rooster, anyhow."

A little San Francisco girl, whom we will call Katie, wished very much to be put in long stockings. One morning her mamma promised her that if she came home that day and could tell her truthfully that she had not been stood in the corner during school hours she would at once put her in long stockings. That night when Katie returned home her mamma said to her: "Katie, were you stood in the corner to-day?" To which Katie replied: "I told the teacher (Uh! uh!) to stand me in the (Uh!) middle of the floor."

Little Jimmie, for once, couldn't have his way. "Mamma, I am going to leave 'oo; going to take the train an' never come back." Mamma said: "Very well; I, too, shall get on a train and go away forever." This terrible scheme had never entered Jimmie's head. He suddenly remembered that if his mother were to disappear he would certainly be spanked as often as he should deserve it. Running up to her and throwing his arms about her, he said: "Mamma, me and you'll go on the same train--won't we, mamma?"

"Do you love me?" stammered Benny  
To a bright eyed little maid;  
"Do you love me—love me, Jenny?  
I'll not tell; don't be afraid!"

"Yes, I love you," answered Jenny;  
"But—'twas only yesterday  
That I said the same thing, Benny!  
(And she blushed), to Bobbie Gray."

## WOMAN LAND.

When a woman has bought her husband a seventy-five cent shirt and got a ten dollar bonnet for herself, there is a heaven-born look of gratified love and happiness in her eyes that would make a tax collector weep to be the subject of.

In the remote history of several countries, weddings were an unregarded episode, except that "the lady was hit on the head and dragged quietly out of the camp." The style nowadays is, pretty generally, to drag the poor creature ostentatiously into church, marry her, and then drag her out and hit her afterward.

At Washington: Good looking army officer, who has been doing guard duty at the Capital for seventeen years, to Miss Cleveland: "Pray, what do our ladies find to think about besides parties and dress?" Miss Cleveland, with gracious tact and taste: "They think profoundly of the heroic deeds of the army officers in our midst." It was not a cannon ball that hit him; but he looked as if some Miss-ile had passed dangerously close.

The Washington *Herald* says "that the new style Miss Cleveland adopted, on Tuesday evening, for wearing her hair was generally pronounced more becoming to her than the way she had previously dressed it." We are very glad to know this. That other way was simply abominable. Of course, there are many who are perfectly indifferent as to the manner of Miss Cleveland's coiffure. But we—we draw the line—and we are unalterably opposed to the way in which Miss Cleveland previously dressed her hair. Hair-rassing, isn't it!

"When, soon after our civil war," says the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, "the United States sent a monitor to convey to the Czar the resolutions of Congress congratulating him on his escape from assassination, the officers of the American vessel were gorgeously entertained at St. Petersburg. At a great banquet in the Winter Palace the enthusiasm ran so high that a fair young princess tore the diamond necklace from her throat and threw it down the table toward the officers, exclaiming: '*Aux Americaines!*' The string broke and the diamonds scattered over the floor. The officers picked them up and pressed them to their lips amid shouts of '*Vive la Russie! Vive les femmes Russes!*'"

The Miss Kate Homer Clayton Howe, who was arrested lately in New Orleans charged with obtaining money and goods by false pretences, and who posed in that city as a lecturer, and flitted discreetly in good San Francisco society for a while, attempted one day to borrow a diamond necklace from Randolph & Co. This is merely mentioned to show to what straits (not sequence) one may come when in need of pecuniary aid. We only wonder that while the good lady was about doing something to tide over the little financial stress encountered in our hospitable midst she did not strike the charming old lapidary known as Randolph & Co. for his whole store. She could have got it as easily as a diamond necklace.

Baltimore society has been in the throes of a sensation which is, briefly, thus: Miss Hardesty, a grand-daughter of President Monroe, was on a visit, in Baltimore, to the mother of Pedro S. Moran, who resides further south, but who was also on a visit to his mother. Young Mr. Moran admired Miss Hardesty, and caught her, one day, somewhat unawares, and imprinted a regular stem-winder on her cherry lips. Miss H. became furious, although Mr. M. apologized and said that he had committed the so-called offense in fun. This, however, did not appease the young lady's wrath, and she forthwith informed a millionaire uncle of the offender, who proceeded to castigate his nephew for all he was worth. Pedro took two or three pretty savage knocks from his uncle, when patience ceased to be a virtue, and he doubled up the relative aforesaid by punching him twice in the bread basket. Friends then interfered, and the aristocratic sloggers were separated and removed from the scene of their curious encounter. It is not every day that a society chap may kiss a pretty girl against her will and have a chance to settle the controversy growing out of it with his own uncle. It is generally the big brother that looms up and proceeds to mop the floor with the dainty operator in osculatory sweets, while said B. B. comes off without a scratch. Better than all, however, is our glorious climate, with-in whose radiance many a pretty girl may be kissed—not against her will—at least, such is our information.



It is no unkindness to other California ladies, eminent for their good works, to say of Mrs. E. B. Crocker that she is way in advance of all others in approved benefactions and other philanthropic acts. There are women in England and elsewhere in America than California who, like this distinguished Sacramento lady, have written their names high up in the records of imperishable fame on account of their noble charities. There are, also, a number of wealthy ladies in our midst who are constantly giving from their substantial and ever-increasing stores—notably Mrs. Charles Crocker and her daughter, Mrs. Leland Stanford, Mrs. George Hearst, the Sutro girls, and, possibly, one or two others; but to Mrs. E. B. Crocker rightly belongs the crown for queenly acts which cannot be properly delineated or portrayed by pencil or pen.

Society people should take warning from what befell Colonel Ellis, of London, a few days ago, and "never no more" lay down strips of carpet from carriage-step to mansion-door. Ellis had bidden guests to a feast, and had laid a beautiful strip of Axminster across the flagging in front of his house, so that dainty slippers need not be soiled; but, one of the guests, Mrs. Wason, fell over said Axminster and injured her spine, and sued Ellis for damages, and received £50. The Colonel appealed, but the decision was upheld, "the Lord Chief Justice stating that the public had an uncontrollable right to use the highway, and that those who laid down carpets must take the consequences." Thus is added a new terror to society. Imagine, for instance, an expectant bridegroom tripping it joyously over the aristocratic strip of Axminster, and accidentally turning a flip-flap and injuring his spine, yet still having backbone enough left to sue the father of his adored one for damages. Come to think of it, though, \$250 is not a bad thing for the average bridegroom, provided the spinal column is not permanently disabled.

A lady, according to a New York telegram, who claims to be a sort of brevet wife of Ross K. Winans, a son of a former millionaire of Baltimore, has sued Mr. Winans for divorce. Mr. Winans, while admitting that he has had relations with Alice that do not make him ineligible to "good society" so long as his bank account is substantial, denies that he has ever been given in marriage or been given away by any promises of a "foolish character." The Miss Whistler, to whom Mr. Winans says he is really and lawfully married, is a daughter of the deceased Colonel Whistler, U. S. A. In 1863 Mrs. Whistler—accompanied by a delightful old gentleman at our elbow—ran the blockade at Wilmington (N. C.) one dark night and arrived, shortly afterward, at the Bermudas, and then went to Liverpool, and from thence to Paris and St. Petersburg, where Colonel Whistler was engaged in railroad building with the elder Winans. Mrs. Whistler was 67 years of age at the time, but seemed more like a charming woman of forty. The elder Winans was formerly a blacksmith of Baltimore, and made a fortune subsequently by the invention of a traction engine and in railroad building in Russia. His sons, Thomas and Ross W., inherited their father's fortune—or their shares of it—which was so ample as to give them the entree of what is termed fashionable society, so long as they did not actually take their scarlet women along.

She never, never told her love;  
Of love she'd never speak;  
"Concealment," as with Shakespeare's maid,  
"Fed on her damask cheek;"  
And when this very common theme  
From other's lips she heard,  
She very, very faintly smiled,  
But never spoke a word.  
Woman is strange, a mystery:  
A puzzler; yes, and more;  
But such a curious thing as this  
I never knew before;  
I was surprised until I knew  
The reason; 'twas, ah, well!  
She never, never told her love,  
Because—she'd none to tell.

A Santa Cruz dude wants to know why Miss Wixon still persists in the effort to Palmer-self off as Miss Emma Nevada.

The lady with the artificial limb declined to accompany her friends into the surf, whispering to a near and dear companion; "It *wooden* do, you know."

## CHARACTER OF THE SEXES.

It is more than doubtful if any but enthusiastic students of German literature have ever heard even the name of Christoph August Tiedge, or know of his great work, "Urania," a poem in which he sings of the immortality of the soul in nine cantos, the length of which inclines one to think that he also believed in the immortality of the bodies of his readers and the infinity of their patience. Yet the life of this obscure poet was not uninteresting. Like Ulysses, of old, he saw many men and cities and knew their customs and habits. It has so happened that recently a lucky accident has brought to light a hidden and unknown manuscript of his in which he has written out the results of his many experiences of the world. The work was written in 1792, and is entitled an "Attempt at the Philosophy of Life." It is published by Sacher-Masoch, at Leipsic. As fascinating a part of this work as any is the chapter on the "Charter of the Sexes," wherein the author treats of men and women in their mutual relations. An abstract of some of his remarks about women will not be uninteresting—it being kept in mind that his remarks were made a century ago, and that the social conditions then prevailing were somewhat different from those which obtain here and now:

Despite the weakness of the feminine sex it seems destined to rule the masculine.

For a perfect union of two people there must not only be a sympathy in thought and taste, community of interest and resemblance of disposition—these only make continual intercourse pleasant—but they must be inseparable. This only comes when each supplies what the other needs. This is seen sometimes in friendships, sometimes in marriage.

When men criticize their wives, they do not mind remarks on their weaknesses, for these weaknesses are the cords that bind their husbands to them. Masculine traits in a woman are as disagreeable as womanishness in a man. For example, timidity, which is characteristic of the one, is ridiculous in the other. Therefore, women often affect weaknesses, etc., to please men, because in this way the latter are given an opportunity to show their courage, strength, etc. So a man must not hesitate to carry a woman over a muddy puddle though his shoes may be thinner than hers. Hence it is often rather unpleasant being a man when women are about.

Practical affairs are, to a certain extent, controlled by men through their strength and skill, and the men, in turn, by their wives. These govern their husband through their appetites. The man, in contrast to the woman, despite his physical strength, is practically weak. For example, the husband tells his wife his secrets, but she keeps hers to herself. It is only with reference to the secrets of others that women are accused of being unable to keep things to themselves.

There are many aids to woman's weakness. Her tears, those mighty weapons, are always ready. When frightened she shrieks and grows pale. She is endowed by nature with a facility for talking which is by no means without its charm. She can quickly get a superficial knowledge of any subject, and then converse about it with much animation. This conversational ability not only is agreeable, but is sometimes of practical value. As when, for example, a poor man wants a favor from a richer one, he sends his wife, who gets usually more than he himself could. Women like to talk. When they have discussed some insignificant matter for hours, they feel that they have not said all they wanted to say.

In the matter of their inclination to the other sex they are stronger than men. They care more for the whole sex, less for the individual; with men the reverse is true. A man is more scrupulous in his choice of a wife than is a woman in her choice of her husband. But this comes from the fact that the man chooses, the woman is chosen. She must not show any affection for any man, so she customarily acts as if she accepted him only because he wanted her so much, and as if she merely endured his caresses but did not find any pleasure in them. When it comes to a *tete-a-tete*, all women are coquettes. By marriage the woman gains her freedom, the man loses his.

It is a universal rule that young men rule over wives older than themselves, and young wives over old husbands.

Although women may have as much brains as men, they seldom have the organizing, practical ability of the other sex. They are fertile in plans, but fail in carrying them out. They are often inclined to save at home in order to shine out of doors. They have less sense of gratitude, feeling that what pleases them, what they want, is their due.

Two women seldom trust each other entirely, unless they are mother and daughter. They are inclined to be jealous, especially when they are good-



looking, or want to be thought or think themselves so. Each tries to surpass the other, and the one succeeding is always proud and happy over it. This same characteristic is noticeable in some men. It is the reason why some prefer the society of their inferiors to their equals.

A woman understands how to carry herself under change of circumstances better than a man. A man who has risen from a poor to a rich condition almost invariably makes himself ridiculous. But a poor girl, with any sort of an education, married to a rich man, will soon accommodate herself to and be at home in the position of her husband. They are prouder of social rank and distinction than men. But men are often more anxious about what people say of them than are women.

Flattery is seldom disagreeable to a woman unless it offends her taste. It is a tribute men must constantly pay, either in word or deed. Young women take almost any kind of it in earnest, even if their mirror contradicts it. This instills a great self-love in them and is favorable to the growth of that vanity of which no one is destitute.

These few excerpts will serve to show that our philosopher kept his eyes wide open in society, and will give some slight idea of the style and matter of his "Philosophy of Life." That the man who wrote the "Philosophy" could ever have considered himself inspired by the muse, and of a poetic temperament, is odd. That after the lapse of nearly a century he should be shown to the world in this new light, a light which so absorbs and outshines the feeble, struggling ray reflected from "Urania" by histories of literature, is fortunate for his future reputation. Tiedge, the would-be moralizing theological poet, gives place at once to Tiedge, the keen-eyed man of the world.

#### REMARKABLE FIDELITY.

[Santa Barbara Press.]

An instance of remarkable honesty and fidelity has just been made public, which rivals in interest any olden legend or any tale of the Arabian Nights. The characters are all well known in Santa Barbara and Ventura counties, and the names figure conspicuously in Southern California history. The thread of the story, briefly stated, is as follows: Nearly twenty years ago, one of the wealthy ladies of Los Angeles county, finding herself nigh unto death, made a very unusual provision for her only daughter, then an infant. She intrusted to one of her near and dear lady friends a very large amount of jewelry and valuables, which the friend was to keep until the child grew to womanhood, and married. On her wedding day the mother's gift was to be given to the daughter, but until then the most profound secrecy was to be maintained regarding the existence of the legacy. There was a magnificent pearl and diamond necklace, whose value was not less than \$10,000. There were quantities of massive silver and gold plate, there were large solitaire diamond rings; there were ornaments so rich and rare that they would have honored the diadem of a queen. The most costly wardrobes of silk and satin and fine lace were among the treasures which were confided to this friend, and with the rest was the very wedding robe which the mother had worn as she stood before the altar. It was the mother's request that the daughter be married in this same robe. And so the mother died, and the earnest kiss which the devoted friend pressed upon the pallid brow was the seal of a vow of fidelity. The wealthy Spanish father may have wondered what disposition his wife made of her treasure, but if so, he never gave expression to his thoughts. Time rolled on, and the little orphan child became a sweet, graceful girl. Meantime the father removed to Santa Barbara, the tide of fortune turned from his door, and left him almost penniless. Misfortune, too, had visited the household of the friend, and her vast estates became involved, and poverty crept close to her fireside. She had a son whose talents gave promise of a brilliant career. Her very life was wrapped up in his future. There was a time when the trust confided to her keeping would have been sufficient to have saved her from bankruptcy. There was not a living soul who knew of the existence of the treasures. From time to time the great chests had to be opened and the rich robes and laces cared for, lest moth, or dust, or time mar the delicate fabrics. Yet never once did this faithful friend falter. Reverses came, poverty came, and many bright hopes vanished, but the treasures were preserved. The girl grew to be a beautiful young lady, and in due time became betrothed to a young gentleman of good business prospects, and who is highly respected in the community. The wedding occurred a short time ago, and was largely attended. The bride's attire was so rich and elegant that it attracted universal admiration, but none guessed that it was the mother's wedding robe so mysteriously preserved and so faithfully presented. All the treasures, to the value of many thousands of dollars, were scrupulously delivered to the new bride, and are now safely deposited in one of our city banks. The faithful friend is now living in Ventura county. Her son has been a member of the Legislature, and is one of the most prominent young men in Southern California.

#### LETTER FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

THE HOLIDAY SEASON—SOCIETY PEOPLE IN THE EAST AND ELSEWHERE—  
GOOD APPOINTMENT—NOT IN GOOD FORM—A NEW RAGE—HOTEL  
NOTES, ETC.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 23, 1885.

Nothing more vividly bespeaks the coming of the holidays than the store windows, which are now in grand and gorgeous shape and hue. Chief among all of the panoramas of wonder and beauty, is Shreve's, under the Sutter and Montgomery corner of the Occidental Hotel, where the windows are crowded with diamonds, silverware, watches, clocks, bronzes, etc. It is a most tempting and tantalizing display, I can assure you. Col Andrews, under the Russ, as usual, makes a magnificent display of jewelry and precious stones, and especially of all kinds of quartz work. Gump, on Market, near Second, and Sanborn & Vail, Market, near Fifth, dealers in pictures and picture frames, looking glasses and bric-a-brac, have dressed their show windows beautifully and profusely, which, of course, attract all the passers-by. Antisell, the great piano man, who took the first premium at New Orleans, has made his place on Market street very attractive. I notice that Steele, the well-known druggist, under the Palace, on Market street, has arrayed a window with pretty things in the way of perfumeries, soaps, and other toilet articles. Carmany, whose gentlemen's furnishing goods store is on Kearny, between Geary and Post, has lately received a splendid assortment of gloves, handkerchiefs, ties and under-clothing from the east. The Golden Rule Bazaar, on Market street, is a great resort. No place in the city, however, attracts more than Chadbourne's furniture store on Market street. Ichi Ban, of course, is a central point. Bancroft's fine book store is another. Indeed, there are too many pretty sights to enumerate.

#### SOCIETY PEOPLE IN THE EAST.

Among our best-known society people who will winter in the East are Mrs. Lucy Arnold, of Sacramento, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. General Williams, at Lafayette, Indiana; Mrs. General J. F. Houghton, who departed on the 27th of November, and would spend the holidays with her married daughter at Hartford, Conn.; accompanied by Miss Lizzie Hewlett, who will pass several months in Baltimore; Miss Annie Pierce, of Santa Clara, who left for the east on the 27th of November; Miss Felton, who left here for Washington on the 25th of the same month; Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Rosenstock, who went to New York on the 2nd of December; Mrs. Henry S. Crocker, who went to the same city on the 24th of November; Miss Denver, who is visiting family friends in Washington; Mrs. Maynard and Miss Houston, who left here during the latter part of November; Mrs. Gashwiler is living stylishly at the Fifth-Avenue Hotel, New York, and Gotham rumor has it that Harry Logan will soon take Mrs. G. matrimonially to his arms, which will make the charming widow's third venture. Mrs. Ustick, who was a resident at the Grand for several years after her divorce from her husband, is living in gorgeous state at 34 Grammercy Park, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker are keeping house in New York; Hon. Leland Stanford and Mrs. Stanford, and Hon. W. W. Morrow and family are in Washington; Judge and Mrs. Wallace are still in New York; Mrs. George F. Ludd is at the Brunswick, New York; Mrs. A. J. Pope and the Misses Florence and Mamie Pope are at the Windsor; Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Jobson, of Sacramento, are also in New York; Miss Hamilton, also of Sacramento, will spend most of the winter in the East.

#### IN EUROPE AND ELSEWHERE.

Europe too, seems to have many claims upon our people, if we may judge from the contingent abroad, thus: The MacDermots, after a stay of several months at the Langham, in London, have taken a chateau near Paris; Mrs. John McMullin and the Misses Lilo and Bettie McMullin, accompanied by Mrs. Milton S. Latham, were in Paris in December; Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hecht are on their way to Europe; Mrs. Sanderson and her daughters were in London a few weeks ago; Mrs. Colonel Eddy is still traveling in foreign lands; Colonel and Mrs. Horace Fletcher were in Japan at last accounts, but were contemplating a trip around the world; Mrs. Catherwood left here on December 4th for Europe on a visit to her children; Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and son are in Paris; Mr. and Mrs. B. Chandler Howard are in Japan; Miss Daisy Hunt is in Honolulu; Frank Miller, Cashier of the National Gold Bank of D. O. Mills, Sacramento, accompanied by his wife, has gone to Japan, thence to India, Italy, England, New York and home, making the circuit of the globe; Mr. and Mrs. Miller expect to be absent several months.

#### A GOOD APPOINTMENT.

The appointment of R. P. Hammond, Jr., as Surveyor General of California, meets with general approval. Mr. Hammond is favorably known in his profession of a civil engineer, is a native of this State, a lieutenant in the Third regiment of the National Guard and is one of the best representatives of the young Democracy of California. After many years the government has appointed a man as Surveyor-General who understands surveying. The non-partisan indorsement that Mr. Hammond received was a sufficient testimonial to his worth.



If President Cleveland's eastern appointments have been made with as much care and judgment as those in California, he need stand in small fear of sectional opposition in the United States Senate. You are aware, of course, that it is young Dick, who laid out the grounds of Del Monte and the company's roads leading thereabouts and therefrom.

NOT IN GOOD FORM.

The letters "R. S. V. P.," which mean in English "respond if you please," are not put on cards of the very best entertainers in New York nowadays. The assumption is that a cultured lady or gentleman will answer an invitation without being requested to do so. About the only new thing in the way of invitation cards are some that are re-engraved with the words, "An early answer is requested," at the bottom of the cards. That was, of course, however, thoroughly unusual. The prevailing style to-day for all invitation cards and notes, as well as in writing paper and business blanks, is severely simple. Plain white and black, without fancy lettering, is the only correct thing.

A NEW RAGE.

Society misses are informed that the most fashionable rage in Boston and New York at present is the collection of military buttons. Apropos, the *New York Times* says that "a young lady of the Astor family is credited with the possession of a string of these trinkets in which nearly every government of the world is represented." If the San Francisco girls go in for this thing they will make it warm for some of the army and navy bloods in our midst.

FAMILIES AT THE PALACE HOTEL.

The following named families are domiciled at the Palace for the winter: A. L. Tubbs and family, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Loomis, Mr. and Mrs. Drury Malone and family, Mrs. McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Main, Mr. and Mrs. Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Goodman, Major and Mrs. Trumbull and daughter, Judge and Mrs. Hager and family, Mr. and Mrs. Gilson and son, Mr. and Mrs. Hitehoek, the Misses Corbett, Mr. and Mrs. Lugsdin and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Alvord, Mrs. Boggs and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Harrington and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. Jauin, Mr. and Mrs. Hutelinson, Mr. and Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Dearborn and son, Dr. and Mrs. McNulty, Mr. and Mrs. Avery, Mr. and Mrs. Mosely, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. More, Mr. and Mrs. Marks, Justice and Mrs. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Goodman, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. English, Mrs. Stanley, Miss Garber, Mr. and Mrs. Martinez, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. McKinley, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Hallet and son, Judge and Mrs. Este, Dr. and Mrs. Toland Gen. Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Sachs, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Jones, W. E. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Adams and daughter, Mr. J. P. Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. Sampson Laws, Mrs. W. S. Keyes, D. N. Walter and family, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Prescott, Mr. and Mrs. A. Lusk, Mr. and Mrs. R. Cohn, Geo. D. Newhall, R. B. Woodward, Frank and Victor Hicks, Mr. and Mrs. Rosenstock, Mr. and Mrs. Nuttall, Raphael Weill, Leon Weill, Henry Weill, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Chapman, Mrs. Capt. Cobb, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Laton, Judge W. C. Belcher, Mr. Theo. Payne, Warren Payne, Major and Mrs. Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Paxton, Mr. and Mrs. Halsey, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Dickenson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Lathrop, Dr. and Mrs. Younger, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Jenks, Dr. and Mrs. Boyson, Mr. and Mrs. Cheeseman.

FAMILIES AT THE BALDWIN HOTEL.

The following named are permanent guests at the Baldwin: Mrs. G. F. Sharp, E. Barron and family, Mrs. Tobelman, Mrs. E. Joseph and family, Chas. S. Moses and wife, A. Cheseborough and family, E. A. Telford, Dr. W. P. McAllister and wife, G. T. Coulter and family, F. A. Frank, H. H. See, M. Lewis and wife, H. B. Underhill and wife, H. J. Kowalsky, C. Derby and wife, M. Leventritt and family, Mrs. L. E. Jones Mrs. F. Unger, A. Hayman and wife, E. R. Swain, F. Swift, Mrs. C. Holland, Joseph Holland, Mrs. M. D. Bailey, Mrs. L. Shilling, Miss Shilling, Mrs. T. H. Williams, W. W. Belvin and wife, H. E. Highton and wife, H. H. Pearson and family, H. B. Smith and wife, Mrs. H. Conrad, Miss Conrad, Chas. Shilling, Dr. Gardner, I. Rothwell, C. W. Keeny and wife, E. A. Belcher, S. M. Baker, L. Thors and wife, Dr. C. W. Fox and wife, Jas. Gillon, C. S. Givens, C. D. Price and family, and others.

HEBE.

#### LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND—A STREAM OF BEWITCHING GIRLS—AN OPINION OF SOUTHERN LADIES—CHANDLER'S WIFE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 9th, 1885.

I hardly need write, what the telegraph has surely informed you, that Congress is already in session, with most of its members in their seats. There is an abundance of Democratic element here, and a good many office-seekers from all the States. There is not a great deal to be given out however, just at present, as most of the ministerships and consulships have been disposed of, the Southerners getting a very large majority of them. There is a general good feeling for President Cleveland by all classes, political or otherwise. There seems to be a growing impression, indeed, that he has been consistently faithful to his party and to its platform, which are generally contradictory in their demands.

A STREAM OF BEWITCHING ONES.

The usual stream of bewitching young girls has commenced to flow into Washington this winter, and while it may be ungallant to remark this fact, it is, nevertheless, true that their charms are only exceeded by the disproportion of their number, and this, moreover, is easier to account for than to remedy. The moment a man reaches that bright goal of the politician's ambition, a seat in Congress, his wife, with the generosity native to her gentle sex, proceeds to invite a few dozen of her young lady friends to spend the winter in Washington under her distinguished chaperonage. The vista of delight which such an invitation opens to a pretty girl in a dull provincial town is overwhelming, and the fate must be strong and cruel indeed that can prevent her from accepting; so she comes, with a number of pretty dresses in her trunks and intoxicating visions of conquest and pleasure in her head. Unfortunately the Congressman does not emulate his lady by inviting a corresponding number of young men, partly from a lack of similar generosity of heart perhaps, but chiefly because young men of polished address and elegant leisure are naturally few in American towns and villages, where honest poverty and industrious ambition are as universally characteristic of the young men as refinement and beauty are of the young girls. The natural result of this preponderance of sweet and youthful femininity in our winter society is a wearing and disappointed rivalry for the attentions of the few eligibles of the other sex, unless, indeed, in the cases of those rare young women so refreshingly unambitious, so beautifully unsophisticated as to feel content with the more congenial but undistinguished society of a fascinating young officer, or even of an uninteresting but impecunious department clerk, over whose head depends always the sword of Damocles. Strange that in the female society genus this latter species should be so scarce. Not one but will acknowledge that gliding through the picturesque figures of the German, receiving and bestowing pretty favors with a hidden coquettish meaning, with one of the young and impecunious for a partner, is a thousand times more exhilarating to her heart than to sit in a corner smiling at the ponderous nothings and elephantine coquetry of some celebrated magnate, whose dignity, whose gout, or whose obesity forbids him to tread the light fantastic; but in the same breath she sighs that to wear at her belt the bald scalp of the uncongenial magnate is a crowning honor, worth the sacrifice of a whole row of a more profuse but less honored chevaliers. Yet, while the pretty visitor may object to the superfluity of her own kind, and the prevailing dearth of marriageable mankind, who else would willingly diminish by a single jot that abundance of youth and beauty which lends a witchery of lovely faces and bright costumes to the cosmopolitan society here, that is the supreme charm?

AN OPINION OF SOUTHERN LADIES.

There are more Southern ladies here already this winter than there have been for 24 years. You can generally tell them from their Northern sisters. By the way, the Southern ladies are great readers. They literally devour books, and this may account for their beautiful, flowery and rhythmical sentences. Their conversation is like the music of running waters, smooth, even and delightful, the tone of voice extremely pleasing and the repose of manner and the perfect ease with which they entertain something to admire. In this lies the great charm of the girls of Dixie. They are indolent but accomplished, shiftless but charming, prejudiced but hospitable. Many know no more about cooking than the man in the moon, but they can play the piano or guitar and sing like nightingales; they could not make an apron to save their lives, but they can quote Shakespeare, Byron, Moore, Tennyson, Whittier and all the rest by the hour; they know nothing about domestic economy, except that the cupboards must be kept locked when there are dark servants around the house, but they can tell you the derivation of "deuteroscopy" or some equally obsolete word with perfect ease; they cannot tell you where the poor of the place live, but they can define what constitutes aristocracy till it would make your head swim. In fact, they are calculated to make brilliant society women and rich men's wives. The stately formalities for which the South was noted are still observed, and the code of honor—that relic of barbarism—still remains unburied. Appearances go a great way in the south, but the entree of "upper tendom" is not obtained with a pocket-book, no matter how plethoric; your credentials must be irreproachable. Herein has the South the advantage of the North—the best society is free from the "shoddy" element that is so prevalent in our cities up North.

CHANDLER'S WIFE.

I ran across ex-Secretary of the Navy Chandler, a few days ago, the man who made quite a fool of himself by his many mean orders while at the head of the Navy Department. His appointment to the naval portfolio called up a curious bit of gossip here at the time; and possibly your readers may remember that when J. Wilkes Booth was shot the picture of a young lady, a reigning society belle, was found on his person. The original of the portrait was recognized as Miss Hale, the daughter of a prominent politician of the time. Some romantic stories were told, of course, though nothing was precisely known concerning her relations with Booth. Miss Hale afterwards became Mrs. Chandler, and subsequently the wife of the Secretary of the Navy. The same whirligig of time which brought this about made the then young son of the martyred Lincoln Secretary of War. Now, according to official etiquette, it was the duty of the Secretary of War to escort the wife of his next in rank to dinner on state occasions—the wife of the Secretary of the Navy. Secretary Lincoln, in short, was, by social custom, compelled to escort the one time sweetheart of the assassin of his distinguished father.

Gossip.



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DEL MONTE PUBLISHING CO.

MONTEREY, CAL. - - - FEBRUARY, 1886.

THE latest fashion among the rich and charitable in London is giving breakfast to unemployed workmen—Baron Rothschild lately serving one, on the sunny side of the Thames, to one thousand persons, assisted by the Princess Louise and Mrs. Gladstone.

AMERICAN fathers are not the only ones who give their daughters checks for substantial sums on their wedding day. For the Duke of Bedford presented his daughter, upon her marriage to Sir Edward Malet, with \$750,000 and jewelry worth \$50,000 more. Still, *Punch* says the Duke, who is the owner of Covent Garden and other property, is a mean, niggardly person. Guess Sir Edward won't say so.

THE latest Boston craze is the driving of phaetons and T-carts with donkeys—that is, donkeys in place of horses; and, such being the case, the ponies are being crowded out, and donkeys are selling as high as \$250 each, say, for stylish ones. What constitutes a "stylish donkey" is more than we can explain. An ass, in Wales, may be purchased for from five to fifteen dollars; but the animals are dearer than that here—at least in their own estimation.

THE new slang monosyllable in genteel English society is "smart," and is taking the place of "awful," "quite too awful," "awfully nice." It is at present used strictly and only in the positive degree. We shall probably hear this "smart" word a good deal among our "smart" youth of both sexes at Monterey and Menlo during the coming season, and in lawn-tennis courts and at clubs elsewhere. At first sight it don't seem so felicitous as "too-too" or "awfully nice," but it is "Hinglish, you know," and there are enough anglo-maniacs in our midst to give the word of the hour a good start. We can imagine Miss McFlimsy making a ten-strike at the Del Monte club-house and the chorus of the boys in attendance: "Smart!" No comparatives nor superlatives, at present, young gentlemen—for that isn't "Hinglish, you know."

THE plug hat is virtually a sort of social guarantee for the preservation of peace and order. He who puts on one has given a hostage to the community for his good behavior. The wearer of a plug hat must move with a certain sedateness and propriety. He cannot run, or jump, or romp, or get into a fight, except at the peril of his head-gear. All the hidden influences of the beaver tend toward respectability. He who wears one is obliged to keep the rest of his body in decent trim, that there may be no incongruity between head and body. He is apt to become thoughtful through the necessity of watching the sky whenever he goes out. The chances are that he will buy an umbrella, which is another guarantee for good behavior, and the care of hat and umbrella—perpetual and exacting as it must ever be—adds to the sweetness of his character. The man who wears a plug hat naturally takes to the society of women, and all its elevated tendencies. He cannot go hunting and fishing without abandoning his beloved hat, but in the modern enjoyment of croquet and lawn tennis he may sport his beaver with impunity. In other words, the constant use of a plug hat makes a man composed in manner, quiet and gentlemanly in conduct, and the companion of the ladies. The inevitable result is prosperity, marriage and church membership.

SHE, who was at one time accounted the most beautiful, accomplished and fascinating woman in Washington society, is now a fugitive from America, still brilliant and beautiful, however; while he, who was at one time her husband, and a millionaire United States Senator, is at present, or has been, an employe in one of the great factories he once owned. She made a study of the art to please, and her natural taste for knowing something of everything made her the most agreeable lady in society at one time—with men in particular. Multitudes of women, also, beheld this supreme society ruler with admiration, albeit she was too beautiful, too brilliant and too popular to be a favorite with all of her own sex. He was, at the time of their marriage, regarded as the "best catch" in the country—young, wealthy, an ex-Governor, a United States Senator elect for six years, and the wearer of a Major-General's uniform. Still, he was a dull, heavy man, without mental resources or much physical energy. The man was a meteor, the woman a star. Their lives point to us a moral—who can fail to have sympathy for both?

AMONG the charming delusions with which conventional society attempts to throw toilet-powder, as it were, into the eyes of the rest of the gaping and critical universe, chaperoning is the most delightful humbug of all. In late years a number of social customs have sprung up which have as their basis the idea that what would be wrong in an unmarried girl or several unmarried girls is all right if they have a married woman with them. Accordingly, if a gay young bachelor wants to have a good time he gives a dinner party, an opera party, a theatre party, a yachting party or some other kind of a party; he invites half a dozen or so of his young lady friends, provides five of them with the right kind of partners, selects judiciously some masculine friend who will be sure to be pleasing to the young married lady invited as chaperone, and then the young bachelor has everything his own way. It is seldom to be presumed that such affairs are gotten up by young bachelors out of pure love of seeing their fellow creatures happy, and there is always a young lady along to whom the young bachelor manages to have a good deal to say and whom he will more than likely accompany to her home in a carriage. The success of the parties almost always depends upon whether the chaperone has an agreeable partner. In fashionable society it is considered proper for young ladies to go to dinner parties in unmarried gentlemen's houses, providing there is a chaperone for the party. With singular inconsistency, on the other hand, it is a little hard to get the most fashionable girls to go to the opera or the theatre with a gentleman alone. They will go with a party and form a part of a party, though it may be only four or six, but somehow when a young gentleman and lady in the most fashionable society are seen together by themselves a few times at the play-house it is regarded as an evidence that they are engaged.

WHEN we read of elaborate ladies' lunch-parties—or *dejeuners*, as these sometimes tremendous feasts are delicately called—we are impressed with the fact that the loveliest of God's creation refuses to be distanced by the heavier repasts of mere men. In truth, the most extravagant gastronomic affairs presented at any of the club-houses or up-stairs apartments of questionable French restaurants by men, are almost daily eclipsed by ostentatious women who desire to be known as luminaries as entertainers. They little know that vulgar prodigality will, in time, destroy all the finer graces of life. They will not heed what we say, of course; but, all the same, their continued ostentation and display will prove fatal to social virtues. Let those ladies bear in mind, when next they revel in priceless Lafitte and Johannisberger, and rare viands in a score of incomparable courses, that there are possibly husbands who—seeing their homes invaded by this demon of desire to shine and outshine—might be found at some of the clubs, or elsewhere, tossing off Chablis and Roederer, and otherwise drowning their many sorrows engendered by an accumulation of domestic skeletons. The rich ladies of our land are greatly to blame for much of the discontent that quietly works its way to their domestic altars, little dreaming that when said demon of discontent comes in at their front doors all the angels of man's nature fly out of the back windows, and that with those same seraphs go, never to return, the grace and beauty, and rational comfort of what had once been a happy family. Two years ago next June a certain aristocratic lady gave a fifteen-thousand-dollar german at Newport; the dancing floor was a golden cage filled with a variety of stuffed birds, so arranged as to swing backward and forward with the motion of the dancers; all other accessories were of the same gorgeous character. This lady, a short time ago, sued her husband for divorce on the ground of incompatibility of temper, staying out all night and failure to provide. The husband kicked and accused his "better-half" of adultery, drunkenness, and many other things too numerous to mention. Social extravagance had turned the wife's little head and erected a prodigious skeleton in a recess of her household—the demon of which we have just spoken came in at the front door you will observe, and the angel flew out at the back window.



## THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

A very delightful excursion is that to the Sandwich Islands. The fine steamers of the Oceanic Steamship Company (J. D. Spreckles & Brothers, general agents, and W. B. Davenport general passenger agent), sail from San Francisco twice a month. These vessels are 3,000-ton iron-screw steamships; and in every way admirably fitted for passenger service. They were built by Messrs. Cramp & Sons, of Philadelphia, especially for this line, and are two of the finest steamers afloat. They contain all the latest improvements—incandescent electric lights, electric bells, running water in the state-rooms, etc.—and the dining saloons, social halls and state-rooms are finished in the richest and most elegant manner. The distance from San Francisco to Honolulu is 2,100 miles and the average passage is six and a half days. Much can be accomplished in three weeks' absence, the time thus allotted being ample for a visit to the island of Hawaii and an ascent to the volcano of Kilauea, but the traveler acts wisely to take a longer time and see more of the interesting kingdom of King Kalakaua. A visit to these islands is one of the most novel and exhilarating experiences of modern travel, and now that the voyager can surround himself with every comfort and luxury, the trip is one that should command general attention. The sea voyage under such circumstances is in itself a rare pleasure. Tropical life at Honolulu has many strange features and new delights. The scenery is romantic and beautiful beyond description, and there are many charming little trips which may be enjoyed at trifling cost. The city itself has many fine buildings, including the government edifices and the royal palace. The Royal Hawaiian Hotel is a comfortable and well appointed establishment, built by the government, with commodious grounds and dependent cottages. Board is \$3.00 per day. The view from the Pali, or from any of the other mountain heights, is exquisitely beautiful, with the mingling of gorgeous tints and wide expanse. The visit to the volcano of Kilauea, on the island of Hawaii, occupies about a week's time and will cost about \$60.00. There are two routes thither, one by the steamship "Planter," of the Inter-Island Steam Navigation Company's Line, which plies between Honolulu and Kau, and the other by the steamship "Kinau," of Wilder's Steamship Line, which plies between Honolulu and Hilo. There are good hotels at both Kau and Hilo, and another at the crater,

known as the Volcano House. From Kau the traveler can go ten miles by stage, eight miles by railway, and eight miles on horseback; and from Hilo the distance is a trifle greater—about thirty miles. Kilauea is the largest active crater in the world, being nine miles in circumference. With the aid of a guide the visitor can descend into the crater, 900 feet below the Volcano House, where he traverses the crust of congealed lava, through which the molten mass from beneath sometimes forces itself in terrific fountains of fire. In places seething cauldrons and lakes of living lava are always to be seen, while smoke and vapors constantly arise. The coast scenery as viewed from the steamer is very picturesque, and the entire trip is a very interesting one.

## VASSAR GIRLS.

A paragraph going the rounds says that one of the girls who recently graduated from Vassar flirled for a month with a scarecrow before she found out where she was wasting her witching wiles.

Don't you believe a word of it, gentle reader. And, young man, don't you stick that paragraph in your hat and resolve to manglely mash the first Vassar girl you meet.

Don't you do it, we say. We know the Vassar girls. We have been among them. They are just as sweet as the most saccharine sugar. They are smart. And they know a man. Yes, my son, they know him all the way down to the ground. And they can take care of themselves all alone. And they do take care of themselves. They will flirt with you, but you don't mash them. Not a bit of it. They fill you full of taffy and have fun with you. You think you have 'em crushed, but depend upon it, you have not. When you go away they will gey you unmercifully.

And you? Why, if you have a spark of the feeling of a young man you will be all broken up—you will be as a modern blast chimney, as compared with Shakespeare's lover, "sighing like a furnace to his mistress' eyebrow."

The Vassar girl is a ten-acre field of daisies. Remember this, young man. Don't handle the sharp axe too diffidently. And do not, we pray of you, be too fresh in monkeying with this lovely buzz-saw, buzz it never so coolingly.

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## PACIFIC GROVE

Is situated on the beautiful Bay of Monterey, and connected with the ancient capital of the State by a pleasant drive of one and a-half miles, over a macadamized road lately constructed. In beauty of location it cannot be excelled—its graceful pines, extending to the water's edge, affording a delightful refuge from the heat of the sun. It has long been established as a medical fact, that a residence in a country wooded with pines is peculiarly beneficial for all those suffering from bronchial or throat affections. As a healthful place of resort, it is not surpassed by any locality in the State.

Many improvements have been made, such as the laying out and grading of new streets and walks, enlarging the bathing-beach, etc.

## NEW AND DESIRABLE LOTS

For building residences or for tenting purposes, can be purchased reasonably. Maps will be on exhibition at the Grove and a person will be in attendance to show the ground and state prices. Every lot has been staked out, so that purchasers can see immediately their boundary lines. In order to continue the Grove in the same manner as heretofore, each deed stipulates that no intoxicating liquors or gambling will be allowed on the grounds, and that said land and premises shall be used exclusively for private dwellings. A large number of lots were sold during the past season, and many new residences erected.

The attention of those who often have a few days at their disposal for recreation is called to the particular advantages possessed by this peerless seaside resort. Parties wishing to visit the Grove will notice that they have the right to provide themselves with everything needful during their entire stay, and that they are invited to avail themselves of this privilege, especially during the assembly of the C. L. S. C., as furnished accommodations may not be sufficient for all. The climate is all that can be desired, being remarkably equable, varying but little during the year, and is far milder than any place situated farther north. Oppressively warm days are unknown, and it is seldom unpleasantly cold. The encampment is unsurpassed for grandeur and beauty of scenery, commanding a splendid view of the Bay of Monterey, and in close proximity to the Light-house, and within a morning's walk of that pearl of beauties, Cypress Point. For bathing purposes the beach is unequalled, having a gradual slope; and invalids wishing to take Warm Sea Baths can avail themselves of the opportunity at the New Bathing Pavilion of the Hotel del Monte. A four-horse coach makes four trips daily, to and from the Grove—(not so frequent on Sundays.) All places of interest can now be reached by one of the finest drives in the State, over a macadamized road of twenty-five miles. For ladies and children, a more pleasant occupation cannot be found than in gathering the exquisite mosses and shells with which the beach abounds. Croquet grounds, swings, and white sand boxes for children. Salt and fresh water fishing, boating, sailing and other opportunities for outdoor occupation and enjoyment. All kinds of game can be found at easy distance. The Grove is connected with all parts of the State by railroad and steamboat.

For maps and further information, apply to

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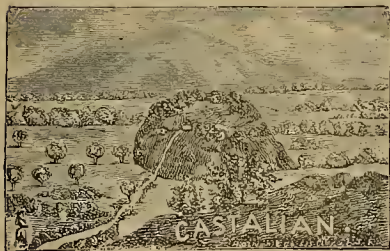
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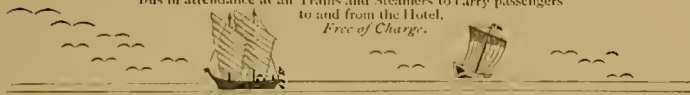
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Bus in attendance at all Trains and Steamers to carry passengers  
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ping at the Depot Hotel save all expense of transporting baggage. Street cars leave the front of the  
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## A SNEEZING SCENE.

[New York Mercury.]

Probably one of the meanest stage tricks that was ever played was played on Mary Anderson. It will be remembered that in the play of "Ingomar," "Parthenia" and the barbarian have several love scenes, where they lop on each other and hug some—that is, not too much hugging, but just hugging enough. "Ingomar" wears a huge fur garment, made of lion's skin, or something. One day he noticed that the moths were getting into it, and he told his servant to see about the moths and drive them out. The servant got some insect powder and blowed the garment full of it, and scrubbed the inside of it with benzine. "Ingomar" put it on just before he went on the stage, and thought he didn't smell just right, but he had no time to inquire into it. He had not got fairly into his position before "Parthenia" came out on a hop, skip and a jump, and threw herself all over him. She got one lung full of insect powder and the other full of benzine, and as she said "Wilt thou always love me, Ingomar?" she dropped her head over his shoulder and said in an aside, "For the love of heaven what have you been drinking?" and then she sneezed a couple of times. "Ingomar" held her up the best he could, considering that his nose was full of insect powder, and he answered "I wilt," and then he said to her quietly, "Damfino; what is it that smells so?" They went on with the play between sneezes, and when the curtain went down she told "Ingomar" to go out and strike himself, and he did it. It was noticed in the next act that "Ingomar" had a linen ulster on, and Mary snoze no more.

## VISIT

SANTA CRUZ, CAL., THE NEWPORT OF THE PACIFIC,

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## THE PACIFIC OCEAN HOUSE,

The Largest and Best Hotel in the City.

Street Cars Pass the Door every few minutes for the Beach.

The Table is supplied with the best the market affords.

RATES:—\$2.00 AND \$2.50 PER DAY.  
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This Hotel is elegantly furnished, with all the Modern Improvements. The  
rooms are large, airy, and beautifully situated in front of St. James  
Park, next door to the Court House. No expense has been  
spared in making this a First-Class Hotel in  
every respect.

AMERICAN PLAN. RATES, \$1.50 TO \$2.50 PER DAY.

SPECIAL PRICES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.

Coach and Carriage at Depot on Arrival of all Trains.



## HINTS.

All who visit San Francisco, or who reside there, should bear in mind that Easton & Eldridge are the leading real estate dealers and house and land agents in that city—see their advertisements on top half of inside of first cover. Right under that see advertisement of Pacific Coast Steamship Co., Goodall, Perkins & Co., General Agents, 10 Market street, and D. B. Jackson, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, 114 Montgomery street. The fine steamships of this company run regularly to Portland, Alaska, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, San Luis Obispo, San Diego, Seattle, Tacoma, Eureka, and many other points between Sitka and San Diego. Then see advertisement of Southern Pacific Railroad (Northern Division) which runs several trains daily between San Francisco and Monterey, Santa Cruz, San Jose, Gilroy, Santa Clara, &c., on top half of inside of last cover. Right under that please peruse the advertisement of Chadbourne & Co., the great furniture dealers at 741, 743 and 745 Market street, and who also have branches at Seattle and Portland. Furthermore, go to Carmany's for furnishing goods; and either to Sauborn & Vail's or Gump's for pictures and artists' materials; to Le Count Brothers for fine stationery; to the Indianapolis Furniture Co. for everything in the furniture line; to John Keogh's for feathers, mattresses, hair, excelsior and the like; to Steele & Co. for drugs, medicines and articles of perfumery and for toilet use; to Antisell's for pianos, for he took the first prize, you know, at the N. O. Exposition; to A. F. Nye & Co. for gas fixtures and globes; to the Goodyear Agency for all kinds of rubber goods; to Lebenbaum's for choice groceries, wines, liquors and for outfits of canned goods, &c., for camping parties and tourists. And above all things, take out an accidental policy in the "Travelers," the famous Accidental Insurance Company.

We would highly recommend Geyser Soda as the nicest water to drink before breakfast that we have ever known. Keep a dozen near at hand at all times. See advertisement.

Those who have tried it say that Castalian is the great remedy for external and internal use. See advertisement.

## THE GARDEN CITY.

We are of that number who think there is no prettier place anywhere in the world than San Jose, sometimes, and very appropriately, too, called the Garden City. It is fifty miles from San Francisco, and is the county seat of Santa Clara County. There are a number of good hotels, the St. James being a great favorite with all travelers. There are two daily newspapers and a number of weeklies, several banks, and many schools, universities and churches. There are many beautiful drives in the vicinity of San Jose—the Alameda, leading from San Jose to Santa Clara, being the most attractive, having rows of willows on each side of the way, planted by the missionaries in 1799, for the purpose of shading the walk which connected the pueblo of San Jose with the Mission church, occupying a site near the church now standing in Santa Clara. The population of San Jose is about 20,000. Parties visiting San Jose in search of real estate should be sure and call on James Clayton, the well-known and reliable real estate agent and dealer. The New Almaden Quicksilver Mines are fourteen miles from San Jose.

## BEAR IN MIND

That the leading hotel, in the town of Monterey, is the St. Charles, where one may have all the good things one wants and not have to be regulated by fashion's requirements; that the Del Monte Drug Store is second to none in San Francisco, and that you may get books and soda, toilet articles and perfumeries, as well as cough compounds and plasters, and the hundreds of other things that are warranted to make the sick well, or, at least relieved; that the White House, like its namesake in San Francisco, keeps a splendid line of all kinds of dry goods, &c., &c.; and that you must never pass the Palace of Fashion. Gentle reader, please bear all this in mind.

## "THE TACOMA."

This is the name of the new and elegant hotel on Point Sonnd, opposite Mount Tacoma, an advertisement and engraving of which may be found in THE WAVE. It is, undoubtedly, as fine a summer resort as there is in the world; and will be more elaborately treated of in another number. In the meantime, see advertisement.

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The 3:30 train from San Francisco to Del Monte is generally regarded as the nicest, completest and fastest train run on the Pacific Coast. It only stops at San Mateo, Redwood, Menlo, Santa Clara, San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro and Castroville, and makes the trip, 125 miles, in about three hours and a half. As is well known, this route—the Northern Division of the Southern Pacific Company—runs through one of the richest and most fruitful sections of California, and is the only line traversing the entire length of the famous Santa Clara Valley, celebrated for its productiveness and the picturesque and park-like character of its scenery; as also the beautiful San Benito, Pajaro and Salinas Valleys, the most flourishing agricultural section of the Pacific Coast. Along the entire route of the "Northern Division" the tourist meets with a succession of extensive farms, delightful suburban homes, beautiful gardens, innumerable orchards and vineyards, and luxuriant fields of grain—in fact, a continuous panorama of enchanting mountain, valley, and coast scenery is presented to the view.

The following impromptu was written by William H. Barnes:

"3:30." "All aboard!" the bell has ceased to sound,  
And the "Daisy" leaves the depot, gliding swiftly o'er the ground.  
It passes curve, and switch, and frog, long rows of cars and shops,  
Then pulls up at Valencia street, for just "a minute-stop."

"3:42." And now we're off, with speed in every nerve,  
And quickly by surroundings fly, as we spin round the curve.  
O'er hill and dale, up, down, in, out, through sunshine and in shade,  
And always running up to time, no matter what the grade.

"4:09." Now "San Mateo's" left and miles just twenty-one  
Have easily accomplished in the half an hour's run.  
But now the engineer's firm grasp doth touch the "throttle" true,  
And the passengers begin to feel what "the Daisy" has to do.

"Redwood!" is called, "4:21," "Menlo" at "29,"  
At "55" the towering domes of "Santa Clara" shine,  
And "5:03" brings us "San Jose," with its attractions fair;  
"An hour and a half" and "50 miles," and "a minute or two to spare."

But now for a run of 30 miles over the level track,  
Like a steed to the spur doth the engine respond, as the lever is pulled back.  
"A mile a minute," "Can it be?" "That's what the watches show."  
"5:50," "Gilroy." "On time." "All right." And on again we go.

"6:20," and at "Pajaro," "Castroville" at "39."  
At "7:06" "Del Monte's" reached, and the Daisy's "just on time."  
125 miles that rapidly we've gone,  
Made ten full stops, and only now three hours and a half from home.

They talk of "Flying Dutchmen" that run on rails "abroad,"  
Of "Manchester Expresses" that "fairly fly the road,"  
But for *bona fide* fast going just go some pleasant day  
On the "Daisy Train" from Frisco, that runs to Monterey.

## SANTA CRUZ.

We shall ever make it our business to say a good word for our neighbor on the other side of the bay, and of which a correspondent of the *Toronto Globe*, writing from San Francisco to that paper on March 25, 1882, said: "Santa Cruz is, I think, one of the pleasantest places in California. I spent several days there—summer days in January—warm sunshine and blue skies almost every day. Stretched out before you are the bluish-green waters of Monterey Bay, and here is a beach for sea-bathing fully equal to that of Cape May, all nearly surrounded by mountains, the great Loma Prieta, hoary with its snow-covering, looming up above the rest. In almost every garden the choicest roses were in full bloom, richer and more fragrant here than I have ever seen in any other part of California."

Henry Myrick, the leading real estate dealer of the place, and a very agreeable gentleman of superior information—having traveled in almost every country under the sun—says in some of his writings: "The city of Santa Cruz is situated close to the thirty-seventh parallel of north latitude, looking out on the Bay of Monterey and the Pacific Ocean. The big Panama steamers may often be seen passing, and Monterey is generally visible, twenty miles across the bay, looking in clear weather and early morning more like five miles distant, with its white beach shining in the sun, and a few of its houses visible through a glass. Behind Monterey looms up the Santa Lucia range of mountains, 3,000 to 4,000 feet high; and to the left, or southeast, the Gabilan Mountains stand in bold relief, guarding, as it were, the

entrance to the Salinas River from the Bay of Monterey. Sixty miles to the east, and beyond the Pajaro Valley, are seen the Pacheco and other peaks. The air is clear, balmy, fragrant and spring like. Protected by forests and mountains from the northerly blasts, Santa Cruz enjoys a climate that places with a northerly exposure cannot have. The prevailing winter air current is southerly, always warm, generally mild, bearing a moisture caught up from the untainted waters of the great ocean. It has a temperature of 65 degrees, and when this current blows hard, as it does sometimes for two or three days, it brings considerable rain. The most unpleasant winds of this coast are the northerly, especially when accompanied with rain showers. They are cold, changeable, and in some respects correspond with the northeast winds of the Atlantic coast, causing neuralgia, rheumatism and influenza. Santa Cruz is fairly sheltered from these winds and is free from those complaints. The wet season does not mean continuous rain, as many Eastern people suppose. The rains occur most frequently at night, with intervening days of warm and pleasant sunshine. The roads in most places are good all winter. Walking or riding is practicable nearly every day. There is seldom need of an invalid remaining indoors on account of weather. Sometimes the mornings are frosty, the thermometer going down to thirty degrees. Snow seldom falls, except on the higher mountain ranges, and there only a few times during the winter. Lung diseases, so common throughout the Northwestern States, resulting from an inconstant climate during winter months, is not a frequent complaint in this locality. Catarrhs are less frequent than in summer."

The Pacific Ocean House is the principal hotel in the city, containing 100 rooms, with splendid ball-room 55x65 feet, and all modern improvements; also extensive grounds, containing swings and croquet grounds for the accommodation of guests. Street cars pass the door for the bathing beach every five minutes. Sportsmen will find good hunting and fishing. Trout and quail in abundance. Coach and carriages attend all steamers and trains to convey passengers to and from the hotel free of charge. The Pacific Ocean House is open all the year round. Rates, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00 per day, with special contracts for families, and a winter tariff, offering great advantages to invalids and permanent boarders. Superior livery in direct connection with this hotel.

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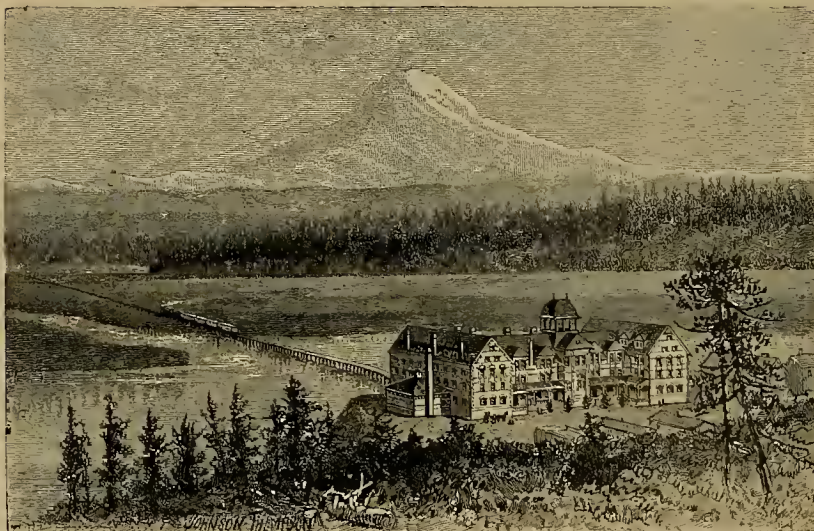
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SPECIAL RATES FOR FAMILIES.

The ascent to a height of 11,000 feet can be made almost entirely on horseback. A large and convenient boat-house has been built, and will be managed in connection with the hotel, securing to guests every convenience for  
**Yachting, Hunting and Fishing.**  
Private boats will be cared for and sailors furnished on application. A Parlor Orchestra of rare merit has been engaged for the summer months, and morning concerts and nightly hops will be given during the entire season.

From San Francisco, Tacoma may be reached by rail daily, via the California and Oregon Railroad. Semi-weekly by the palatial Steamships of the Oregon Navigation Company, via Portland, and weekly by the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's Line, via Victoria and Puget Sound points.

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At the Del Monte Drug Store.

### THE RENNAISSANCE OF WAX.

Sealing wax is one of the fashionable revivals of olden styles, and the dillitanti make nice distinctions in the selection of colors, accordingly. Garnet tints signify affection; the green express hate; blue is always love; the black and drab are mourning shades, and denote, of course; bereavement, from the deep despair of a dead black to the half-mourning violet shades which are used for letters of condolence; sometimes drab is used as friendship and truth; the vermilion red signifies business; dark red, private business; a light green, innocence; canary yellow, jealousy; a yellow green, disappointment; dark brown, reserve. Wedding invitations are sealed with white, and dinner invitations with chocolate. When pink is used, congratulation is intended. Variegated colors are supposed to show conflicting emotions. The odors used in the wax are ravishing—that is, the expensive sort. The cheaper grades are as bad as the pomatum of a five-cent barber shop. The perfumery is the element of cost in the wax. A Paris firm makes the finest imported article. The perfume of the burning wax fills an ordinary-sized apartment, and lingers about the envelope for hours.

Many ladies and children have a little candle-stick for sealing wax, and a neatly engraved monogram in ivory or steel.

#### DIRECTIONS FOR USING WAX.

There is great art in sealing a letter. Do not begin by thrusting the end of the wax into the flame and hurriedly conveying it in a flaming spatter to your envelope. On the contrary, take plenty of time. When note and candle are ready, lay the seal on the table at your right hand, in such a position that, when used, the impression may be square and right side up. Then hold the wax above the flame of the candle, but not near enough to burn. A burnt wax makes a brittle, streaky seal, and is hard to manage. When the wax has gradually softened, apply it with a circular movement upon the place to be sealed; then rub it well around and down until you have a circle of proper size and thickness. The wax has now cooled so that it will not take a clear impression. Hold the envelope some distance from the flame until the wax has again become soft; then moisten and apply the seal; the result will be a clear-cut and pretty impression.

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FOR EVERYONE

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This old and reliable firm is now permanently located in their elegant new building, 750 Mission St., near Fourth, San Francisco, especially constructed to accommodate their business. Buyers of Furniture should inspect their immense assortment and low prices.

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IMPORTER OF FINEST GRADES OF

**Curled Hair,  
Feathers,  
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**Springs,  
Moss,  
Tow,**

**Excelsior,  
Burlap,  
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**Twines,  
Bed Lace,  
Etc., Etc.**

SOLE AGENT ON PACIFIC COAST FOR

## HOT BLAST FEATHER COMPANY,

*Only Reliable Process for Deodorizing Feathers. None other Genuine.  
Send for Samples and Prices.*

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FRUIT AND VINE LANDS—Improved and Unimproved,

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### LATE ARRIVALS AT HOTEL DEL MONTE.

B. Noons, M. D., N. K. Masten and wife, D. M. Delmas, T. J. Monihan and wife, J. S. Severance, Oliver Eldredge, Miss M. E. Eldredge, Miss E. Keath, W. J. Dutton, Stephen Maybell, A. N. Towne, Sanford Sachs, Wm. Babcock, M. B. Blake and wife, A. S. Jones and wife, E. S. Hast and wife, G. F. E. Harrison, J. W. Harrison, C. O'Connor and child, J. Triest, A. Hart, Wm. Alvord and wife, G. T. Raddock and wife, J. T. Cosgrove and wife, H. Robison and wife, two children and maid, of San Francisco; H. B. Alvord, San Jose; V. Cushing, wife and daughter, Monterey; J. N. Knowles, wife and child, Oakland; Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Menlo Park; Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Severance, Los Angeles; Mrs. T. B. Simpson, Miss A. M. Hawley, Oakland; J. W. Scott, Santa Monica; E. T. Palmer, Pomona; F. D. Hudson and wife, Marysville; W. D. Tyler, wife and child, Tacoma; G. Bangnies, E. Bangnies, L. Bangnies, Belgium; L. J. Weston, Colfax, Iowa; J. A. Locke, Maine; E. Sawyer and wife, St. Paul, Minn.; J. J. Fitzpatrick, Miss Barry, Lancaster, Pa.; Capt. V. Cushing, wife and daughter, Palo, Colorado; W. H. Hogarth, Cleveland; I. M. Baker, Kentucky; Dr. C. D. Prescott, wife and child, New Bedford; G. H. Burrows and wife, Cincinnati; I. L. Regna, Piedmont; Wm. M. Baxter, Knoxville, Tenn.; H. K. Card, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. P. W. Square, Buffalo, N. Y.; Daniel Shepard and wife, F. S. Papin and wife, Chicago; H. K. Faunsh and wife, Philadelphia, Pa.; H. Straker, England; E. L. Watson, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. H. W. Avery, child and maid, Chicago; C. C. Harding, C. A. Barnes, E. L. Barnes, Boston; J. Emerton and wife, C. Higbee and wife, Salem, Mass.; J. M. Hill, Manchester, N. H.; Miss M. Gilpatrick, Saco, Maine; Miss S. A. Pew, Gloucester, Mass.; Mrs. P. W. Pulliam, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. L. Dodge, Worcester, Mass.; C. E. Haywards and wife, Attleboro, Mass.; Mrs. F. M. Niles, Boston; Mrs. S. A. Beckman, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; Mrs. Wm. Redwood, Miss R. T. Redwood, Brooklyn, N. Y.; B. E. Bushnell, Michigan; C. W. Bocteman, Iowa; Madame de Massenback, Holland; J. A. Robbins, Mass.; J. Black, Milwaukee; T. W. Blackburn, Omaha; Capt. J. Grant and wife, Canada; S. Kenard, Cleveland, Ohio; J. F. Kenard, and wife, Miss N. Kenard, Mrs. L. Moore, Mrs. H. Simons, D. H. Maxwell and wife, Manchester, N. H.; S. I. Lund and wife, Nashua, N. H.; Mrs. S. L. Simonds, Nobwin, Mass.; Mrs. W. Bixby, J. F. Bixby, Nashua, N. H.; Mrs. M. A. Clarke, Cincinnati; S. I. Coy and wife, Boston; Mrs. Henry Ivison, C. S. Brice, S. Shethar, H. L. Terrell, E. Groesbeck, R. G. Hervey, John W. Shaw, B. G. Clarke and servant, Miss A. M. Clarke, Mrs. W. M. Finck, Mrs. F. A. Castle, Miss C. Williamson, W. Strauss and wife, Mrs. G. R. French, New York.

### RECENT ARRIVALS OF EASTERN PEOPLE AT THE PACIFIC OCEAN HOUSE, SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

F. N. Sterns, Syracuse, N. Y.; J. D. Hamilton, P. Shombafen, J. Maginis, H. Rustlemeyer, A. Maginis, Chicago; M. J. Cumming, M. H. Godfrey and wife, M. H. Godfrey, Jr., David F. Godfrey, Harry J. Dean, Detroit; E. C. Rice, A. C. Winn, St. Louis; W. B. Sargent, B. F. Schwartz, Joseph Gallagher, F. Read White, New York; C. Umbrecht and wife, Syracuse, N. Y.; F. Pedretti, Cincinnati; N. D. Ponteus, Millinburg, Pa.; Isaac Graveson, Cincinnati.

### A CONSPICUOUS FIGURE IN SOCIETY.

[Chicago Herald.]

"So your wife is a conspicuous figure in St. Louis society, eh?"

"Yes, indeed. She weighs 369 pounds, wears her hair cut short, and has a voice that is a cross between a bass violin and a boiler shop."



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RECEIVED HIGHEST PRIZE AT

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THE LEADING IMPORTERS ON THE PACIFIC COAST OF

Fine Groceries and Table Delicacies.

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215 and 217 Sutter Street, adjoining Center Market, and Polk Street, Corner California,

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OUR IMPORTATIONS FOR THE HOLIDAYS Are unrivaled in Extent and Variety, Superior Quality of Goods and Cheapness of Prices; We would call your special attention to our

Finest Dehesa Raisins,  
Finest Smyrna Figs,  
L. Henry's Pate de Foie Gras,  
Teyssonneau's Pate de Foie Gras,  
Teyssonneau's Table Luxuries,  
Suchard's Finest Chocolates,  
Gotha Sausages, truffled,  
Kieler Sprats in Oil,  
Appetit Sild, or Boneless Anchovies,  
New Westphalia Hams,  
Marrons a la Vanille,  
Cherries in Maraschino,

Cornichons,  
Olive Farces,  
Fromage de Menaut,  
Fromage de Brie,  
Fromage de Neufchatel,  
Roquefort Cheese,  
Swiss (Emmenthal) Cheese,  
Silton, Cheddar, Edam Cheese,  
Finest Plum Pudding Raisins,  
Finest Home-Made Mince-meat,  
American, French and English Plum Puddings,  
Keiller's Jams and Jellies,

Strawberries in Wine,  
Guava Jelly,  
Wiesbaden Melange, in Juice and in Arrac,  
Wiesbaden Stuffed Prunes,  
German Pears, whole,  
Nuremberg Lebkuchen,  
Brunswick Honey Cakes,  
Carlsbad Wafers,  
Vienna Patience,  
Maillard's Fine Candies,  
French Candied Fruit,  
Finest Spices in Glass,

Pommernian Goose Breast,  
Smoked Eels,  
Anchovies a l'Huile,  
Russian Caviar,  
Mortadella,  
Mackerel in Oil,  
Asparagus, German and French,  
Madgeburg Dill Pickles,  
Baskets, latest styles,  
Fancy and Boudoir Candles,  
Bonbonnières,  
Sweet-Grass Baskets.

We respectfully invite your personal inspection, it being impossible to give within the compass of this advertisement a correct idea of our splendid array of Holiday Goods, conceded to be the most brilliant display of Grocery Specialties ever spread before the public of San Francisco.

Christmas Tree Candies and Ornaments in Profuse Variety.

Every Description of Household Furnishing Ware, the Latest Styles.

OUR TEA AND WINE DEPARTMENTS ARE REplete WITH THE CHOICEST SELECTIONS.

The most renowned brands of Imported Champagne.

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215 & 217 Sutter St., Adj'g Center Market, and Polk, Cor. Cal.,  
WAREHOUSES—110 Post, and 219 Dupont Street, S. F.

LEHENBAUM BROTHERS.

## NOTIONS IN DECORATION.

Much of the new pottery comes in yellow shades.

Tinted lace is being extensively used as a fringe for surah curtains.

Real peacock feathers are now used to decorate screens instead of embroidered ones.

A great deal of art embroidery on plush is being done, especially in gold and silver thread.

Little ribbon bows are placed on almost every conceivable article of drawing room furniture.

Copper plaques and ornaments are to a great extent taking the place of those made of brass.

Grandmothers' shawls are being resurrected to drape over easels, sofas and the corners of chairs.

A new idea in interior doors is to paint panels on them representing plants, flowers, insects or small landscapes.

Wicker-work tables are more popular than ever and much improved by the way the ladies ornament them with ribbons.

Wall spaces are again beginning to be covered with pictures and etchings, and engravings are more in favor than paintings.

A pretty idea in faience is a large prickly pear with a section cut out to use as a receptacle for ornaments on a boudoir table.

A bronze bust or figure exemplifying action will, when mounted on a bracket, often suffice for ornamenting the sides of a room.

Sculpturesque form or figures in miniature, which appeal to sentiment are coming greatly into use for ornamenting rooms.

There are exhibited at Bailey's two blue and gold \$500 vases that are exact fac-similes of two made for the palaces at the Tuileries.

Fine soft flannels stamped on both sides with rich designs are a new material for room curtains, and are both cheap and effective.

Chrysanthemums in Japanese jars are to be seen in the windows of very many fashionable houses.

Revolving book-racks are now much used in sitting-rooms, with the alternate shelves filled with brick-a-brac.

Instead of lambrequins with tassels beautiful silk scarfs with fringed ends are now placed on mantel shelves.

Limoges and other popular wares are now made to represent the trunk of a tree, with heads of boys and girls protruding out of the bursting bark.

## BREEZES.

At one of the sea-side resorts in Florida, lately, a down-easter quietly placed a fine-tooth comb beside the butter. But, ah! when the landlord got him, it was a brush for life.

It is a curious fact that a majority of the heroines of novels are blondes; which is one reason why such literature is called light reading.

A new barber set up business at Salinas the other day, and made believe that he was dumb, and soon took away all the business of the other artists.

The new arrival at Castroville who seemed so well-bred, was only a baker after all.

He had tarried long at the saloon near the St. Charles, and in his unsuccessful efforts to ascend to his room in the second story, he came near climbing the golden stairs.

"Yes, he was lamed by the kick of a Gunn—and hasn't been around to see the old fellow's daughter since," said a friend, by way of explanation.

There were four brides at Del Monte on Monday last, and it was not a way-up day for brides either.

He had a cold in his head, and went into the hot salt water at the pavilion—only up to his sneeze though.

On the beach at Santa Cruz: First lady—"I wish you would call on Mrs. Upintheworld." Second lady—"No, I'd rather not." First lady—"Why not?" Second lady—"I do not care to give my reasons, but I shall not call on her." First lady—"Not even to oblige me?" Second lady—"I am sorry to appear disobliging, but I cannot make the call." First lady—"Why, nearly every one calls on her; but if you wish to be the exception, I have no more to say." In repeating the conversation to a friend the second lady explained her refusal, thus: "As the woman was formerly my mother's maid I thought it would not be pleasant for either her or myself to meet on such different terms." And this, coming to the ear of the first lady, elicited the following exclamation: "Why, she seems to forget that her first husband was a plumber."



# DEL MONTE WAVE.

Vol 1. No. 3.

Monterey, California, March, 1886.

10 Cents.

## SAYINGS OF WELL-KNOWN CALIFORNIANS.

Joe Redding: "It's a scaly trick, sir."

Aaron A. Sargent: "Root hog or die."

Coroner O'Donnell: "Let us have peace."

Uncle Harris: "Owe! my prophetic soul!"

Morris M. Estee: "I am a self-made man."

Ned Greenway: "Let me lead the german."

Charley Reed: "I cannot sing the old songs."

Governor Stoneman: "Turn the rascals out."

Alexander Badlam: "It's a cold day when I get left."

Frank M. Pixley: "Give me the Pope's nose, please."

Al Hayman: "Reserve the front seats for the bald heads."

Judge Hager: "A plain case of the office seeking the man."

Patrick Crowley: "I can handle the sloggers without gloves."

Postmaster Backus: "I am an ardent believer in Civil Service Reform."

William M. Bunker: "If you don't take the *Report* you don't get the news."

M. H. DeYoung: "I am not so bad as I seem, but for goodness sake, don't say I told you."

M. D. Boruck: "I believe in temperance; but still, I could not get along without my *Spirit* once a week."

Loring Pickering: "The *Call* has the largest circulation—and don't you let that important fact escape your memory."

Count Smith: "I am glad to see you again, Mr. Oldtimes. You had apartments 86 and 87 when you were here 31 years ago, I will let you have them again, as they are in good order. Thanks I don't drink."

## BREAKERS.

Said one Del Monte guest to another: "I notice that the monument to Major Andre has been blown up again." Response: "Yes; and Mr. Ayers Field will have a Hale of a time when he attempts to erect another."

Young wife to negligent husband: "No! it was not pretty late when you came in last night, it was quite early this morning; and I'm getting very tired of it, I want you to understand." "Make me another cocktail, darling."

Wife: "I notice that Mr. Cable has written another book, called, I believe, 'The Silent South'." Husband: "Has he? Well, I would n't read it." Wife: "Why?" Husband: "No women in it." Wife saw the point at once, and she, too, was *silent* for once.

In England, many a bright young fellow reads for the bar and keeps chambers at one of the Inns of Court, with hopes of going to Parliament. Here it is not necessary to know how to read; if you only keep the bar you are in a direct line for political preferment.

Professor: "Now, young ladies, I propose to lecture on human anatomy, but I cannot while there is so much bustle." All: "Professor, we can take them off." Professor (confused): "I—I did n't mean that way. You misunderstood me." All: "Ah, thanks."

Homoeopathic doctor, after a short conversation, takes a little powder from a jar and says to patient: "Smell that—now you're cured." Patient says: "Doctor, how much do I owe you?" Doctor: "Twenty dollars." Patient takes out a twenty-dollar bill and says: "Smell that—now you're paid."

The Pittsburg Chronicle says: "Well," said Mr. Snaggs, looking up from his paper, "a seat in the New York Stock Exchange has been sold for \$34,000." "Mercy!" commented Mrs. Snaggs, "who is going to sing?" "Sing!" howled Snaggs. "What would they sing for at a stock exchange? Have you got an idea it is a kind of concert?" "Well, don't get so cross, dear. I thought some foreign singer would be there, or seats wouldn't be so dear."

Her eyes are like unfathomable lakes  
When brightly o'er them morning radiance breaks;  
And yet the mariner had best beware,  
For many valiant hearts lie shipwrecked there!

## "CHESTNUTS."

"Does this razor"—For heaven's sake, man, don't ask me that old conundrum."

"What! never? Bang! His remains were followed to the grave by a number of his more moderate friends."

"Well, sir, I landed one trout that measured seventeen"—Everybody just naturally went away and let the piscatorial liar talk to himself.

"Resolved: That the removal of our late brother, whose great virtues and"—same old chestnut, which forms a part of the paraphernalia of every lodge room in the land.

"Nanon, O, Nanon, I sing to thee; I sing to"—The sharp crack of the Remington was heard, and another tragedy was enacted and the name of of another victim was added to the long list already recorded.

"It was as silent as the grave, when a dull thud"—"See, here, now, Mr. Reporter, you have tackled the wrong paper, and are the only dull thud-der outside of the cemetery. Get thee to a cannery, the only place where your life may be preserved."

My mother could make the best biscuits I ever—And the look she gave him created the first discord since the ceremony of marriage, performed some forty-eight hours before. This is not only a well-known chestnut, but a pretty good-sized chestnut-burr; and, generally the first one that a young husband sits down upon.

A Washington correspondent says, that quite a number of Congressmen have performed duty in the halls in which they now legislate, and gyrate, and deliberate, and aggravate, as pages. Now, give us a rest on this moss-covered one, for we have heard it ever since—well, we have heard it ever since the wah. Indeed, this "congressman-who-served-as-a-page" chestnut is very antique.

A New Orleans paper says: "The death of this old negro removes the last of General Jackson's body servants"—O, no, no; there are thousands of them that haven't joined the innumerable caravan yet. Why it is only a few weeks since another one of Washington's old moss-covered valets dropped off; and it's a terrifically nipping atmosphere when there are not a number of rheumatic ones left.

She was called before the curtain; and, with tears in her eyes, she declared that she loved the dear San Francisco people more'n she'd hitherto let on; "you incompatible climate"—Hold on, now, old girl; for it has rained every day since you arrived here and you have been so hoarse—in fact, your little piece of taffy is a hoarse-chestnut—the author received fifteen bullets, any one of which would have killed him.

"I remember when I was on duty at Fort Yuma that the thermometer often used to indicate 130° in the shade; and that reminds me that they used to tell a story of how a soldier who had been stationed a long time at Yuma, died, and wrote back from sheol for his blankets and"—He was literally hacked to pieces by the bystanders, many of whom had been hitherto endeared to him by long terms of undoubted friendship.

"The Chinese must go!" Yes, the Chinese must go; indeed, they do go; about Tehama and Minna streets, and in like quarters, with their vegetables and fruits, which are snapped up by the "labor reformers" and "freedom shriekers" at half the usual market rates, and which a majority of them never pay. "The Chinese must go?" is an awfully-old chestnut. Some of the Parnelites in our midst declare that they will yet roast ye Mongolian out of Chinatown. This is also aged and overdone—a roasted chestnut, so to speak. "Ten years!"



## Sketch of Monterey,

### QUEEN OF AMERICAN WATERING PLACES.

In the month of December, 1602, Don Sebastian Vizcayno, acting under instruction of Philip III of Spain, sailed into the placid waters of what is now known as the Bay of Monterey, and landing with two priests and a number of soldiers, took possession of the country in the name of his royal master. A cross was erected by Vizcayno, and religious ceremonies were performed at an improvised altar, beneath the gracious protection of an umbrageous oak. The spot was called Monterey in honor of Gaspar de Zuniga, Count de Monterey, at the time Viceroy of Mexico, and the projector and patron of the expedition. In 1769 Gaspar de Portala, Governor of Lower California, headed an expedition northward, and marching by Monterey, which he was attempting to find, reached San Francisco Bay, upon which he and his two attendant priests, Fathers Juan Crespi and Francisco Gomez, bestowed its present name. This expedition was fitted out in the interest of Padre Junipero Serra, who had just been placed at the head of sixteen missionaries from the Franciscan convent of San Fernando, all of whom were to be sent into Alta California to labor among the Indians. Portala's first expedition having failed in its purpose, a second was sent from San Diego, in 1770. This was in two divisions, Father Junipero Serra and a company of priests going by sea, and Portala by land. The brig San Antonio, which conveyed the forces by water, landed at Monterey on the 31st of May, after a voyage of forty-six days. Portala had reached the spot eight days before. The latter, on his previous march northward, had erected a cross, which served in this visit to guide him onward. The San Antonio had, a year previous, brought to San Diego the first party of white men who came to make a permanent settlement in what was then Upper, or New California. Monterey thrived and eventually became one of the largest shipping-points on the coast, while the neighboring mission also increased both in spiritual and temporal influence. The place early became the capital of the Territory, and many of the Governors under Spanish, Mexican and American rule, made it their homes. The final event of public importance in Monterey, was the meeting of the Constitutional Convention of California, early in August, 1849. The old town is situated upon the gently sloping shores of Monterey Bay, with one of the loveliest outlooks upon the Pacific imaginable; near it, upon the south, a peninsular juts out several miles into the sea forming the barrier of the bay in that direction, and in front is a beautiful beach of clean, white sand, across which the waves are ever chasing each other in white mantles.

Across the turquoise sea, twenty miles or so away, lies Santa Cruz at the northern entrance to Monterey Bay. In no land in the world does verdure reach a higher state of perfection than in California; and, although the soil in the neighborhood of Monterey is not of the best, trees, plants and flowers abound, adding their varied tints to the beauty of the landscape. The hues of the ocean and sky rival the tropics, and the profusion of vegetable life and loveliness also suggest a far-southern clime.

The Bay of Monterey is a magnificent sheet of water. There is a wealth of color in both sea and sky highly suggestive of southern seas. The waters abound in many kinds of fish, especially rock-cod, barracuda, pom-pino, Spanish mackerel, and flounder, and these may be taken at all seasons of the year. Upon the beaches below Monterey are found many varieties of sea mosses, shells, pebbles, and agates, and some of these are very brilliant in color. The bay is well protected and is delightfully adapted to yachting. In the streams near Monterey trout are quite plentiful, and lovers of angling have every means of indulging in the sport.

It required only the building of a first class hotel to make Monterey the perfection of a watering place, and this want was amply supplied in 1880, when a magnificent structure was reared about a mile from the town. The site selected was in a stately grove of pine, oak, and cedar, the trees being sufficiently scattered to admit of the adornment of the grounds by driveways, footpaths, lawns, and beds of flowers. A plat of 126 acres was set aside and enclosed as the hotel grounds, while 7,000 acres more were purchased for other purposes. The fact that the visitor may ride a score of miles over well-kept and macadamized roads, and be all the time within the borders of the hotel company's property, serves to show, in some measure, the vast extent of these possessions. Since it was originally established the house has been enlarged by the addition of a capacious wing. The new portion

of the hotel forms an extension of the main front, although running backward at a different angle. The rooms are large and airy, and the visitor, expecting to find an ordinary hotel, a house of public accommodation, constructed and conducted purely for purposes of profit, where the surroundings are all oppressively suggestive of the commercial rather than the social aspect of life, will be disappointed, and agreeably so. In its external and internal appearance, and in the social atmosphere and tone which pervade the entire establishment, the Hotel del Monte reminds one infinitely more of a modern English country mansion than of an American watering-place hotel. It is the handsomest watering-place hotel in America. The office or lobby in the front center of the building is a cosy apartment 42 by 48 feet, containing a mammoth fire-place. As in the best Eastern resorts, the office is intended as much for the occupancy of ladies as for gentlemen. Connected with the lobby is a pleasant reading and writing room, 24 by 36 feet, and beyond this, and entered from a spacious hallway, is a ladies' billiard-room, 25 by 62 feet, one of the largest and at the same time most elegant apartments for such uses to be found in any hotel in America. A ladies' parlor, 34 by 42 feet, lies beyond this room; and partly in the rear, and approached by means of both a hallway and a covered veranda, is a fine ball-room, 36 by 72 feet. Beyond this is the new wing, four stories in height. The apartments are sunny, roomy, well lighted and well ventilated, and here, as well as in the main section of the house, are means of artificial heat, when such is required. The halls or corridors in both the old and new portions of the house are wide and lofty, and the stair-cases are also capacious. The dining-room is an elegant apartment 45 by 70 feet, and there is also a dining-room for children and servants, and rooms for private parties. The kitchen is 33 by 40 feet. The hotel is lighted throughout with gas made at the works upon the grounds, and supplied with pure water from the Carmel River. No pains have been spared to provide against fire, both in construction of flues and in the apparatus for extinguishing flames. The main part of the hotel is 385 feet in length, independent of the wings, and its width is 115 feet. The main, or front, division, is three stories in height with additional floors in the broad towers. There are rooms *en suite*, parlor and bed-room, and also single rooms on every floor. The central tower, or observatory, is 25 by 30 feet, and 80 feet high, and the end towers have an elevation of 50 feet. The house is elegantly furnished throughout, and is kept so scrupulously neat and clean that the visitor is sure to think it can have been opened but yesterday. The bar bowling-alley, and smoking room are contained in a separate building, and still further away, hidden by the trees, is a finely-appointed stable and carriage-house. As driving constitutes one of the leading amusements of Monterey, the later appurtenances have been especially looked after. There are accommodations for sixty or more horses, and there is telephone communication between hotel and stable. Both hot and cold water are carried through the hotel in pipes, and the house is provided with all other modern appliances and improvements. There are bath-rooms on the different floors, free to the guests. In front and at the ends of the house are broad, shaded verandas, where the guests may sit indolently inhaling the pure air fresh from the ocean, perfumed with the aroma of flowers, or, preferring exercise, indulge in the gentle excitement of the shuffle-board. The grounds surrounding the hotel present the perfection of art in the way of landscape gardening. Under the direction of Mr. R. Ulrich, an accomplished landscape gardener, a corps of between forty and fifty men is kept constantly engaged in embellishing the gardens, avenues, and walks. The approach to the hotel from the railway station is by a winding avenue shaded by venerable trees, or by a gravelled walk forming a more direct route. The distance is slight, since the hotel has a station upon its grounds. To the left is a little lake, with a fountain, bearing its old Spanish title of Laguna del Rey. The hotel is first seen through a vista of trees, and, in its beautiful embowment of foliage and flowers, resembles some rich private home in the midst of a broad park. This impression is heightened when the broader extent of avenues, lawns, and flower-bordered walks come into view. The gardener's art has turned many acres into a choice conservatory, where the richest flowers blossom in profusion. Here and there are swings, croquet grounds, an archery, lawn-tennis courts, and bins of fine beach sand, the latter being intended for the use and amusement of the children who cannot await the bathing-hour for the daily visit to the beach. The use of all these, as well as the ladies' billiard-room, is free to guests. In all directions there are seats for loungers. Through a vista formed by the umbrageous oaks and pines, bulbous forms of a varied family of cacti are seen. In another place is a bewildering maze. Everywhere flowers and rare plants abound, and every avenue and pathway is bordered



by intricate floral devices. In any direction the eye may turn are fresh visions of beauty. In the fall of 1883 a great improvement was consummated in the introduction of an abundant supply of pure, soft water from the Carmel River. Extensive water-works were constructed at an expense of over half a million dollars. The supply not only meets the requirements of the hotel but also feeds the great fountain in the lake. The Hotel del Monte has been under the experienced management of Mr. George Schonewald ever since it was built. Mr. S. is aided by a competent corps of office assistants, E. T. Simmons being chief clerk and J. A. Clough, room clerk.

The bathing-beach is one of the finest on the coast. W. H. Dailey, the champion swimmer of the Pacific Coast, who made a careful examination of its features in the middle of December, 1879, pronounces it *the finest*, and says it is entirely free from stones below high-water mark, and also free from undertow. He found the water at that time of the year not too cold for enjoyable bathing, and during the winter months surf-bathing is frequently indulged in. It is doubtful if every visitor can as easily adapt himself to the sea, however, and to accommodate those who may prefer a warmer temperature than the sea can give, a luxurious swimming-bath has been erected at a cost of upwards of \$75,000. The great tanks are 150 feet in length and 50 feet in width. There are four separate tanks, holding in the aggregate 450,000 gallons of sea-water, the depth being graduated from three to six feet.

One of the most important events in the early history of Monterey was the establishment of the San Carlos Mission, or the Mission Carmelo. This mission, one of the first established towards the end of the eighteenth century in Upper California, by Father Junipero Serra and his coadjutors in the work of civilizing and Christianizing the Indians, was founded on the 3d of June, 1770. The first church was erected near the present town of Monterey, but the site was thought to be undesirable, and a new location was secured near where the Carmel River empties into Carmel Bay. Here, upon a hill four or five miles below Monterey, a more pretentious structure was reared. The sun now rests on its walls of dull red stone with a warm glow, and the edifice seems like an Old World ruin transplanted to this new land.

In connection with Del Monte, extensive improvements have been carried out in addition to those observable in the neighborhood of that establishment. The chief of these has been the construction of many miles of driveways along the picturesque coast. Leaving the Hotel del Monte for a morning drive, one gains the outer world over a grandly-shaped avenue which winds towards the beach; then skirting the beach and the town he has a choice of routes. If he chooses the road to the right he courses along by the sea; and if he turns to the left he mounts the hill back of the town. The best way is to go by the former and return by the latter. The drives through the town disclose much of interest, and the driver will point out the historic buildings. The road leads past the steamer-wharf, the whaling-cove, and the huts of the Chinese fishermen. Just outside the village a wooden cross by the side of a little creek marks the landing of Padre Junipero Serra. The road continues through pleasant woods and along the stretches of white, foam-flecked sand, which are broken here and there by rocky headlands, about which the waves throw aloft great fountains of spray. Grass and wild-flowers of every hue carpet the fields from December to June, and almost invade the domain of the sea, whilst the variegated tints of shells and sea-mosses cast up on the sands rival the flowers in imitating the bright hues of the rainbow. Nowhere are the waters of the Pacific Ocean more brilliantly varied in hue. Sapphire, opal, emerald, cream-white, topaz, mother of pearl, and crystal of every shade play before the eye with every rush of the mighty wave into the carved and chiseled rocks and the long rifts of the coast. The camp-ground of the Pacific Grove Retreat, the summer meeting-place of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, and of an association of Methodists, lies pleasantly along the shore, a mile or so from the town. It resembles Ocean Grove, Oak Bluffs, and other Eastern resorts of the kind, with a greater richness of shore scenery. It is one of the most popular ocean resorts on the coast, and, like the Hotel del Monte, is kept open the year round, J. O. Johnson being Superintendent. Leaving Point Pinos and its light-house to the right, and taking the roadway through the woods, Moss Beach is soon reached. Here one may find employment for hours in gathering bright mosses and shells, while the neighboring fields afford many varieties of flowers. Rounding a little point beyond the beach, the Seal Rocks are brought into view. These are some rocky islands near the shore where hundreds of seals and sea-lions are seen disporting themselves. The

rocks are also often white with birds. Another little beach and another little stretch of forest road brings one to the famed Cypress Point. Here is a grove of trees wholly unlike any found elsewhere on the coast. The huge gnarled trunks give evidence of great age. The close-knit branches and golden-green foliage produce a wealth of shade; and, as some writer has said, this is the one spot more perfectly adapted than any other point in the world for picnics and camping. Beyond Cypress Point lies Carmel Bay, if anything more beautiful than the Bay of Monterey, while the rocky headlands of Point Lobos and the drooping forms of the sierra of the Santa Lucia appear in the distant blue beyond. Another reach of road, beneath the bearded and moss-hung branches of giant pines and cedars, with frequent glimpses of the blue ocean through the dusky aisles of the forest, brings one to Pebble Beach. From this latter point there is a road back to Monterey over the hills; or the explorer may gain the old Mission Church by a circuitous route. Besides the route here described there are roads leading in other directions, one up the coast to Castroville, and thence to Watsonville and Santa Cruz, another southward towards Point Sur, and a third towards Salinas City.

The mild winter climate of California renders it especially desirable as a place of sojourn for persons who seek to escape from the extremes of cold and sudden changes of temperature experienced in the East. Monterey seems to possess many advantages over other parts of California on account of the remarkable equability of its temperature. It is cooler here in summer and warmer in winter than at most other resorts, and the difference in mean temperature between January and July has been shown, by careful meteorological observations taken for a series of years, to be only nine or ten degrees. The superiority of the Southern California climate over that of Italy and Florida has been noted by many writers. The winter months represent the rainy season on the Pacific Coast, but the weather during this period is not disagreeable. Commencing in November, rain falls frequently, though by no means continuously, the succeeding three or four months generally being divided into two or three wet periods. It is the general impression in the East, among persons who have not taken occasion to inform themselves fully upon the subject, that during the wet season (so called in contradistinction to the dry months, when moisture rarely falls) rain is incessant. This popular error is corrected by a glance at the weather tables. A series of observations in past years show that the amount of rainfall in California is less than one-half as great as in the States east of the Mississippi. The East has as much rain in its summer and autumn as California has in its entire rainy season. After each rainfall at Monterey the sun comes out as bright and warm as before, and in twenty-four hours after the most copious pour there are no visible indications of it, as is usual in Eastern States, and no traces of the visitation left except in firm, mudless grounds and roads, and an enlivened growth of grasses, shrubs and flowers,

#### SPARE RIBS.

"Treat women like you would a splendid flower," says Colonel Bob Ingersoll. "I do!" exclaimed a widower who had buried three wives.

"The Princess Louise is an artist," says a London paper. Yes, we notice that the Marquis got a black eye during the last English elections.

An old Salinas chap of our acquaintance who is vexatiously under the control of his third wife, always alludes to the two divorced ones as his spare ribs.

"What is home without a mother?" Well, if it is a step-mother, or a mother-in-law, we don't mind accepting a position for some nice, genteel out-of-door work.

Ben Franklin was no slouch, at least when he remarked that a "handsome or a rich widow is the only second-hand article that brings a first-class price."

"I have seen women so beautiful," said a young gentleman to a married one, at the pavilion last Sunday, "as to remind me of some flowers." "So have I," responded the other; those who shut up when they sleep."

"I should greatly regret your death," she said, as they were talking over life insurance matters, one evening. "Yes, and I know some one else who will greatly regret my death." "Who?" "The next man you marry."



## OUR SISTER CITY, SALINAS.

We wish to call the attention of our readers to our Salinas advertisements; and in doing this, we presume we shall be expected to get in a word edgewise regarding the city itself. It is the county seat of Monterey County. It is located on the Southern Pacific Railroad, one hundred and eighteen miles from San Francisco, ten miles from tide water at Moss' Landing, and about eighteen miles from Monterey. It is a thriving town, some eighteen years old; and, situated as it is, in the central portion of the rich agricultural lands of the Salinas Valley, is one of the finest business localities in the State. The population of the city has more than doubled in the last few years, and is still increasing as rapidly as ever. Enterprise and prosperity are everywhere visible. The city is well supplied with gas and water, and a well organized and equipped fire department. The school buildings are ample and commodious, and the schools of the town have in their employ six teachers, several of the best in the State. There are eight or ten church organizations presided over by pastors, among which are the Methodist Episcopal Church, Methodist Episcopal Church South, Presbyterian Church, United Presbyterian Church, Episcopal Church, Christian Church, Baptist Church and Catholic Church. Of Lodges, there are the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Free and Accepted Masons, Independent Order of Red Men, and the Patrons of Husbandry and the Sons of Temperance. Salinas is the great central point in Monterey County of trade, wealth and commerce, and from its natural surroundings must of necessity continue to always remain so. A special feature of Salinas are its excellent sidewalks, which are the theme of all visitors. There seems to be but one thing necessary to the perfect comfort and contentment of the good people of our delightful sister city, and that is a bridge across the Salinas river between that place and Monterey, and which, we trust, may be seen at no distant day.

The scenery about Salinas and elsewhere in Monterey County, is grand in many parts, and always beautiful and inspiring. The Santa Lucia peak of the Coast Range, lifts itself majestically to the kissing heavens and attains an attitude of 6,000 feet. Gabilan peak overlooks Salinas valley on the north, and Toro on the south, each over 3,000 feet high, and from the summit the valley and surrounding country is exquisitely spread out like a map. The streams flowing from these mountains furnish trout and other fish in abundance, and their cañons on the side fronting the ocean, furnish redwood nearly equalling in size, though not in abundance, that of any other part of the State. An undeveloped coal belt runs through the county, and promises to be of great value, while some gold is found along the San Antonio and streams falling into it. Pines cover the higher mountain tops, and oak is especially abundant over their sides. The vegetation is mostly annual in its character, and grows with great rapidity during the rainy season. Grasses flourish only along the streams or on wet soils, leaving the hillsides to the flowering plants, which color them with their bright hues or leave them brown during the dry season. The valley, being alluvial throughout its entire length, is as level as the prairies of Illinois, and often far more fertile. Well-sunk one or two hundred feet find the buried remnants of former generations of animals and forests throughout every foot of their descent, and it would probably be no stretch of the truth, to say that they would still be found at 1,000 feet. All this wash coming from the mountains which bound the valley has left the record of its former location in the numerous deep cañons which furrow their sides, and which now furnish cosy homes for numerous settlers, or scenes of wonder and beauty to tourists in search of health or amusement, or study to the naturalist who may penetrate their secluded recesses and unexplored depths. To the latter, much that is new, strange and wholly unknown is no doubt in store, and to all classes an enjoyment that only comes from communion with Nature and Nature's bountiful Maker.

Within the limits of Monterey county are some of the best medicinal springs and health resorts to be found on the Pacific Coast, all of which are accessible to Salinas. Among them are Paraiso Springs, situated six or seven miles from Soledad, the present terminus of the Southern Pacific railroad, in a small valley opening out of the eastern slope of the range of mountains that skirt the western edge of the Salinas valley. The springs are 1,400 feet above the level of the sea, and are completely protected from the cold winds of the ocean. The place is outside of the "fog belt" and has a delightful climate. The hotel, cottage and bathing accommodations are excellent. The springs are of hot and cold sulphur water, iron and soda. The average heat of the hot soda spring is one hundred and seventeen degrees, and that of the sulphur spring, one hundred and twelve degrees,

while the iron spring is cold water. The water is splendid for rheumatism, scrofulous disorders, dyspepsia, cutaneous affections and other maladies. The Tassajara Hot Springs are situated in the Coast Range mountains, about fifty miles south of Salinas City. There are over a dozen different springs, and the water reaches the surface of the earth at a temperature of 140 to 150 degrees Fahrenheit. An analysis shows that the water contains thirty-two distinct mineral ingredients, and its remedial properties are wonderful, especially for kidney diseases, stomach troubles and rheumatism. The springs are situated in a deep, wooded cañon and the climate itself is almost enough to cure nearly "all the ills that flesh is heir to," being mild, balmy and delightful. Heretofore it has been necessary, in order to reach them, to leave vehicles and ride some fifteen miles on horseback; but the springs have recently changed hands and the new proprietors are surveying a route for a wagon road all the way in, after the completion of which the springs will be comparatively easy of access. If Ponce de Leon had found the Tassajara Springs, he would certainly not have gone any further to search for the Fountain of Youth. Slate's Hot Springs are similar to Tassajara in the quality of their waters. They are situated in a sheltered cove close to the beach, about 45 miles to the southward of the town of Monterey. Mr. T. B. Slate, the proprietor, located the springs in 1870. He was travelling along the coast for his health—being a great sufferer from dyspepsia—and stopped to rest at these springs. In a very short time he realized that he was deriving great benefit from the use of the water, both from drinking and bathing. He has been there ever since, and those who meet him now would never imagine that he had ever been an invalid and given up by the doctors.

We now invite particular attention to our Salinas advertisers, and would say that, beside, between 80 and 90 of the people of that place subscribed for the WAVE for one year. It will be seen that our Salinas advertisers are the leading business men of the place, namely: Vanhurst, Sanborn & Co., leading dealers in general merchandise, and who carry an immense stock at all times of the year, embracing everything that farmer, mechanic, manufacturer or laborer of any kind could want; Mr. R. L. Porter, of this firm, is a most agreeable and energetic business man, and the manager of the WAVE is highly indebted to him and takes great pleasure in modestly making it known. Hale & Co., dry goods merchants, who carry an expensive stock of goods in their line, and take pride in admitting that they get a splendid share of town and country patronage. Johnson & Riordan, merchant tailors and clothiers and dealers in gentlemen's furnishing goods, keep a very superior line of first-class under-clothing, and everything else necessary to a gentleman's complete get up, such as cravats, and neckties, gloves and suspenders, shirts, jackets, socks of the latest patterns, and all kinds of nice under-ware, including canton flannel, silk, worsted, woolen and shaker-made goods. Mr. Winham is the pioneer real estate dealer, of Salinas, and the one most sought after by all people who are desirous of making investments, and enjoys the confidence of the public to the fullest extent. We also call attention to the cards of Geo. L. McCandless, City Drug Store; Mr. Hughes, the well-known saddle and harness maker; E. G. Tolman, house, sign, and carriage painter, and dealer in glass wall-paper, etc.; J. H. McDougall & Co., dealers in newspapers, magazines, and other periodicals, stationery, confectionery, cutlery, cigars, tobacco, etc., etc.; W. L. Burbeck, pianos, organs, books, stationery, etc.; Schubard Brothers, manufacturing jewelers and watchmakers; Iverson Brothers, the model machinists; Mrs. M. E. Hassel, whose fine millinery and dressmaking establishment is a feature of the town; the Eagle drug and book store of E. K. Abbott, M. D.; and the millinery and ladies' furnishing goods emporium of Mrs. M. Lanntz. The Abbott House, H. J. Lind, proprietor, is almost too well-known to need a notice from us, but it shall see itself in the WAVE, and so shall our friend Stebben Lean, proprietor of one of the best livery stables in California.

"I understand that the Colonel was awfully sick last night: he ought to be taken to San Francisco and treated." "O, no, my friend; its too much treating that's floored him." "Still, a cold water treatment might be efficacious." "Waterman you are." "Why shouldn't I be? I keep a running spring with me at all times—in my watch."

Just as the Castroville girl opened her mouth a gentleman remarked to a friend, just a little way off from Pajaro: "This is the only tunnel on the road." But the girl was mad.

The reason women fear death more than men is because there are no milliners or dressmakers there.



## THE WINTER AT HOTEL DEL MONTE.

Socially, the season of '85-6 at Del Monte was unusually gay and brilliant. The hotel was crowded nearly all winter, and almost nightly entertainments were engaged in by the guests, making it the most enjoyable winter yet experienced at the "Queen of American Watering Places." The following is an extract from a letter giving an account of a dramatic performance by some of the talented guests:

An entertainment for the benefit of the waiters was given at the Hotel del Monte, Saturday evening, Feb. 20, and Monday evening, Feb. 22. Saturday evening was perhaps one of the most enjoyable evenings of the season. The programme consisted of the comedietta, "A Happy Pair" and the farce entitled "My Turn Next." Mrs. Fisher and Mr. Chandler were the talented amateurs in the first number, and did extremely well, Messrs. Barnes, Stott, Fisher and Chandler, with Misses Wright, Stott and Buch distinguished themselves in the farce. Mr. Stott made a capital Tim Bolus, and Mr. Barnes the ideal Twitters, while Miss Buch as Peggy and Miss Wright as Lydia are seldom excelled, Miss Grace Stott as Cicel played the part to perfection.

The Minstrels on Monday, Washington's Birthday, was as good as many professional companies. Mr. Fisher was interlocutor, Messrs. Folger, Barnes and Chandler, bones, with Messrs Paige, Stott and Noyes as tambos. The remainder of the troupe consisted of the following ladies: Mrs. Fisher, Misses Stott, Oakley, Grace Stott, Buch, Loring, Famill, Wright, with Miss Loring as accompanist.

The usual first part was given with songs by Misses Famill and Buch, and Mr. Chandler. The jokes were decidedly good and clever. Some were rather rusty, but all were enjoyed.

For the second part Mr. Noyes gave a banjo solo and song, the company a little sketch called "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," Mr. Chandler two stump speeches, a song by Miss Famill, and a general wind up by the whole company entitled "The Wonderful Telephone." The audience seemed to appreciate the endeavors of the performers to entertain them and were very profuse in their applause. After the performance Mr. Schonewald provided a supper which was done justice to and after singing "Auld Lang Syne" the company adjourned to the parlor where the remainder of the evening, and early part of the morning was spent in dancing.

Among the arrivals on the 22nd was a pleasant party from San Francisco, consisting of Mr. R. H. McDonald, Vice-President of the Pacific Bank, wife and child, Miss Laura Lee McDonald, Miss Blythe McDonald, Mr. Isaac Trumbo, Mr. J. Wayman Trumbo. The party will ever be remembered with pleasure on account of the enjoyable music with which the guests were kindly favored by Miss Laura Lee McDonald. The playing on the piano and singing by the talented lady elicited hearty applause.

## LATE ARRIVALS AT HOTEL DEL MONTE.

C. O. Mercer and wife, S. F.; Geo. Flourney and wife, S. F.; W. P. Seeley and wife, S. F.; F. E. Bacon and wife, Boston; Miss Bacon, Boston; Miss A. Bacon, Boston; L. Bacon, Boston; Libwicio Parrott, San Mateo; V. W. Pratt, Philadelphia; A. D. Harrison, S. F.; Miss A. D. Gray, S. F.; Prof. Small, New York; Mrs. J. A. Robison, N. Y. Mrs. W. Spencer Wood, New York; C. L. Richardson and wife, Manchester; Miss Richardson, Manchester; A. C. Wilkins and wife, Boston; F. E. Butler, Detroit; W. M. Merrill, Boston; J. J. Niblock, Leadville, Col.; J. Gardner Jr., Pittsburg; W. N. Runyon and wife, Santa Rosa; J. A. Folger and wife, Oakland; E. R. Folger, Oakland; Miss L. McTopfiff, New York; Miss Turll, New York; G. P. Hukill, Oil City, Pa.; R. G. Collins, Oil City, Pa.; S. C. Church, St. Louis; Mrs. T. Scanlon, and child, St. Louis; Wm. Blanding, S. F.; Miss Blanding, S. F.; Mrs. C. C. Coleman, S. F.; James Freeborn, S. F.; Wm. Metzner and wife, S. F.; F. W. Sharon and wife, S. F.; Mr. Seymour, S. F.; O. C. Naid and wife, Cheyenne, Wyo.; Mrs. L. H. Curtis, S. F.; Miss E. F. Pratt, Conn.; C. B. Kimbell and wife, Chicago; M. N. Kimbell, Chicago; J. B. Hewett, St. Paul; K. C. Ward and wife, England; H. D. Harrison, San Rafael; Miss Harrison, San Rafael; Miss Ralph, San Rafael; A. C. Elliot, Victoria; J. E. Ruggles, S. F.; S. E. Parker, New Hampshire; J. B. Henderson and wife, St. Louis; J. I. Stickney, Milwaukee; W. Traver, Deatur, Ill.; E. L. Barnes, Boston; C. A. Barnes, Boston; Miss M. Vaughn, Providence, R. I.; N. Beckley and wife, Indiana; R. L. Bishop, New Haven; Mrs. H. W. Avery child and maid, Chicago; M. P. Henderson, Stockton; Mrs. Parrott and maid, San Mateo; Miss Parrott, San Mateo; Mr. and Mme. deGengie two children and nurse, San Mateo; Vted. Harambun, Paris; H. D. Kirkover, and wife, Buffalo; H. D. Kirkover, Jr. Buffalo; F. R. Webster, S. F.; L. H. Taft, Boston; L. Tozer, and wife, Sacramento; E. J. Swift, Santa Cruz; C. A. Chandler, Boston; Mrs. E. B. Crocker, Sacramento; J. H. Rhodes and wife, Cleveland; D. A. Bender and wife, Carson, Nev.; A. F. Johnson, Illinois; H. R. Hamelton and wife, Chicago; W. C. Gillett, Montana; Mrs. W. Deacon, S. F.; J. E. Deacon, S. F.; J. W. Bruner, Chicago; F. H. Bruner, Chicago; G. Nordstrum, Chicago; W. Ballenberg, S. F.; R. L. Zanke, S. F.; Geo. C. Boardman and wife, S. F.; W. Patterson and wife, S. F.; J. Pawson and wife, S. F.; A. B. Perry, wife and child, S. F.; R. DeHaven, S. F.; Mrs. Geo. Higgins, S. F.; Miss C. L. Higgins, S. F.; C. N. Shaw and wife, S. F.; D. Morris and wife, Alameda; Geo. W. Chipman and wife, Boston; Miss G. E. Chipman, Boston; B. F. Perry and wife, Revere, Mass.; J. M. Clifford and wife, Boston; C. R. Ransom, Cambridge, Mass.; Miss J. M. Ransom, Cambridge, Mass.; A. H. Caton and wife, Boston; T. E. Beans, San Jose; W. G. Daggett, New Haven; J. W. Givens and wife, St. Louis; C. E. Reynolds and wife, Minneapolis; E. Schneider, Chicago; A. F. Canisius, Chicago; B. W. Campbell, Cincinnati; W. Traver, Decatur; John Paul, Lacrosse, Mich.; J. A. McGilroy, Lacrosse, Mich.; E. M. Schulz, Germany; W. P. Schulz, Germany; F. R. Brown and wife, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. W. T. Cowles, Nashville; Mrs. E. C. Grissim, Nashville; Miss E. Grissim, Nashville; V. Coles, Nashville; Mrs. N. L. Bull, Salinas City; Mrs. M. A. Sanford, Newport, R. I.; Miss A. L. Newton, Newport R. I.; F. Brownell and wife, Boston; H. L. Moss and wife, St. Paul, Minn.; A. Judis and wife, S. F.; A. B. Cummings, Portland Oregon; H. M. Burr, Los Angeles; Mrs. J. E. Northrop, Boston; Miss H. S. Comstock, Boston; B. Bush, and wife, S. F.; O. L. Stillings, Boston; S. S. Houton, Boston; Geo. M. Glazier, Boston; G. W. Handy and wife, Oakland; J. W. Adams and wife, Carson City; A. E. Magill and wife, Oakland; Miss H. G. Magill, Cincinnati; E. O. Smith and wife and daughter San Jose; D. D. Brown and wife, Peoria, Ill.; Mrs. L. Toland, San Jose.

## WAVELETS.

"So pretty Miss B. has sold herself to that bald-headed old banker from Nevada?" "Yes, she'd been gone on antiquities for a long time."

A young lady writes to inquire how long a gentleman should be acquainted with her, before she allows him to kiss her. Reply: "Long enough for the old man to have gone to bed."

On the veranda: "I see that old Moneysbags has captured Miss Glitter at last. How much she reminds me of an old picture." "Well, she'd ought to, for the Lord knows she's old enough."

Kate Field has been talking terribly about Salt Lake City, yet if she were to go there now, she would receive the most Gentile treatment. The Mormons, however, might Utahize her for something.

Bob Morrow defines the difference between men and women: "A man gives forty cents for a twenty-five cent thing he wants, and a woman gives twenty-five cents for a forty-cent thing she does not want."

They were whispering about superb French toilets, one of which a lady described to another, saying, in conclusion: "It's a perfect daisy!" "Daisy," replied the other: "why a gown like that is a chrysanthemum?"

The young fellows at the club-house, on Saturday evening last, called their gathering a meeting of the Del Monte Irrigation Company. Well, there's one thing certain: they did't water their stock much.

Gilbert & Sullivan have something to say in their "Mikado," of the "flowers that bloom in the spring." This was suggested by a picture of the Del Monte grounds in winter, taken to London, by the Princess Louise.

On the veranda: "Mrs. Verygreen is always prating about her *indulgent* husband," said Mrs. Veryvexed: "I wonder how he takes it?" "Why, he takes it straight, of course," exclaimed the bad man from Bodie, who was near.

What came very near being a distressing accident, transpired in this town on Saturday evening last, when a fool of a boy picked up what was supposed to be an *unloaded* pistol, and, pointing it at his sister, a very charming young lady, pulled the trigger, and—it didn't go off; ha—ha!

A brook came stealing from the ground,  
You scarcely saw its silvery gleam  
Among the herbs, that hung around  
The borders of that winding stream;  
A pretty stream, a placid stream,  
A safety gliding, bashful stream.

A breeze came wandering from the sky,  
Light as the whispers of a dream;  
He put the o'erhanging grasses by,  
And gayly stooped to kiss the stream;  
The pretty stream, the happy stream,  
The shy yet unreluctant stream.

The water as the wind passed o'er  
That upward many a glancing beam,  
Dimpled and quivered, more and more  
And tripped along a livelier stream;  
This radiant stream, the prattling stream,  
The fond, delighted, silly stream.

Away the airy wanderer flew,  
To where the fields of blossom teem,  
To sparkling springs, and rivers blue;  
And left alone that little stream:  
The cheated stream, the moaning stream,  
The sad, forsaken, lonely stream.

That careless wind no more came back,  
He wanders yet the fields I deem;  
But on its melancholy track  
Complaining went that little stream;  
The cheated stream, the hopeless stream,  
The ever murmuring little stream.



## WOMAN LAND.

Miss Cleveland considers silk-culture one of the safe supports open to women, and openly says she hopes the industry will be so established as to receive government aid.

Quite recently two German prime donnes have had a fight. In giving an account of it one of them says: "I was invited to the White House in Washington, and I found Mr. Cleveland such an amiable gentleman. What a nice, sweet, kind face he has! But he looked so troubled. He said he was so much occupied and had so much to do. I liked him very much indeed. He took my gloved hand into his own and gave it a gentle pressure. I shall treasure that glove as long as I live."

The London Figaro says: Miss Adelaide Neilson was, in her day, probably the most photographed woman of the time. It is interesting to learn from an obviously well informed source that when she died she had in her possession a series of albums containing a copy of every photograph of her which had been published, and that the total of these cartes, "cabinet," panels, &c., was exactly 600. Large as this total seems, there are at least three ladies now living who can beat it. In the case of one of these the phenomenal total attained is within a very measurable distance of 1,400.

The latest sensation in the Prince of Wales' set in London, whose name is on every one's lips, is Miss Margot Tennant. She is one of the three young ladies who, with Miss Chamberlain and another English girl, shared the proud distinction of causing H. R. H. to frown upon the rosebud ball given last season. She has red hair, and is not a beauty, but a most brilliant horsewoman, and witty a *faire fremir*. It was her mot which set half Europe laughing, and immediately attracted the gracious condescension which the first gentleman of Europe has since lavished upon her. At a gay dinner she was called upon to propose the Queen's health in two words. "To Tum's dam," she cried, jumping upon her chair. "Tum," be it understood, being the familiar name by which the portly Prince is known to his intimates.

A thrifty Pittsburg woman has evolved a new scheme for making money, and, strange to say, it is not connected with the local advantages of natural gas, but can be imitated elsewhere. She has established an escort bureau, at which young men of refinement who have their evenings at their disposal and wish to add to their income can register their names, references and other particulars and leave their photographs in an album. Ladies in want of escorts send to the bureau for the album, select the men who impress them most favorably and pay a small fee to the bureau. The men selected are sent for and told where they are to go, and of course receive a share of the fees for their services. Nobody ever knows that the escort is a professional except the lady who hired him, and as he does not wear a uniform, like a messenger boy, nothing about his appearance gives him away. The institution has been hailed with delight by the old maids and young wall-flowers of Pittsburg and there is talk of extending its benefits to other cities.

When she was five, this love of mine,  
I sent her a valentine—  
A frail and lace-paper sheet,  
Which bore the legend short and sweet;  
"With golden hair and eyes of blue,  
The prettiest girl I know is you!"  
She liked the poems, and to show it,  
She kissed the blushing little poet.

At fifteen, this dear love of mine  
I sent another valentine—  
A casket whose silk-covered lid  
A nest of dainty bonbons hid,  
Where lay a card this to repeat,  
The hard-worked line, "Sweetests to the Sweet!"  
And I her gratitude could see  
When she gave equal shares to me.

To twenty grown, this love of mine,  
I sent her one more valentine—  
A box whose cushioned surface might  
Throw out a jewel's starry light.  
"This, dear, to you and you to me,"  
A scrap of paper read; and she,  
To thank me for the sparkling thing,  
Gave me the hand that wore the ring.

## LETTER FROM SANTA CRUZ.

PRAISE OF THE WAVE—POPULARITY OF SANTA CRUZ—FRECKLES AND  
FRESCOES—NAME OF GUESTS, ETC.

SANTA CRUZ, CAL., March 1, 1886.

I hardly need say that all who have seen the WAVE, pronounce it the prettiest paper issued upon the Pacific Coast. Santa Cruzans are loud in their praise of the new journal, on account of the liberal manner in which it alluded to their city and its interests, and it may safely figure on a substantial and permanent patronage here, in both advertising and subscriptions. One can see at a glance that a paper like the WAVE, with friendly feeling for Santa Cruz, can do our city much good. We think we have as pretty a watering-place as there is in the world, and we have never known a person who has spent a week or two here, during either summer or winter, who departed dissatisfied or disappointed.

There is an inexplicable charm about Santa Cruz that no other seaside resort possesses. For instance, one can understand that you must be up to your neck and finger tips with satins and gems and laces at Del Monte, and we are all aware that right the reverse may be seen at the Pacific Grove and at Camp Capitola. Here, however, the girl who does chores at a leading boarding-house and the lady from Van Ness avenue, bump up frolicsomeness against each other on the same breaker; and the girl with checker-board freckles from Watsonville, and the one with frescoed pink powder and oriental cream from San Jose, together make a chromo with their dinner implements in presence of the same *piece de resistance*. In other words, there are cosmopolitan delights and influences at Santa Cruz that seem to impart tendencies which are as irresistible as they are inexplicable.

As a piece of good news, I would inform your readers that Mr. Swift of the Pacific Ocean House, has leased the Pope House and all its cottages and other surroundings, and will fit it up and furnish it as a tip-top boarding establishment for the coming season. He does not intend to run opposition to himself and make a hotel of the popular old camp upon the hill, but to keep it just as it is in name, and make it better and more attractive than it ever has been. Indeed, he wants to people it with the same guests who have formerly given it their patronage, but will give them more and better than they have ever had before. Further, he will keep it open winter as well as summer, and will make a bid for winter business, which he will surely get. The following-named guests have registered at the Pacific Ocean House during the past few days:

P. H. Johnson and wife, Houlton, D. P.; J. J. Van Lewen and wife, Grand Rapids; Wm. Metzner and wife, S. F.; John Jauler and wife, Chicago; L. Goldenang and wife, S. F.; E. Baxton and wife, Pescadero; A. G. Glenn, Columbus, Ohio; H. A. Marquett, Los Angeles; A. I. Johnson, Illinois; E. H. Baskes, Michigan; Wm. Maitland, Boulder Creek; O. C. Naid and wife, Cheyenne, Wy.; Joe A. Ginns and wife, St. Louis; H. Nievell, S. F.; J. M. Lucas and wife, San Jose; Robt. Ashe, S. F.; Alex N. Cummins, S. F.; H. J. Edwards, San Jose; H. G. Howall, S. F.; B. F. Giddings, S. F.; E. J. Robinson, S. F.; Ed. F. Fitz Patrick, Red Wood City; C. C. Dunshee and wife, S. F.; E. R. Mirriman, Mrs. J. Perry, Truckee; Miss I. Perry, Truckee; P. A. Harmon, San Jose; Jno. Harmon, San Jose; Jno. Paton and wife, N. Y.; Mr. Watson and wife, Scotland; Miss Watson, Scotland; J. E. Kraft, S. F.; Mrs. Chauncy Taylor, Oakland; Mrs. W. W. Foote, Oakland; Miss B. Foote, Oakland; Chauncy Foote, Oakland; Leon De Roos, S. F.; Julius Lee, Watsonville; J. M. Lesser, S. F.; Gen. Wallace, S. F.; Thurlow McMullin, S. F.; A. Wiener, Watsonville; S. C. Prince and wife, Orris Island, Me.; A. H. Chittenden, S. F.; L. F. Doolittle and wife, N. Y.; T. N. Osborn, A. P. Hotaling, N. Y.; V. W. Gaskell, Alameda; A. C. Elliot, Victoria, B. C.; Dr. Mathews, Victoria, B. C.

Some writer has remarked: "Dress holds the first place in the thoughts of mankind." Guess he meant womankind; for a starving man will give up every stitch he has on, if necessary, for something to eat, but a starving woman!—well, if you think she's going to part with any of her wardrobe for victuals you're awfully mistaken.

That widow, while lamenting the loss of her husband, and who declared that she had the consolation of knowing where he spent his evenings, was a darling, and don't you forget it.



## SPLASHES FOR LITTLE ONES.

If I punish you," said a mother to her little girl, "you don't suppose I do it for my own pleasure, do you?" "Then whose pleasure is it for, dear mamma?"

"Mamma," said a little Watsonville urchin, "I want to see what is in that box." "There isn't anything in it, Edward," "Oh, then I want to see what there isn't in it."

Somebody asked a diminutive Castroville boy, the other day, what he would do if his father died. "Why," said the youngster, "I'd wear my new boots to the funeral!"

"I'd pity you if I was your mother," said a Santa Cruz lady on the street to a young boy whom she observed committing some mischief. "So you ought to, and so should everybody pity me if I had such a horrible looking mother as you."

A Salinas atom, after gazing intently at her father for some time, surprised him by inquiring: "Papa, are you still growing?" "No dear. What makes you ask such a question?" "Because I noticed that the top of your head is coming through your hair."

Said a good bishop, recently in our town: "Will some boy or girl ask me a question?" "Please sir," said a little girl, "Why did the angels walk up and down Jacob's ladder, when they had wings and could fly?" The good bishop has not yet answered the question.

Not long since a little boy was sent to a store near our office for some eggs. Before reaching home he dropped them. In response to his mother, who asked: "Did you break any?" he replied: "No, I didn't break any, but the shells came off some of them."

A certain little Santa Clara boy, who was reluctantly getting ready for school, a few days ago, said: "Well, I do wish I could get started," to which the father replied: "I think a little oil of birch might start you; at which the youngster at once "switched" off toward school.

Little Frankie of Gilroy saw a man climbing a telegraph pole, and he called to his nurse: "Katie, come here; there's a man going to heaven." Just then, the man's hat blew off and Frank continued: "Hurry, Kate! God has just taken his hat, and he will take him in a minute."

"Mamma," asked a little Redwood girl, "What do people mean when they say they intend to 'paint the town red'?" "They mean," said the mother, "to get tight; who did you hear say it?" "Papa said this morning, that he intended to 'paint the town red,' before he came home to-night."

A San Jose school-girl asked her teacher what was meant by "Mrs. Grundy." The teacher replied that it meant "the world." Some days afterwards the teacher asked the geography class, to which this little bud of promise belonged: "What is a zone?" After some hesitation she brightened up and replied: "I know!" it's a belt round Mrs. Grundy's waist!"

"Harper's Bazar" has the following: *Stranger* (to little boy near Riverside Park)—"Can you direct me to General Grant's tomb, boy?" *Little Boy*—"Yes sir. Keep straight ahead till ye come to a lemonade stan'; den turn to de left an' follow de road to de ice-cream an' peanut booth. Cross over to de hard-boiled egg and sausage shanty, and ax de man in charge where the rifle gallery is. Den fin' out where the ten-pin alley is, an' jest beyond dat is de tomb."

"Will you please give me a solid cent for this penny with a hole in it?" he asked at a fruit stand in San Mateo yesterday. "I'll take it for an apple," replied the woman. "But I can't do that. I must have the money." "What for?" "Why, my brother Ben was left to tend a peanut stand up there, and he got temporarily insane and embezzled two cents. The man says he'll knock off one on account of Ben's youth, but he's got to have the other by four o'clock this afternoon, or our name will be dragged in the mire. Please do." She did.

"What are the colors of the rainbow, Mary?" asked the child's uncle, while they were together on the beach. Mary remained silent for a moment, and then replied: "Why, all the colors of a rainbow, of course."

A ten-year-old not a hundred miles from Monterey, was caught by her mother taking apples from the tree, and severely rebuked. Her mother told her she must not touch those apples, as she was going to make preserves of them. On the following Sunday the little one's school teacher asked her why God forbade Adam and Eve to eat of the tree in the midst of the garden. "Because He wanted to make preserves of the apples," was the childish reply.

The boy stood on the burning deck,  
Eating peanuts by the peck;  
With a paper collar round his neck,  
And on his nose a little speck.

In one hand he held a doll;  
In the other a pretty poll;  
His foot then slipped, and he did fall.  
And, goodness, me, how he did bawl.

## REAL WIT AND WISDOM.

Deference is silent flattery.

Beauty is the melody of the features.

Ignorance is the wet-nurse of prejudice.

No man is rich who wants any more than he has got.

Trusting to luck is only another name for trusting to laziness.

People of good sense are those whose opinions agree with ours.

The highest rate of interest that we pay is on borrowed trouble.

It is great a deal easier to be a good dove than a decent serpent.

It is a great art to be superior to others without letting them know it.

Self-made men are 'most always apt to be a little too proud of the job.

The man who never makes any blunders seldom makes any good hits.

It may be a little vexatious, but I don't consider it any disgrace to be bit by a dog.

You can't hire a man to be honest; he will want his wages raised every morning.

Health can be bought, but you have got to pay for it with temperance at the highest rates.

Dissatisfaction with everything we come across is the result of being dissatisfied with ourselves.

A slander is like a hornet. If you can't kill it dead the first blow, you had better not strike at it.

If wit forms the blade, good sense should be the handle, and benevolence the scabbard of the sword.

To be thoroughly good-natured, and yet avoid being imposed upon, shows great strength of character.

Most people, when they come to you for advice, come to have their own opinions strengthened, not corrected.

Pleasures make folks acquainted with each other, but it takes trials and griefs to make them know each other.

If you analyze what most men call pleasure, you will find it composed of one part humbug and two parts pain.

If you want to get a good general idea of a man's character, find out from him what his opinion of his neighbor is.

Titles are valuable; they make us acquainted with many persons who otherwise would be lost among the rubbish.

It seems to me that good breeding is the art of making everybody satisfied with themselves and pleased with you.

It is a good deal more profitable to make ten men think they are above you than to make one think you are above him.

Counselling with fear is the way cowards are made; counselling with hope is the way heroes are made; counselling with faith is the way Christians are made.

We are happy in this world just in proportion as we make others happy. It is a great deal easier to look upon those who are below us with pity, than upon those who are above us without envy.

We should be careful how we encourage luxuries; it is but a step forward from hoe-cake to plum-pudding, but it is a mile and a half by the nearest road when we have to go back again.

Rev. James Mudge, of Whitinsville, Mass., contends that the late Josh Billings was never estimated at his true worth. His odd spelling and quaint phraseology led people to mistake him for a mere literary buffoon, and to overlook the sound philosophy and sterling wit which were hidden in the disguise. He has taken pains to make a selection of the best sayings of the departed philosopher and put them in ordinary spelling, so as to prove that their worth is independent of their orthographic trickery. From his collection we take these sentences:



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DEL MONTE PUBLISHING CO.

MONTEREY, CAL. - - - - MARCH, 1886.

Col. Mapleson was a witness the other day in a suit which he had instituted to recover the duty paid on some armor and costumes he had brought to this country for use on the operatic stage. "What is your business?" he was asked. "I am an impressario," replied the Colonel, with lofty dignity. "Well, now, tell us, Mr. Mapleson," said the lawyer, "what is an impressario?" "An impressario," said Mapleson, unbending somewhat, and revealing the suggestion of a smile, "is a man who tries to please the public and never succeeds."

Telegraph building in Brazil is a very troublesome business. The wires corrode very rapidly, and the luxurious vegetation requires constant pruning, to keep it from growing so as to interfere. Violent storms often prostrate the lines. Birds build their nests on the top of the poles, and ants on their sides while skunks and armadillos undermine them and cause their sudden fall. The ants' nests have to be chopped off with axes when old and hard. Wasps build nests in the bell-shaped porcelain insulators, apes meddle with the wires, and the enormous swarms of birds flying by night, often wreck or tangle them. More mischievous than any of these, is a huge spider that weaves its web between the wires and interferes with the electric currents.

A romance growing out of a crazy quilt has just come to light in Jamestown, N. Y., involving a New York gentleman. Last summer a young man named Judson, of New York, went to that place, en route for Chautauqua. He called at a furnishing store and bought a necktie, leaving his old one on the counter. The merchant picked up the tie, saved the silk, and gave it to a young lady to place in her crazy quilt. Two weeks later Judson met the lady at Chautauqua. She was at work sewing his old tie into her quilt. After he had told her where the silk had once been worn, and she had told him how she got the article, they became very good friends, and it now transpires that the friendship begun at Chautauqua, is to be consummated by a quiet wedding at the home of the bride in May.

The Chicago News exclaims: "What is human greatness? Here was William H. Vanderbilt, the richest man on the American continent; he dies suddenly and the obituary editor is told to write him up. Where are the data to be had? Neither the "American Encyclopedia," nor "Appleton's Annual," nor "Men of our Times," nor the "Biographical Dictionary," nor the "Domestic Encyclopedia," nor the "Dictionary of Universal Biography," nor "Famous Americans," by Parton, nor Harper's publications for the last ten years—none of these works contain a line about William H. Vanderbilt! Yet what a hold this man had on the railway system in this country! How vast was his influence in business circles! But, cruel iconoclasts that they are, the book-makers and biography writers never saw him. His millions couldn't get him a place between the covers of a cyclopedia."

## THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

A very delightful excursion is that to the Sandwich Islands. The fine steamers of the Oceanic Steamship Company (J. D. Spreckels & Brothers, general agents, and W. B. Davenport, general passenger agent), sail from San Francisco twice a month. These vessels are 3,000-ton iron-screw steamships; and in every way admirably fitted for passenger service. They were built by Messrs. Cramp & Sons, of Philadelphia, especially for this line, and are two of the finest steamers afloat. They contain all the latest improvements—incandescent electric lights, electric bells, running water in the state-rooms, etc.—and the dining saloons, social halls and state-rooms, are finished in the richest and most elegant manner. The distance from San Francisco to Honolulu is 2,100 miles, and the average passage is six and a half days. Much can be accomplished in three weeks' absence, the time thus allotted being ample for a visit to the island of Hawaii and an ascent to the volcano of Kilauea, but the traveler acts wisely to take a longer time and see more of the interesting kingdom of King Kalakaua. A visit to these islands is one of the most novel and exhilarating experiences of modern travel, and now that the voyager can surround himself with every comfort and luxury, the trip is one that should command general attention. The sea voyage under such circumstances is in itself a rare pleasure. Tropical life at Honolulu has many strange features and new delights. The scenery is romantic and beautiful beyond description, and there are many charming little trips which may be enjoyed at trifling cost. The city itself has many fine buildings, including the government edifices and the royal palace. The Royal Hawaiian Hotel is a comfortable and well appointed establishment, built by the government, with commodious grounds and dependent cottages. Board is \$3.00 per day. The view from the Pali, or from any of the other mountain heights, is exquisitely beautiful, with the mingling of gorgeous tints and wide expanse. The visit to the volcano of Kilauea, on the island of Hawaii, occupies about a week's time, and will cost about \$60.00. There are two routes thither, one by the steamship "Planter," of the Inter-Island Steam Navigation Company's Line, which plies between Honolulu and Kau, and the other by the steamship "Kinau," of Wilder's Steamship Line, which plies between Honolulu and Hilo. There are good hotels at both Kau and Hilo, and another at the crater, known as the Volcano House. From Kau the traveler can go ten miles by stage, eight miles by railway, and eight miles on horseback; and from Hilo the distance is a trifle greater—about thirty miles. Kilauea is the largest active crater in the world, being nine miles in circumference. With the aid of a guide the visitor can descend into the crater, 900 feet below the Volcano House, where he traverses the crust of congealed lava, through which the molten mass from beneath sometimes forces itself in terrific fountains of fire. In places seething cauldrons and lakes of living lava are always to be seen, while smoke and vapors constantly arise. The coast scenery as viewed from the steamer is very picturesque, and the entire trip is a very interesting one.

## BYRON SPRINGS.

A NOTED RESORT FOR THE INVALID AND THE SEARCHER AFTER HEALTH.

Byron Springs are situated 'mid the foothills of Contra Costa County, on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, sixty miles from San Francisco. Here in purity fresh from nature's laboratory are found springs pouring forth waters that seem especially adapted for the cure of many of the ills that human flesh is heir to. Directly from the earth gush forth all the different mineral waters, while hot mud baths, hot salt water baths, hot sulphur baths are found ready for use. Years ago, long before the feet of white men trod this soil, the Indians gathered round this spot and partook of the various waters, and were cured. Since the settlement of the Pacific Slope, thousands of men, women and children have availed themselves of its benefits, and to-day can be found all over this coast those who have found relief at Byron Springs.

Conveniently arranged hotels and cottages have been erected, and lately placed under a new and efficient management. Everything is in first-class order and ready for the reception of guests. The climate at Byron Springs is so even that it is kept open throughout the whole year, and visitors can enjoy its benefits in the winter as well as in the summer. To the tourist, to the invalid, to the stranger within our gates, we say, by all means, visit Byron Springs.

It was just funny to see old Swipes laughing and clapping his hands while telling his brother whist players that there was something the matter with his wife's jaw.



## SANTA CRUZ.

Santa Cruz stands prominently out among the coast cities as a most healthful and charming place. This enviable reputation has attracted a host of excellent people who made it a permanent place of residence. It is as well a city of business activity, and a more energetic and clever class of merchants and business men is seldom found anywhere. We are pleased to note that the leading business men are represented in the *Wave* as advertisers. Our correspondent from Santa Cruz very pleasantly refers to Mr. E. J. Swift, proprietor of the Pacific Ocean House, the leading hotel of the city. Mr. Swift has also taken charge of the popular family hotel of that city known as the Pope House. Mr. Swift is most successful as a hotel manager and merits a liberal share of patronage. His chief clerk, Mr. Fargo is an able representative of his employer, and by his uniform courteous manner has won for himself a host of friends. Santa Cruz has one of the best managed banking institutions in the state. The President, Mr. Henry Skinner, is a live, active and successful financier, and is surrounded by a board of directors of varied business experiences. Mr. Cox, the cashier, is a thorough accountant, and is ably assisted in his responsible duty by Mr. Effey, the mayor of the city. Prominent among the institutions of the city is Prof. Chesnutwood's Business College, which is conducted with marked ability and wonderful success. It is complete in all its departments and affords superior facilities to its students. We take pleasure also in directing attention to the advertisements of Messrs. Butterfield, Effey & Ready, universal producers in clothing and gents' furnishings in large variety; Mr. J. H. Horsnyder, druggist; A. C. Snyder, dry goods merchant; Mr. Joe. Constine, dealer in groceries and fruits; Mr. W. T. Cope, a young and enterprising hardware merchant; Messrs. E. Bowman & Co., who have a complete carriage factory and turn out the most satisfactory work; Mr. John Brazier, a pioneer dealer in books and stationery. No one should visit Santa Cruz without forming the acquaintance of Mr. Brazier. Mr. S. H. Bailey jeweler and optician; Mr. Geo. Stafler, dealer in furniture, and Mr. Frank Witherby proprietor of the "City Stables," are leaders in their respective lines. Dr. E. A. Lundy has all the modern appliances in his profession, and has handsomely fitted up rooms; Mr. Randall leads in the boot and shoe line, while the "Golden Rule Cigar Store," well deserves its title; Mr. A. J. Hinds who established his business in 1866, enjoys a liberal share of business, as real estate and insurance agent. Any one desiring information in reference to the value of lands and real estate, should by no means neglect to address Mr. Henry Meyrick, who will send free, upon application, a specimen copy of a highly interesting journal, containing reliable details of real estate, soil, climate, productions, etc.; and last but not least in importance, is the Pacific Transfer Express Co., which on account of its careful manner of doing business, meets a liberal share of patronage.

## FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

And suppose that the corner grocery can give you as good a supply from which to choose your fruits and vegetables as the great central depot of Brown & Wells, Stalls Nos. 30 and 31, California Market. It is well known that the best of everything—fish, flesh and fruits—is sent to the California Market. This is the great central depot for first-class articles. All outside markets and stores have to take second-class goods. At the California Market are arrayed in tempting profusion all articles desirable for either hotel, restaurant, boarding-house or private kitchen. The first, best and largest are there. There is something to pick from. There are always viands there that, until you see them, you did not know were in season. No such variety can be found on outside stands or in suburban markets. This is particularly the case at the stand of Brown & Wells. Asparagus, rich and succulent; celery, white and crisp; peas, fresh and sweet; cauliflower, luscious and tender; beans, sweet potatoes, toothsome corn, berries, fruits and all remaining vegetables array themselves in tantalizing display and fill the market-basket with home comfort and dining-room joy. Oh, it is glorious to have such a stock to select from. \*

## MUCH THE BEST WAF.

[Chicago Rambler.]

Professor Wienerachnitzel: "I was going to give me a penefit concert. Could I sold you a few tickets? Von dollar each."

Victim: "Yes; you may give me ten tickets."

Professor Wieneraachnitzel: "Vell, I tell you vot I do. You give me five dollars unt I von't give me no concert. Den ve both make money—ain't it?"

## LATE ARRIVALS AT ST. JAMES HOTEL, SAN JOSE.

C. L. Glynn, Bellows Falls, W.; E. LeQuessne, England; T. D. Austin, Scott River; E. A. Belden, Passaic, New Jersey; Mrs. Wm. Redwood, New York; Miss M. Gilpatrick, Saco, Me.; A. B. Cummings, Portland, Maine.; J. I. Crowell and wife, Quincy, Mass.; J. K. Moore and wife, St. Peter, Minn.; W. Andrews and wife, Minneapolis, Minn.; W. A. Butler and wife, Story Creek, Connecticut; R. A. Withnall, Omaha; Mrs. M. A. Crowley, Boston; Raymond's Excursion Party, H. Lorleberg, Ocernowse, Wis.; B. C. Holly, Pueblo, Col.; A. B. Hay and wife, Cincinnati, O.; W. W. Brown, Canada; E. R. Miles, Honolulu, S. I.; J. W. Thompson and wife, Dallas, Tex.; E. T. Porker, Derry, N. H.; W. H. Harrison, Grand Rapids, Mich.; A. D. Knick, Walla Walla, Wash.; V. W. Pratt, Philadelphia; J. E. Hannon, San Gabriel; O. E. Waid and wife, Cheyenne, Wyo.; J. W. Givens and wife, St. Louis, Mo.; A. F. Johnson, Peoria, Ill.; C. E. Driscoll, S. F.; J. B. Bailey, Lowell, Mass.; Dr. J. H. Dupuy, Wabash, Ind.; H. D. Kirkover and wife, Buffalo, N. Y.; W. G. Palmantier and wife, O'Neill, Neb.; John Warne and daughter, Elbron, Ill.; R. Parcher and wife, Wausau, Wis.; J. B. Lane and family, Elgin, Ill.; Maj. J. C. Minor, Flagstaff, A. T.; E. J. Brennan, Owatonna, Minn.; J. S. Hutchies and family, Nevada, Iowa, Chas. Armkuehl, Burlington, Iowa; S. F. Ferguson, Minneapolis, Minn.; N. R. Harris, Jersey Landing; J. S. Greenwood and wife, La Crosse, Wis.; Mrs. Wm. Cameron, Sunny South.

## CAPITOLA.

There is perhaps no point on the Coast, on account of its varied natural advantages, so admirably adapted as a summer and winter resort as Capitola. It is situated in Santa Cruz Co. on the line of the Northern Division of the Southern Pacific Company and about five miles from the City of Santa Cruz.

Many thousands of dollars have been expended recently in improving and beautifying the buildings and grounds and it is the purpose of the proprietors to leave nothing undone that will add to the attraction of the place. It is under an entirely new management in all its departments and is first class in every respect. Messrs. E. B. Cahoon & Son, are the new proprietors and in their hands Capitola cannot help but attract many visitors.

## WHY COX WAS SILENT.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

"Abdul," said Minister Cox, coming in as the Sultan was playing on the piano, "are you never to stop that everlasting thrumming and winky-pinkaying? Why don't you buy an accordeon or a horse-fiddle?"

"Samuel," returned the Sultan sadly, "do not thousands of your own country women play on the piano?"

Mr. Cox was so silent that a pin was heard to drop in the neighboring seraglio.

The Philadelphia Times says that Seth Kinman, the California hunter, who presented unique chairs to Presidents Buchanan, Lincoln, Johnson and Hayes, will next spring honor President Cleveland in a similar manner. This chair is made of elk horns, is curiously and elaborately constructed and is said by Mr. Kinman to be "the best cheer I ever did make." Great Scott! but what a magnificent old nut this is, to be sure. "The best cheer I ever did make." Seth, you're a daisy.

The Cincinnati Engineer tells how one of its citizens, while drinking heavily, lately, threw \$40,000 in bonds into the fire. This is a chestnut, but it grows. It started in New York, many years ago, where a Philadelphian, while under the influence of liquor, threw a hundred dollars in greenbacks in the fire. Then a Boston man, while taking too much Santa Cruz rum in his Jamaica ginger, burned up a thousand dollar bill. It will probably be a \$50,000 note by the time it reaches the Pacific Coast.

The New York Graphic's new man gets hold of the following venerable one: A Nevada lady recently took unfair advantage of her husband's indulgence in a bath to elope with another man. The bereaved one expressed the conviction that she had been waiting for the opportunity for months "This chestnut has done good service in the east for many years, but has generally been placed to the credit of either the Oregon or California lady. It is on its return trip probably, and will reach Colorado in a month or two.



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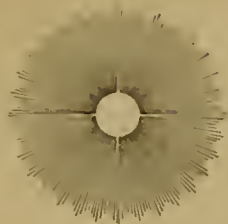
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## LETTER FROM PACIFIC GROVE RETREAT.

"THE MOST SMILING CORNER OF THE WORLD"—A WINTER AS WELL AS A SUMMER RESORT—PROMISING FUTURE—A VALUABLE GIFT—NEW POST OFFICE—A NEW RESTAURANT PROPRIETOR—SOCIALABLE ACTIVITY—ANNUAL ASSEMBLIES—PERMANENT RESIDENTS—SUMMER RESIDENCES.

PACIFIC GROVE, Feb. 27, 1886.

One of the ancient poets has styled Italy, "The most smiling corner of the world." Had he lived in our day and generation, and in the spring-time wandered to the pine forest by the sea, the beaches of white sand and rocky cliffs, skirting the opaline motions of the Bay; the wild flowers blooming in all their beauty of delicate luxuriance; had he listened to the breakers' song, as hour after hour they roll on telling the same old story, now in a murmuring complaint, again in tones of thunderous magnitude; we think, had he seen and felt the power of beauty that really exists here in this restful retreat by the sea, he might have been inspired to write such words of Pacific Grove as would have immortalized it forever.

## A WINTER AS WELL AS A SUMMER RESORT.

Pacific Grove will hereafter have its two seasons—one from May to October—the other from October to May. The summer guests more frequently see the Grove enveloped in a fog cloud, and naturally are apt to pass unfavorable judgment on its established reputation. We would urge one and all who frequent the sea-shore only in the summer, to delay their sojourn over one season, then it is seen in all its loveliness, unclouded days, clear atmosphere, warm sunshine, the ocean breezes bearing strength as they blow gently over the pine forest, having lost all the fierceness that characterized them only a few months before. The winter season now passing has established the long desired object to make Pacific Grove a winter as well as a summer resort. There have been from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five families residing here, since the close of the season proper, and all have enjoyed a healthful and pleasant winter.

## A PROMISING FUTURE.

The outlook for the coming season, and we would add, for the future prosperity of Pacific Grove is the most promising in its history. It has made a long stride forward, and it remains for those who control its interests to see that there shall be no steps backward. The loads of lumber being brought daily into requisition, betoken a spirit of enterprise among residents and property owners. New homes are rapidly increasing. On Forest Avenue the cottage of Mr. E. P. Wilber nears completion. On the adjoining lot a large two story building is owned by Mrs. Dr. Roe. When completed, we understand it will be used, to some extent at least, as a sanitarium, and persons in delicate health can there receive personal care and attention. Other cottages in course of construction are those of Rev. Dr. Stratton of San Jose, and Mr. Chas. Brown, Mrs. Olmsted and W. H. Hoyt, the latter being permanent residents of the Grove. The new and handsome cottage of our popular Superintendent is also completed, and is an attractive building.

## A VALUABLE GIFT.

In the way of improvements that have been made within the past six months, we would mention specifically the "Hook and Ladder" donation made to this Grove by Mr. L. D. Stone of San Francisco; the engine house being complete in all the necessary appointments. There is an organized Fire Company and the parade on Saturday at three p. m. takes the place of a matinee to the youth and beauty reveling in forest seclusion. As the hour approaches the gingham aprons slip off and coy maidens sally forth to stimulate by their presence the spirit of the gallant youths, while they gaze in silent admiration on the Herculean efforts displayed in conquering the imaginary fire fiend.

## A NEW POST OFFICE.

Dame Rumor manifests her usual interest in the things to be and not to be. The report is current that the Grove is soon to shake off its allegiance to Monterey, and with Uncle Sam's permission, have its own post office. There is also an expectation that Wells Fargo will establish an office here—both will be acquisitions to the place and aid its advantages.

## A NEW RESTAURANT PROPRIETOR.

The restaurant was opened Feb. 17th, hereafter to be kept open throughout the year, Mr. Louis Schaufel is the new proprietor. He has had long experience in the business, and will doubtless prove a genial host. No doubt general satisfaction will be given, both as regards scale of prices and bill of fare. We learn he engages none but first class help. The accom-

modations for guests will be increased the coming season, and the rental of rooms materially reduced. An early demand is being made on the owners of private cottages, and naturally leads the gleaners to anticipate an early harvest.

## SOCIAL ACTIVITY.

Of late we have heard the startling assertion, that Pacific Grove was presenting a scene of social activity heretofore undreamed of in her philosophy. In November last, a local circle of the Chautauqua Literary Scientific Circle was formed which has engaged the efforts and attention of many of the young people. The meetings are held Wednesday evening of each week, conducted by Rev. Dr. Sinex.

The Ladies Social Union is a new organization to promote social life in the Grove. They meet every two weeks, and under the auspices of this society several socials have been held. A number of the young people of musical ability, are earnestly endeavoring to awaken an interest in the musical art. A choral class meets two evenings in the week. The move is a good one, as it will initiate into the life of the Grove a missing link, and will be one point pierced in the veil which has long enveloped the Grove in atmospheric dullness, as viewed by the young people among the guests.

## ANNUAL ASSEMBLIES.

The most important feature in the list of attractions, which is offered in the summer time, is the annual assembly of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, which convenes June 28th, and ends July 9th. The assembly for the season of '86 commends itself to the earnest attention of all interested in the various methods of culture. The greeting of Chautauqua ought to meet an enthusiastic response from the many who while not being of the band, are yet spending their efforts in its true and laudable service. In the California Assembly there are over seven hundred active members for the present year, and reports from local circles manifest an increasing interest in the spirit of the work. It is expected that the coming assembly will be notably the best that has been held. The Lecture Corps consists of the best talent attainable. Classes will be organized in all the leading scientific departments of education.

Prof. Keep of Mills College will conduct the classes in Conchology; Dr. C. L. Anderson of Santa Cruz, in Marine Botany; Mrs. W. A. Hughes of Auburn, in General Botany; Dr. Wythe of Oakland, in Biology; Prof. Meade of Oakland, in Chemistry. Dr. C. C. Stratton will deliver a series of lectures on Mental and Moral Science; Prof. Martin of the University of the Pacific, on Roman Literature. A new and drawing feature of the Assembly and one which will attract many heretofore uninterested, will be the musical branch of the C. L. S. C. The Department will be under the conductorship of Prof. A. M. Benhaw of Oakland. A three days' Musical Convention will be held closing with a grand concert. During the first week of the Assembly Prof. T. Loui King of San Jose will give a series of Artistic Praise Recitals. The evenings will all be devoted to popular lectures from the eminent Literati. The name of Dr. Homer B. Sprague of Mills College heads the list. As the later announcements shall be made, it is believed that the attractions of the coming Assembly will invite a large representation of the C. L. S. C. In a large gathering the enthusiasm is always quickened, all those who have been enabled to enter into the spirit of the Assembly will coincide with our use of the words that verily it is a "feast of reason and flow of soul."

The annual camp-meeting for the Pacific Coast, of the Methodist Episcopal Church will take place in June, and we learn that some of the features which have so popularized the well known Ocean Grove of the East, will be introduced this year, and the attendance promises to exceed that of any former camp-meeting occasion in this Grove. The California conference of the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church will hold its thirty-fourth annual session in September, in the Grove, and we are informed that there will be other assemblies meeting here, during the summer, all of which will be helpful in making the season of '86 at Pacific Grove unusually lively.

## PERMANENT RESIDENTS AT THE GROVE.

The following is a list of the permanent residents at the Grove, representing about fifty-seven cottages:

Mr. P. W. Fish, Mrs. Julia Whitney, Miss Julia Ostrom and sister, Harvey Tilton, William Guentel, Mrs. N. J. Healey, W. H. H. Hatch, J. F. Fies, Mrs. Brigham, Mr. Hoffman, (Painter), Mrs. E. H. Thomas, W. H. Hoyt, G. S. Crosby, W. H. Johnson, Thos. Harper, Anson Litchfield, Mrs. Edith Beach, Mrs. E. C. Dills, Mrs. Julia Hemdon, John Gray, Mrs. Olmsted, Geo. Laws, Mrs. Adelia Page, Mrs. Judge Swift, Mrs. L. G. Waterhouse, Fred May, Wm. Strickland, Dr. Otis Gibson, Mrs. A. C. McDougall, D. W. Lloyd, C. L. Boyers, H. P. Wilbur, C. E. Davison, Mrs. M. Gordon, Mrs. Dr. Roe, Dr. T. H. Sinex, D. D.; Cyphers Johnson, Mrs.



C. D. Dresser, C. W. Haws, Mrs. B. W. Black, Mr. Estabrook, Ben Barber, Merrill Litamore, W. B. Joyce, J. A. Pell, Chas. Brown, Mr. Cook, Mr. Henry Slack, Mr. J. A. C. Gunter, Mr. David Woodruff, Henry Yeaman, Mr. Woods, (in care Hydes' cottage) Mr. Everts, Mr. C. H. Cummings Sr., Mr. C. H. Cummings Jr., Mr. J. A. Bowen, Mr. J. C. Johnson, Mr. Hadsell,

## SUMMER COTTAGES.

The following is a list of owners of the most attractive cottages used as summer residences:

Capt. Chas. Goodall, R. McElroy, Rev. F. F. Jewell, D. D., L. D. Stone, A. Dulton, E. E. Ames, Mrs. J. W. Jones, R. A. Hyde, W. H. Porter, Mrs. S. K. Thornton, Mrs. M. Graton, Mrs. Seigelthinger, Dr. Otis Gibson, Mrs. Goodall, Mr. Comfort, Mrs. B. E. Arnold, Mrs. May, Samuel Hancock, Mrs. E. L. Huntingh, San Francisco; Hon. F. E. Spencer, F. Field, Mrs. M. E. Stewart, Prof. Everett Pomeroy, Miss M. Lennont, Mrs. E. Beau, W. B. Mitchell, Mrs. Pease, James A. Clayton, H. Hart, H. J. H. Appleton, Mrs. Helen Lewis, Thomas Plummer, A. Benedict, Dr. Spin, J. L. Strong, Miss M. E. B. Norton, R. L. Higging, Dr. Snell, L. E. Appleton, W. B. Baker, San Jose; Hon. J. Frank Clark, Mrs. H. Orth, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Jane Griffins, Judge Denton, Mrs. J. L. Hantoor, A. L. Upson, Mrs. O. R. Amsden, Sacramento; Senator B. F. Langford, W. H. Keeler, Mrs. W. P. Miller, Frank Witherly, J. J. Stevenson, Stockton; David Jacks, (4 cottages) Edmund Burwick, Mrs. W. Sutton, Mrs. B. V. Sargent, Monterey; W. H. Oliver, G. G. Johnson, Hollister; Mrs. S. A. Emery, Lucy Hill, Oakdale; W. J. Hill, (Editor Index) Hon. Paris Kilban, J. H. McDougall, C. Hoffman, Dr. Trimmer, James Hogan, Salinas City; George E. Hersey, (Cashier Gilroy Bank) Miss Severance, Gilroy; Rev. Dr. Bentley, Alameda; W. A. Carrothers, Merced; Mrs. Hannah Medan, Mr. Stevens, Dr. Sixe, Santa Clara; G. S. Cooley, Marysville; H. Dixon, Modesto; Mr. Lakeman, Grass Valley.

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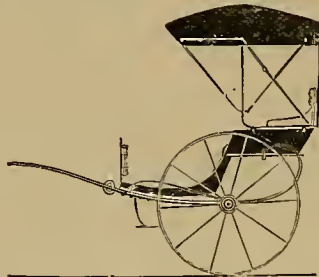
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EMANUEL COHEN, Prop.

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Orders from the country attended to with promptness  
and dispatch.

[ESTABLISHED 1866.]

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At Santa Cruz, the Popular Resort of California. Do not fail to call at the Pioneer  
**REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENCY** of A. J. HINDS  
He Buys and Sells Fruit and Farm Lands, City Property, Rents Houses, and is well posted on Property and  
Prices, being a resident of Santa Cruz 31 years. Also Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
**PIANOS, ORGANS AND SEWING MACHINES.**  
*184 Pacific Ave., Santa Cruz, Cal.* A. J. HINDS.



## VISIT

SANTA CRUZ, CAL., THE NEWPORT OF THE PACIFIC.

—AND STOP AT—

## THE PACIFIC OCEAN HOUSE.

THE LARGEST AND BEST HOTEL IN THE CITY.

Street Cars Pass the door every few minutes for the beach

The Table is supplied with the best the market affords.

**RATES:** \$2.00 AND \$2.50 PER DAY,  
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Special Rates given to Families and Monthly Guests.

E. J. SWIFT, Prop.

E. J. Swift will open the well-known **POPE HOUSE**, of Santa Cruz, April 1st, 1886, and keep it open all the year round as a first-class family hotel. The hotel and cottages are being newly furnished, and in all respects will be made attractive and pleasant for guests.

## Pacific Transfer Express Co

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MONTEREY, CAL.

## Pure Drugs,

CHEMICALS, &amp;c.

HUMPHREY'S HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS.

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A full and Complete Line of Stationery.

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We are here and here to stay, and we do not propose to let you forget it.

When you are in want of anything in any of our various lines, you will find us prepared to supply the very best of its kind promptly, carefully, courteously, and at the lowest price consistent with the quality of the article.

The skillful and accurate dispensing of medicines shall always be our chief work. For this we are educated, have made it a long study, and can assure the careful attention which this responsible work requires. Physicians' Prescriptions and Family Receipts a specialty.

To "Del Monte" and "Pacific Grove" visitors: Our large and well-selected stock, including a comprehensive assortment of everything usually found in a well appointed drug and stationery store merits your attention.

We study to please, and are confident we can supply you with everything you want in our line economically and satisfactorily.

Trusting to see all the readers of the DEL MONTE WAVE at our store shortly, we are,

Very Truly Yours,

FRANCIS M. HILBY.

## A BELLE'S STRATEGEAM.

[Long Islander.]

A young lady of Smithtown returned home a little late the other evening, and, after a parting word at the gate with a "some one else," crept up on the front stoop and softly inserted the night latch-key in the lock, unfastened the door, and crept in the house so as not to awaken her parents, who were slumbering up stairs. But luck was against her, for she upset a chair, and a voice from above immediately asked: "Who's there?" "Only me, papa." "What time is it, and where have you been?" "I only went down to ———'s to spend the evening." Imagine the young lady's feelings when she heard her parental ancestor get up and prepare to come down stairs. She immediately set her brain to work to get out of the coming storm. She at last fell upon the idea that she had better turn the clock a little back, so she went to the mantelpiece, and as there was no lamp in the room, she had to feel for it. She found it, and gave the key which turns the hands a twist, and with a smile sat down to warm her feet and await the arrival of her dear papa. In due time he arrived, and brought with him a lamp. The hands of that much-abused clock registered 5:30 A. M. The young lady, instead of turning the hands back, had turned them ahead. What followed we don't like to tell.

## A PERSONAL GAME.

[Binghamton Republican.]

"Will you play something, Mr. Dobbins?" asked Johnny, of his big sister's beau one evening.

"But, my little man, I don't know how," replied Adolphus kindly.

"You do, too," protested Johnny; "Maud said there was something you could play bully."

"Did she?" with a pleased smile. What did Miss Maud say I could play so well?"

"The fool."

## Del Monte Drug Store,

Alvarado St., MONTEREY,

Is the place where you will always find a large and select stock of

## Pure Drugs and Chemicals,

Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumes, Druggist Sundries and Fancy Goods, Fine Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes

Also a full line of Bandages, Brushes, and Chest Protectors. Arctic Soda Fountain, and Mineral Water. Siphons

filled to order. Stationery Department, comprising a full line of writing material, Seaside and Lovell's Libraries regularly on sale.

A full assortment of Artists' Paints, Brushes, Canvas, Etc., also Eye-

Glasses Spectacles, Etc., Etc. Prescriptions Carefully Compounded by a regularly licensed Pharmacist.

Office of J. P. E. HEINTZ, M. D.,

At the Del Monte Drug Store.

## MUSICAL.

ERNST LOWENBERG,

419 Ellis Street, SAN FRANCISCO.

## TEACHER of PIANOFORTE

Also Teacher of Singing.

PUPIL OF G. B. GALVANI.

Joseph Schulte, Jr.

Monterey, Cal

WATCHMAKER,

JEWELER,

AND OPTICIAN.



Your Attention is Directed to the Famous Grocery Establishments of

# LEBENBAUM BROTHERS,

Successors to C. J. HAWLEY & CO.

THE LEADING IMPORTERS ON THE PACIFIC COAST OF

Fine Groceries and Table Delicacies.

Tea and Wine Merchants.

215 and 217 Sutter Street, adjoining Centre Market,

and at Polk Street, corner California,

SAN FRANCISCO.

This Firm enjoys a well deserved reputation for supplying the freshest goods, the best quality, and the most extensive variety to be found on this Coast. At the same time the vast extent of their trade makes it possible for them, by giving their Patrons the benefit of wholesale rates, to sell at lower prices than are to be obtained anywhere else. The principles of unqualified straightforwardness which characterize their dealings with the Public, have won for LEBENBAUM BROTHERS the implicit confidence of their patrons, comprising to a large extent the élite of the Coast who find it a convenience to be relieved, in a measure, from the worry of a minute personal control of their household arrangements.

LEBENBAUM BROTHERS' stores, both at 215 and 217 Sutter Street, a few doors up from that lively corner at Kearny and Sutter, and at the California Street corner of the Polk Street thoroughfare, are stocked with the choicest domestic and imported delicacies. Their arrangements for supplying exquisite Lunch Provisions in the most tasty baskets for Pick-nickers and Excursionists are unsurpassed, and the limit of our advertisement precludes the naming of all the Patés and Dainty Viands imported for this season. Suffice it to say that the excursionist may enjoy through the agency of this house, all the luxuries forming the delight of the sojourner at Brighton or Cowes, Boulogne and Trouville, or Helgoland and Ostend, in addition to the pick of Eastern dainties and the delicious gifts of our own California.

EXTRA QUALITIES OF COFFEES, Ground fresh daily, and absolutely pure. CHOICE TEAS, English Breakfast, Congou, Superfine Souchong, Mandarin Oolong, and Fine Japan Teas. The celebrated Caravan Tea.

Daily Fresh Supplies of the Best Table Butter and Fresh Ranch Eggs.

Wine Department Replete with the Choicest Selections.

Dr. The most renowned brands of Imported Champagne.

Choice French Clarets, Burgundies and Sauternes. Old Ports and Sherries, Hock and Moselle Wines.

Dr. Lubowsky's Celebrated Sanitary Tokay.

The best of California Wines. The Choicest Whiskies, Brandies and Cordials.

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Seaside Resort.

Pacific Grove Retreat

Near Monterey,  
California.

WITHIN THE MEANS OF ALL!

New and Unlimited Water Supply from the Carmel River!

INCREASED ACCOMMODATIONS!

New and Very Choice Building Lots!

## PACIFIC GROVE

Is situated on the beautiful Bay of Monterey, and connected with the ancient capital of the State by a pleasant drive of one and a-half miles, over a macadamized road lately constructed. In beauty of location it cannot be excelled—its graceful pines, extending to the water's edge, affording a delightful refuge from the heat of the sun. It has long been established as a medical fact, that a residence in a country wooded with pines is peculiarly beneficial for all those suffering from bronchial or throat affections. As a healthful place of resort, it is not surpassed by any locality in the State.

Many improvements have been made, such as the laying out and grading of new streets and walks, enlarging the bathing-beach, etc.

## NEW AND DESIRABLE LOTS

For building residences or for tenting purposes, can be purchased reasonably. Maps will be on exhibition at the Grove and a person will be in attendance to show the ground and state prices. Every lot has been staked out, so that purchasers can see immediately their boundary lines. In order to continue the Grove in the same manner as heretofore, each deed stipulates that no intoxicating liquors or gambling will be allowed on the grounds, and that said land and premises shall be used exclusively for private dwellings. A large number of lots were sold during the past season, and many new residences erected.

For maps and further information, apply to

J. O. JOHNSON,

Superintendent Pacific Grove, Monterey,

MONTEREY COUNTY, CAL.

The attention of those who often have a few days at their disposal for recreation is called to the particular advantages possessed by this peerless seaside resort. Parties wishing to visit the Grove will notice that they have the right to provide themselves with everything needful during their entire stay, and that they are invited to avail themselves of this privilege, especially during the assembly of the C. L. S. C., as furnished accommodations may not be sufficient for all. The climate is all that can be desired, being remarkably equable, varying but little during the year, and is far milder than any place situated farther north. Oppressively warm days are unknown—and it is seldom unpleasantly cold. The encampment is unsurpassed for grandeur and beauty of scenery, commanding a splendid view of the Bay of Monterey, and in close proximity to the Light-house, and within a morning's walk of that pearl of beauties, Cypress Point. For bathing purposes the beach is unequaled, having a gradual slope; and invalids wishing to take Warm Sea Baths can avail themselves of the opportunity at the New Bathing Pavilion of the Hotel del Monte. A four-horse coach makes four trips daily, to and from the Grove—(not so frequent on Sundays.) All places of interest can now be reached by one of the finest drives in the State, over a macadamized road of twenty-five miles. For ladies and children, a more pleasant occupation cannot be found than in gathering the exquisite mosses and shells with which the beach abounds. Croquet grounds, swings, and white sand boxes for children. Salt and fresh water fishing, boating, sailing and other opportunities for outdoor occupation and enjoyment. All kinds of game can be found at easy distance. The Grove is connected with all parts of the State by railroad and steamboat.



# DEL MONTE WAVE.

Vol. I. No. 4.

Monterey, California, April, 1886.

10 Cents.

## WAVELETS.

There are other courts than lawn tennis ones at Del Monte.

Mrs. Goodform has the *knee plus ultra* of bathing-suits for the coming summer.

It is not the right thing to make too many trips to the club-house and try and lay it all to the brandy peaches.

When Moody and Sankey visit Del Monte they will find that the young ladies there are very fond of the hims.

The superintendent of the livery business has never been known to Palmer a mean outfit on a fellow yet.

If "health is wealth" then there are oceans of pretty girls at Del Monte who are worth their weight in gold.

The "sea-saw" waltz ought to be very popular at all ocean-side places during the coming "sea"son.

The Salinas girls say Pop, and the Castroville maids Paw, while the dainty Montereyans give us Pop-paw.

"What a freezing way that lady has who arrived here from the south a few days ago." "Yes, she is from Florida."

Paradoxical as it may seem, the Del Monte girls may have a racket and not indulge in anything more elevating than lawn tennis.

There are those occasionally get "half seas over" who never go near salt water at all—or any other kind of water, so far as that is concerned.

General Sherman could not have it all his own way on the beach at Monterey, where Neptune daily embraces so many superior girls.

"I'm surf-eited!" exclaimed old Ruby, as he emerged from the sad sea waves with a pocket full of salt water down his throat.

Old ocean makes no distinction between the rich and the poor—indeed, there are none so poor that they may not ride upon the top wave."

When a large number of ladies get together in the ball-room, even if there is not much noise, there is a good deal of bustle.

Those who have to rush off on the early train are not over fond of a certain beautiful song, called "Five o'clock in the morning."

"She can swim much better than she can sing," said the gentleman from Bodie; "mark how daintily she touches the high sea—do you C?"

While she warbled "I'm saddest when I sing," she only conveyed a slight idea of the emotion of those who were compelled to listen to her.

She had "been left" in the selection of a tennis party, and she said to her friend, Colonel Born: "I am forsaken and for lawn—I wish I never had been born.

"Where are the friends of my youth?" she sung; while we shudder to remark that possibly some of them are being dug up at Pompeii and Herculaneum.

He asked her what made her so freckled, and thought he had run against a buzz saw when she turned on her heel and replied, "Looking at fools."

It is a noteworthy fact that no woman whom we have ever met likes Mumm wine. Women forget that said wine though Mumm, speaks for itself

Mrs. Fatandforty declares that she feels as young as ever; but the crow—nological evidence that she is no longer drinking from the Ponce de Leon springs are accumulating right in her face and eyes.

When old Moneybags, the widower, gets to running after a certain pretty young girl at Monterey, the young fellows around whisper to each other "and the villain still purs—ued her."

"Remember the Sabbath Day, and keep it holy," she said to the handsome young man, with a fishing outfit, last Sunday morning, as he stepped off the verandah. "Yes, my dear, *wholly* for fishing."

First bank clerk (financially) while watching the graceful movements of a well-known heiress in the tanks: "She has a splendid legacy." Second do. do. (who was taking observations of a physical character: "Perfectly magnificent!"

"I have just made up my mind," said the sweet little one of 17, to some others of her own set, "never to wear anything but black silk stockings hereafter;" and a young man standing near went off and informed all his friends.

The east porch is a nice, quiet place for cigarette smoking on evenings when the moon is not too full to see. There are no theatrical performances permitted in the parlors of the Del Monte—dram—atic exercises at the club-house, however, are always in order.

There were a bevy of ethereal ones taking their turns on the Fairbanks the other evening, and in vain they besought the very substantial Miss—to join them, who positively declined, however saying that she didn't care about giving herself a weigh.

During the past winter there were several spindle-shanked people at Del Monte from Lowell, some melodious ones from Sing Sing, a wild youth from Buffalo, a wealthy family from Richland, a milesian from Patterson, a man's rights woman from Galveston, a quiet crowd from Concord, and a strawberry blonde from Red Wing.

## HOW TO DISCOURAGE A TRAMP.

[Kinderhook Rough Notes.]

"Who's that at the kitchen door?" asked Mr. Jollikin of his young wife last Sunday just after breakfast.

"It's a tramp, and I'm bothered to death with them," she replied.

"Wait a minute, my dear," said her husband, "I'll fix him so he won't trouble you any more."

He kissed her and went out, and in five minutes he returned.

"Well," queried his wife, "did you fix him?"

"Yes; I gave him something to eat."

"Why you shouldn't have done that. He'll be sure to come right back and worry me more than ever," she said petulantly.

"Oh, no, he won't. I gave him a pocketful of these biscuits you made for breakfast."

## LOVE'S LIMPID STREAM FROZEN CLEAR ACROSS.

[Cincinnati Sam.]

"Why, May, what is the matter between you and Johnny Jones?"

"Euough's the matter, Belle."

"But what is it?"

"Why, he offered me a bite of candy after he'd given Puss Smith one, and I don't bite after any other girl."

When May reaches thirty she will change her mind.





VIEW SHOWING SOUTH AND WEST FRONTAGE.

From Photographs by Watkins taken in Mid-Winter.

## HOTEL DEL MONTE, AT MONTEREY.

### Monterey, California.

#### AMERICA'S FAMOUS SUMMER AND WINTER RESORT.

"Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers;  
And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flowers."

#### DEL MONTE.

Naturally enough, the guest would prefer to know something of the roof that covers him, the grounds that invite him, and the flowers that delight him. The hotel was built and finished in the one hundred days preceding the third of June, 1880, upon which occasion its doors were thrown open for genteel patronage, and have never since been closed. The Del Monte, as it is familiarly called, is one of the rarest hotel successes on record; and its fame, as a blessed and beloved place, has been sounded in every civilized land. Monterey had long been known to have been a favorite place with thousands who have "joined the majority," but none seemed to have had it in their hearts to woo the tourist thither, until those master-minds who had done so much for California, bethought themselves of erecting a magnificent house of entertainment right near a famous old town, where the temperature is so equable the year round, and where the winds from far-off Cathay are so healthful and exhilarating, that one can hardly tell the winter months from the summer ones, except that the former are slightly more strengthening and agreeable, if anything, than the latter. The site selected was in the midst of a lovely grove of oak and pine, the trees being sufficiently scattered to admit of the adornment of the grounds, by means of driveways, footpaths, lawns, and beds of flowers. A plat of 126 acres was set aside and inclosed as the hotel grounds, while 7,000 acres more were purchased for other purposes. The fact that the visitor may ride a score of miles over well-kept macadamized roads, and be nearly all the time within the borders of the hotel company's property, serves to show, in some measure, the vast extent of these possessions. Since it was originally established the house has been enlarged by the addition of a capacious wing. The new portion of the hotel forms an extension of the main front, although running back at a different angle. The rooms are large and airy, and the visitor, expecting to find an ordinary hotel, a house of public accommodation, constructed and conducted purely for purposes of profit, where the surroundings are all oppressively suggestive of the commercial rather than the social aspect of life, will be disappointed, and agreeably so. In its external and internal appearance, and in the social atmosphere and tone which pervade the entire establishment, the

Hotel del Monte reminds one infinitely more of a modern English country mansion than of an American watering-place hotel. It is pronounced by all who have been within its agreeable influences, as the handsomest and best kept watering place hotel in America. The office or lobby in the front center of the building is a cosy apartment 42 by 48 feet, containing a mammoth fire place. As in a number of the best Eastern resorts, the office is intended as much for the occupancy of ladies as for gentlemen. Connected with the lobby is a pleasant reading and writing room, 24 by 36 feet, and beyond this, and entered from the spacious hallway is a ladies' billiard-room, 25 by 62 feet, one of the largest and at the same time most elegant apartments for such uses, to be found in any hotel in America. A ladies' parlor, 34 by 42 feet, lies beyond this room, and partly in the rear, and approached by means of both a hallway and a covered veranda, is a fine ball-room, 36 by 72 feet. Beyond this is the new wing, four stories in height. The apartments are sunny, roomy, well lighted and well ventilated, and here, as well as in the main section of the house, are means of artificial heat, when such is required. The hall or corridors in both the old and new portions of the house are wide and lofty, and the stair-cases are also capacious. The dining-room is an elegant apartment 45 by 70 feet, and there is also a dining-room for children and servants, and rooms for private parties. The kitchen is 33 by 40 feet. The hotel is lighted throughout with gas made at the works upon the grounds, and supplied with pure water from the Carmel River. No pains have been spared to provide against fire, both in perfect construction of flues, and in the apparatus for extinguishing flames. The main part of the hotel is 385 feet in length, independent of the wings, and its width is 115 feet. The main, or front division, is three stories in height, with additional floors in the broad towers. There are rooms *en suite*, parlor and bed-room, and also single rooms on every floor. The central tower, or observatory, is 25 by 30 feet, and about 80 feet high, and the end towers, have an elevation of 50 feet. The house is elegantly furnished throughout, and is kept so scrupulously neat and clean, that the visitor is sure to think it can have been opened but yesterday. The bar, bowling-alley, and smoking-room are contained in a separate building, and still further away, hidden by the trees, is a finely-appointed stable and carriage-house. As driving constitutes one of the leading amusements of Monterey, the latter appurtenances have been especially looked after. There are accommodations for sixty or more horses, and there is telephone communication between hotel and stable. Both hot and cold water are carried through the hotel in pipes, and the house is provided with all other modern appliances and improvements. There are bath rooms on the different floors, free to the guests. In front and at the ends of the house are broad, shaded verandas, where guests may sit and inhale the pure air fresh from the ocean, perfumed with the aroma of flowers, or preferring exercise, or indulge in the gentle excite





BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF MONTEREY, "THE QUEEN OF AMERICAN WATERING-PLACES."

ment of shuffle-board. The grounds surrounding the hotel present the perfection of art in the way of landscape gardening. Under the direction of Mr. R. Ulrich, an accomplished landscape gardener, a corps of between forty and fifty men is kept constantly engaged in embellishing the gardens, avenues, and walks. The approach to the hotel from the railway station is by a winding avenue, shaded by venerable trees, or by a graveled walk forming a more direct route. The distance is slight, since the hotel has a station upon its own grounds. To the left is a little lake, with a fountain, bearing its old Spanish title of Laguna del Rey. The hotel is first seen through a vista of trees, and, in its beautiful embowerment of foliage and flowers, resembles some rich private home in the midst of a broad park. This impression is heightened when the broader extent of avenues, lawns, and flower-boarded walks come into view. The gardener's art has turned many acres into a choice conservatory, where the richest flowers blossom in profusion. Here and there are swings, croquet grounds, an archery, lawn-tennis courts, and bins of fine beach sand, the latter being intended for the use and amusement of the children who cannot await the bathing-hour for the daily visit to the beach. The use of all these, as well as of the ladies' billiard saloon, is free to guests. In all directions there are seats for loungers. Through a vista formed by the umbrageous oaks and pines, the huge, bulbous forms of a varied family of cacti are seen. In another place is a bewildered maze. Everywhere flowers and rare plants abound, and every avenue and pathway is bordered by intricate floral devices. In any direction the eye may turn are fresh visions of beauty. In the fall of 1883, a great improvement was consummated in the introduction of an abundant supply of pure, soft water from the Carmel River. Extensive water-works were constructed at an expense of over half a million dollars. The supply not only meets every requirement of the hotel, but also feeds the great fountain in the lake.

#### THE PAVILION.

In connection with Del Monte, extensive improvements have been carried out in addition to those observable in its immediate neighborhood. The chief of these has been the construction of many miles of driveways along the picturesque coast. Leaving the Hotel del Monte for a drive, one gains the outer world over a grandly-shaped avenue which winds towards the pavilion and beach. And what a beach, indeed! Not only one of the finest on the Pacific Coast, but in the world—entirely free from stones below high water mark, and also free from undertow. The water in winter is generally not too cold for enjoyment, and surf-bathing is frequently indulged in. It is doubtful if every visitor can as easily adapt himself to the sea, however, and to accommodate those who may prefer a warmer temperature than the surf can give, a luxurious swimming-bath has been erected at a cost of upwards of \$75,000. The great tanks are 150 feet in length and 50 feet in width. There are four separate tanks, holding in the aggregate 450,000 gallons of sea-water, the depth being graduated from three to six

six feet. The pavilion is about half a mile from the hotel. A short distance from the pavilion is the station of the Northern Division of the Southern Pacific Co. The tourist is now driven up into the old town.

#### MONTEREY.

Aside from its historical celebrity, its climate, healthfulness and delightful situation, there are many attractions in the old town:—such, for instance, as the Cuartel, on California street; Colton Hall, the old Block House and the Fort, the old Custom House, Calaboose and Commissariat, Catholic Church, Cemetery, and whaling and fishing ponds. All of the above-named places are objects of more or less interest, according to the fancy of the beholder. The Catholic Church was built in 1794, or nearly 100 years ago, and is constructed of fine white stone; the altar is the work of an Italian, and is regarded as a fine piece of art; there are also life-size paintings of the Saints, and there are other paintings of great age and beauty. As many as five and six hundred people may worship in this church at a time. The Cemetery is situated across the estero, or slough, and is about half-way between the church and hotel grounds. It overlooks the bay and is covered with trees and flowers and grasses. A brief description of Monterey is presented: In the month of December, 1602, Don Sebastian Vizcayno, acting under instructions of Philip III of Spain, sailed into the placid waters of what is now known as the Bay of Monterey, and landing with two priests and a number of soldiers, took possession of the country in the name of its royal master. A cross was erected by Vizcayno, and religious ceremonies were performed at an improvised altar, beneath the gracious protection of an umbrageous oak. The spot was called Monterey in honor of Gaspar de Zuniga, Count de Monterey, at the time Viceroy of Mexico, and the projector and patron of the expedition. In 1769 Gaspar de Portala, Governor of Lower California, headed an expedition northward, and marching by Monterey, which he was attempting to find, reached San Francisco Bay, upon which he and his two attendant priests, Father Juan Crespi and Francisco Gomez, bestowed its present name. This expedition was fitted out in the interest of Padre Junipero Serra, who had just been placed at the head of sixteen missionaries from the Franciscan convent of San Fernando, all of whom were to be sent into Alta California to labor among the Indians. Portala's first expedition having failed in its purpose, a second was sent from San Diego in 1770. This was in two divisions, Father Junipero Serra and a company of priests going by sea, and Portala by land. The brig San Antonio, which conveyed the forces by water, landed at Monterey on the 31st of May, after a voyage of forty-six days. Portala had reached the spot eight days before. The latter, on his previous march northward, had erected a cross, which served in this visit to guide him onward. The San Antonio had, a year previous, brought to San Diego the first party of white men who came to make a permanent settlement in what was then Upper, or New California. Monterey thrived, and eventually became one of the largest shipping-points on the coast, while the neighboring mission also increased



both in spiritual and temporal influence. The place early became the capital of the Territory, and many of the Governors under Spanish, Mexican and American rule made it their homes. The final event of public importance in Monterey was the meeting of the Constitutional Convention of California, early in August, 1849. The old town is situated upon the gently sloping shores of Monterey Bay, with one of the loveliest outlooks upon the Pacific imaginable; near it, upon the south, a peninsular juts out several miles into the sea forming the barrier of the bay in that direction, and in front is a beautiful beach of clean, white sand, across which the waves are ever chasing each other in white mantles. The Bay of Monterey is a magnificent sheet of water, and abounds in many kinds of fish, especially rock-cod, barracuda, pompano, Spanish mackerel, and flounder; and these may be taken at all seasons of the year. Upon the beaches below Monterey are found many varieties of sea mosses, shells, pebbles, and agates, and some of these are very brilliant in color. The bay is well protected, and is delightfully adapted to yachting. Across the turquoise sea, twenty miles or so away, lies Santa Cruz at the northern entrance to Monterey Bay. In no land in the world does verdure reach a higher state of perfection than in California; and, although the soil in the neighborhood of Monterey is not of the best, trees, plants and flowers abound, adding their varied tints to the beauty of the landscape. The hues of the ocean and sky rival the tropics, and the profusion of vegetable life and loveliness also suggest a far-southern clime.

#### LATE ARRIVALS AT HOTEL DEL MONTE.

P. F. Besdan and wife, J. W. Cummings and wife, E. E. Dwight and wife, Dr. W. C. Chapman and wife, J. G. Mitchell and wife and daughter, Toledo, Ohio; H. C. Parker and wife and two sons, Mrs. S. P. French, Miss A. Smith, Miss F. G. Smith, Detroit, Michigan; G. W. Peck and wife, Milwaukee; C. Taber and wife, Boston; J. Henning and wife, Kansas; D. Hunter and wife, S. F.; W. Mitchell and wife, Ohio; R. Holmes and wife, Denver; J. McEwen and wife, Chicago; H. C. Brakes and wife, Denver; Mrs. Chas. Payn two children and maid, S. F.; E. A. Moore, Boston; C. C. Bush and wife, Redding, Cal.; Mrs. H. A. Greely, Miss N. D. Greeley New Hampshire; C. Barnard, Boston; Mrs. S. Barclay, Denver; Col. Watson, England; E. W. Playter, Miss L. Playter, Miss G. Playter, Miss Playter, Mrs. S. B. Parsons, Miss L. Parsons, Oakland; W. Wast, Mrs. Snow, Miss Snow, St. Louis; Mrs. Seal, Berkeley; C. T. Gorham and wife, Marshall, Michigan; E. L. Paddock and wife, Watertown, N. Y.; M. P. Turner, A. D. Ogborn, Indiana; S. K. Vickery, Australia; A. C. Spoffard and wife, Rockford, Ill.; J. Mitchell and wife, Rev. W. Mitchell and wife, Mrs. Saffron, Cincinnati, Ohio; R. E. Rammond and wife, F. B. Taylor and wife and child, S. F.; H. B. Nichols, New York; W. M. Curtis and wife, Detroit; G. B. Fisher, Mrs. J. F. Hervey, Chicago; Mrs. S. H. Chapin, Rockford, Illinois; Mrs. S. W. Sawyer, Oakland; Miss J. Yeomans, Mrs. J. C. Barnum, Rochester, N. Y.; G. W. Young and wife, Chicago; Miss Studebaker, Indiana, E. A. Driver and son, E. P. Ripley and wife, A. Hannab and wife and child, C. F. Love and wife, Chicago; W. D. Sanborn, M. Hopkins and wife, S. F.; L. A. Lockwood, Miss F. Lockwood, Miss A. Benedict, New York; G. K. Frink, S. F.; Mrs. Geomly, H. C. Wells and wife, New York; F. O. Downing, F. T. Baker, Oakland; Rev. A. Phelps and wife, Miss M. B. Phelps, Ohio; A. E. Phelps and wife, F. Phelps, S. F.; Mrs. A. H. Swan, Miss Swan, Mrs. J. Hunton, Mrs. B. Richey, Cheyenne; G. G. Rodgers and wife, St. Paul; C. H. Miller and wife, Nebraska; Mrs. F. Browne, Iowa; C. E. DeWolfe and wife, Indiana; Miss E. Metcalf, New York; Miss De Hauen, D. G. Bennett, S. F.; A. F. Kent and wife, Jamestown, New York; F. H. Rockwell and family, Warren, Pa.; J. Beesley, New York; G. W. Gray, Omaha, J. R. Barrett and wife, Sedalia, Mo.; Mrs. J. D. Wilson, S. F.; G. W. Armstrong and wife, child and maid, Boston; N. Hooker, Miss L. Hooker, H. B. Keesing, S. F.; B. F. Lee, Ohio; S. H. Forman, New York; Mrs. A. L. Tabor, Denver; C. W. Shaw and wife, Wm. H. Crocker, H. J. Crocker, S. F.; P. B. Connell and wife, child, W. E. Mortimer and wife and two daughters, A. H. Pickering and wife, child, Miss M. A. Rufkin, Chicago; Silas Alden, Bangor, Maine; R. W. McCready and wife, Chicago; L. C. Hall, New York; Col. Patrick Joyce, Louisville; James D. Thornton, San Francisco; Miss McIntosh, Joliet, Illinois; John Wilson, New York; Mrs. S. H. Mallony, Miss Mallony, Iowa; Mrs. W. T. Willis, Miss N. E. Willis, Rockford, Illinois; J. Wadsworth, Miss M. Beach, Miss DeBillier, N. A. Prentiss and wife, New York; C. D. Mosher and wife, Chicago; C. H. Pettit and wife, Mrs. B. T. Pettit, Mrs. R. A. McCullough, Minneapolis; A. E. McKeehan, Chicago; Wm. Smith and wife, Australia; M. C. Clark and wife, New York; F. H. Rockwood, Warren, Pa.; J. W. Webb, London; J. V. Safford, Springfield; G. F. Kirby and wife, Miss Kirby, Iowa; Mrs. Crouse, New York; J. McMullen, San Francisco; A. Bennett and wife, Michigan; R. H. Grierson, Texas; B. H. Grierson, Jr.; D. Willser, New York; W. J. Rotch and wife and family; H. Hathaway and wife and family, Newport, R. I.; D. T. Percy and wife, Maine; C. L. Fair, San Francisco; W. H. Bradley and wife, Bradford, Pa.; S. Doss and wife, Kansas, Mo.; S. B. Stanley and wife, San Francisco; W. P. Merrill and wife, W. T. Sherman and wife, Milwaukee; A. Michel and wife, Chicago; F. L. Robbins and wife, Pittsburgh, Pa.; F. E. Moore and wife, Ohio; F. N. Voorhees, New York; W. S. Stringley, St. Louis; Mrs. L. C. Lawton, Mrs. Wm. Means and three daughters, Cincinnati; A. G. Otis, wife and daughter, Kansas; J. K. Dorn and wife, J. M. Weitz, Ohio; L. D. Stone, Miss Stone, Mrs. M. Armstrong, Mrs. F. S. Johnson, child and maid, Miss M. L. Thorne, S. F.; H. A. Hayden and wife, Miss A. Bennett, Miss A. W. Hayden, H. Clarke, Michigan; E. O. Hart and wife, Scranton, Mass.; E. P. Low, Honolulu; S. O. Houghton, San Jose; O. W. Clapp and wife, D. O. Clapp, Chicago; B. Dominick and wife, Mrs. J. M. Courtney, New York City; Mrs. L. M. Lyler, Kentucky; A. L. Kimball and wife, S. P. Gardner and wife, F. H. Taylor and wife, Haverhill, Mass. Mrs. Tewksbury, Miss Tewksbury, Chicago; F. C. Lenlie and wife, Boston; J. W. Sheldon, Michigan; F. W. Pillsbury and wife, A. W. Hastings and wife, Minneapolis; B. P. Conelson and wife, Michigan; C. F. Mullins, S. F.; B. A. Wardell, Girty; E. Canby and wife, Dayton, Ohio; E. Davey, New York; L. Hatch, Richmond, Va.; G. A. Nickerson, Boston; O. J. Moseley, England; B. F. Brown and wife, Kentucky; T. J. Mason and wife, Texas; H. Hudson and wife, Mrs. T. H. Prettyman, C. J. Hudson, Covington, Ky.; J. T. Cornforth, Denver; E. J. Hootl and wife, Sacramento; P. M. Flanagan, Chicago; C. C. Pennell and wife, S. F.; A. Brentz and wife and child, Michigan; Geo. Romsarell and wife, Chicago; C. L. Colman and wife, A. M. Mullian and wife, La Crosse; Z. T. Mathewa and wife, Iowa; Dr. J. B. Marfield, A. R. Persinger, Nebraska; A. R. Moneton, Boston; E. F. Swift, Chicago, Illinois.

#### PAINTING LILIES OF THE BALLET.

[New York Letter to the Buffalo Express.]

Eleven young women stood in a row. There ought to have been an even dozen, but something was the matter with the missing twelfth. This was behind the scenes on a stage devoted to a well-known burlesque entertainment. The eleven were a chorus. They were unclad in a manner usual to dramatic shamelessness. But it is about their faces that I am going to write. Their features averaged pretty. The popular conceit that ugliness in private life can by theatric devices be turned into beauty for the foot-lights to shine on is a fallacy. There are some smooth, shapely actresses, with regular faces, who can paint on a coat of youthfulness, but that is exceptional, the general rule being that visages are at a disadvantage under a glare that discloses and magnifies every peculiarity. The eleven were not employed on account of their talent, for they were little more than figurantes, and so the manager had easily insisted that they should be young and comely. When I saw them they had just emerged from their dressing room, and were within ten minutes to appear before an audience. They looked well, except that their countenances were ghastly white.

"What on earth's the matter with them? I asked: "stage fright?"

"Not much," was the reply; "you couldn't scare them with an audience of Booths and Irvings. They've not had their bloom put on yet. Here is their painter. Watch him."

The girls ranged themselves, facing a strong light. A man with a palette and several brushes went up to the one at the end of the line. She stopped her tongue, shut her saucy mouth, and held her face, expressionlessly still. The artist dabbled a brush in the smutch of black paint on the palette and deftly shaped her eyebrows and rimmed her eyelids. Then he took up a brushful of red, spotted her cheeks and covered her lips. Stepping back a pace, he gazed critically at his job. The girl grinned so suddenly and mechanically that I got the impression that she had gone daft; but that was quite in the way of professional duty, and was intended to show him how she would look when she smiled at the audience, so that he could see how to outline the red of her lips. This he did with a few rapid strokes. Finally, he rubbed the color on her cheeks until it blended satisfactorily with the white ground-work, gave her a critical examination from a distance of a dozen feet, and she was ready for exhibition. She thereupon dropped off the end of the line, and the same operation, varied only as the difference of the subject required, was repeated on the next girl. The man's movements were wonderfully quick and dextrous, and the eleventh charmer was finished in a space of time that may as well be called a jiffy.

#### PURE FOOD IN ENGLAND.

[Pall Mall Gazette.]

Out of 113 samples of food submitted by the public inspectors under the Food and Drugs Act, to the medical officers of the parish of Islington during the last year, not one was found to be adulterated. This will be a shock to the pessimists who hug themselves in the belief that in this devil-driven age honesty is impossible. They may fairly take comfort in their favorite formula, "it is too good to be true." The circumstance, perhaps, speaks less for the honesty of Islington than for its skill in hoodwinking the inspectors under the Food and Drugs Act. Most of the articles analyzed are manufactured outside the parish of Islington, so that even if the tradesmen of that delightful district have themselves taken to heart the commandment, "Thou shalt not commit adulteration," it is impossible to believe that in no single case have outside manufacturers imposed upon them with adulterated goods. It is reassuring, nevertheless, to learn that 113 specimens of food which contain no injurious admixture can be discovered in any district of London. The public will find it difficult to believe that the most careful selection could produce such a result.

#### SONS OF A REVOLUTIONARY SIRE.

[Camden, (S. C.) Journal.]

In Kershaw County there are three brothers now living whose father was a soldier in the Revolutionary war. They are Messrs. Hilton Jones, aged 78 years; Col. Burwell Jones, aged 77, and Seaborne Jones, aged 74. Mr. John Jones, the eldest brother, aged 80, is living in Shelly County, Ala. They are sons of the late Samuel Jones, who died in this county in 1847, aged 91 years, and they are all good and worthy descendants of their great ancestor, for their record is equal to that of any citizen in the land—always doing their best in everything that tends to advance the interest and welfare of their country.



## LETTER FROM SANTA CRUZ.

SANTA CRUZ, March 26, 1886.

I trust, that, while I have been commissioned to sing the praises of our fair city, I may not turn my pæans into sounds which may seem Wagnerian. In other words, I do not desire to become too loud. I do not think, however, that, taking everything into consideration, we are not excelled by any watering-place in the world. Beside our splendid beach and climate, we are connected with San Francisco by two lines of rail. Santa Cruz is celebrated for the comeliness of its ladies, who unite grace to manner with loveliness of form and feature. No where in this country can so many winsome faces be seen as at a gathering, public or private, in San Francisco. We have heard gentlemen assert this many a time, and we dwell upon this notable æsthetical attraction, because, after all, the women of a country rule it sentimentally, and, as has been poetically said, without them, this would be "a world without a sun."

Schools, churches, literary associations, libraries, theatre, public halls, and every other convenience for instruction or amusement can be found. There are also many very good hotels for summer and winter occupation, for the transient traveler, or the long-abiding visitor.

The people of this city are hospitable, kind, only too eager to welcome the stranger within their gates. They are, as a mass, reliable in business as they are matchless in entertainment of all who have a right of admission to the sacred precincts of their houses. A gentleman and his wife, who had traveled all over the Union, tarrying for a while in Santa Cruz, and the recipients here of the attention they deserved and appreciated, wrote back when at home once more: "We have journeyed thousands of miles and seen many places and people, but no place and no people charmed us so much as your city and your citizens."

Among our late improvements it may be mentioned that Mr. Place, the well-known merchant, has completed a fine residence; Mr. C. W. Davis has built a handsome cottage, while a nice cottage has also been erected by the Methodist Episcopal Society.

It is generally believed that the taking of the Pope House by Mr. Swift, the well-known and popular proprietor of the Pacific Ocean House, and transforming it into a very superior boarding-house, is a very good thing for Santa Cruz. It is Mr. Swift's intentions to make it the nicest house of the kind on the Pacific Coast, to be kept open summer and winter.

Among the many advertisements in the WAVE, I notice that of Chesnutwood Business College, of this city. This institution is giving our city prominence, and it certainly merits the good reputation it is gaining for itself. It is first-class in all its departments. It was organized in 1884 with 7 pupils, and on February 4th, 1886, the daily roll contained 170 names. Prof. Chesnutwood has had twenty-four years' experience in the work, and the best evidence of his success is the fact that graduates from his colleges have no trouble to secure situations. In consequence of the low rate of board in our city, and moderate price of tuition, pupils can pass through a business course at an exceedingly low expense.

## SALINAS CITY.

Among the attractive points for tourists is the city of Salinas, the county seat of Monterey County. The fine farming lands in that vicinity attract much attention and many inquiries are being made as to the price of land in that locality. Mr. Charles Cone, Jr., after visiting the various localities in the state, seeking a desirable point at which to permanently locate, recently selected a ranch of two hundred and seventy-five acres, about two miles from Salinas City. He purchased it through Mr. W. P. L. Winham, the leading real estate agent of Salinas, for \$13,800 cash.

Among the new-comers at Salinas is Doctor G. B. Richmond Jr., a graduate of the University of New York. The Doctor is the son of Hon. G. B. Richmond of Mass., and purposes to make Salinas his future home.

Messrs. Vanderhurst Sanborn & Co., the leading merchants of the city, speak in the highest terms of the business prospects of that section of the country. They say business is constantly on the increase and the outlook never was as encouraging as at the present time. This firm claims to deal in "everything under the sun." A visit to their place of business, at once convinces one that they have a right to make the assertion, because in passing through their store-houses, ware-rooms, and lumber and coal yards, one sees almost everything that is used in all the various avocations in life. They started business in 1868, and to-day rank among the prominent merchantmen of the state.



TRUMAN, ISHMAN &amp; HOOKER,

421 to 427 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The above cut illustrates the new quarters of Messrs. Truman, Ishman & Hooker, Nos. 421 to 427 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

This firm is composed of Messrs. I. J. Truman, A. H. Ishman, and C. Osgood Hooker. Although in operation only three years, the magnitude of their business has compelled them to move to larger quarters, and now occupy one of the most prominent business buildings in the city. It is situated on the southwest corner of First and Market streets, and was built with a special eye to the requirements of the business. It is five stories high, one hundred and thirty-seven feet deep, and ninety feet front. Truman, Ishman & Hooker occupy the central portion, sixty feet front, from the cellar to the fifth floor. Taking a large elevator, whose motive power is a hydraulic ram, we are carried to the top story or

## FIFTH FLOOR.

From this point a splendid view can be had up and down Market street and over the city. This floor is used for a repository for buggies, carriages and jump-seats, harness and robes. The long rows of wheels with their various colors is, indeed, a very pretty sight; every variety of style is here presented to the customer, and by the liberal terms and reasonable rates offered, the most fastidious can be suited.

## FOURTH FLOOR.

On the fourth floor there are on exhibition spring-wagons and carts, of all sizes, styles and prices. One part of the floor is set apart for a paint shop. The northwestern corner is fitted up for a varnishing room, which enables the firm to send out work in a first-class condition.

## THIRD FLOOR.

This floor is used for trimming buggy-tops and making buggies ready for shipment. The front portion is set apart for the trimming department. This firm can supply anything in the trimming line. We realize they are prepared for repairing tops which have been used; all parts can be supplied. The balance of this floor is used for a stock room and getting vehicles ready for shipment.

## SECOND FLOOR.

Here can be seen all kinds of agricultural implements, among which are McCormick's Machines, Randolf Header, the Petaluma Press, the Monarch Press, the Wild Flower Gang, and a variety of implements which needs to be seen to be appreciated.

## FIRST FLOOR.

The first floor comprises the sales-rooms where a sample of all the stock is conveniently arranged for the inspection of the purchaser. In the rear of this room are the various offices, large and excellent skylight. To the left of the main office are the stenographers offices and the telephone room. To the right is a private office, and above this is a gallery-room the same size, 6x31 feet, for stationary, where wood cuts, circulars, pamphlets and catalogues are consigned to their respective places.

Among the articles this firm manufacture are all kinds of hay baling presses, harrows, wind-mills, horse-powers, grain-mowers, hay-stackers, horse-forks, field-rollers, etc., etc. Their factory is located at 411 Mission street, San Francisco, and is called the San Leandro Manufactory.

In evidence that Truman, Ishman & Hooker is a firm of prosperous growth, one need only to visit their commodious quarters 421 to 427 Market street.



## WATER COLORS IN FRANCE.

PARIS, February 21, 1886.

Of all phases of art, certainly the delicate finely tinted water colorists' skill is one of the most interesting. All over the world people dabble more in water colors than they do in oil; it would be unkind to remark that, perchance for this same reason, it has often been considered a sort of easy way to show one's taste and sentiment. It is undoubtedly more amusing to look at colored drawings than at mere outlines badly hitched together, nevertheless the great drawback to water colors, considered in the light of speculative acquisition of home decoration, or of simple momentary pleasure, has always been their supposed fragility. Long years since, it would appear M. Vibert conceived the idea of giving to this art—in which he excels—the same value, strength, and durability that oils enjoy. He advocated his fancy to Louis Leloir, who classed the bobby "with railroads and steamboats." Vibert, with all his popularity, like other successful men, must have his detractors and non-believers; but no one can deny his faithful conscientiousness, his earnest study, and his steady maintenance of his own high artistic standard in his own ways and means of labor. Nothing daunted, he labored on. Last year at the water color exhibition, he showed his intent and endeavor, and some little fun was made by the local critics as to the longevity of his coloring after being submitted to tub baths and varied ablutions. Lo and behold, this season this Napoleon of painters, has not only demonstrated the full power, practicability, and common sense of his now fully developed method, but he brings, converted to his theory and practice, J. L. Brown, Lambert, Maurice Leloir, and Worms, who are about the best and foremost of the original staff.

M. Vibert explained that these colors are used with water, as is usual, on any kind of paper, silk, linen or gauze; in drying they become somewhat dim, only to regain their original vigor when the operation is terminated. The process of fixing these colors is by means of heat at 100° or 130°, obtained either from a lamp or fire. There is a lamp made expressly for the purpose, and the work can be executed at any time, when the colors are either fresh or dry. Moreover, the water color will bear any amount of re-touching. When the colors are fixed permanently, the work is washed and then again exposed to heat. After this there is no need of glass; the work being impervious to rain, sun, gas, and charcoal, you can almost put it into the washtub. This is but a simple indication of facts fully explained by M. Vibert in a very clear and precise circular, which—bearing his signature—carries its own weight, without trace of pompous advertisement. Moreover, the proof is there in the work of artists who could not afford to waste time, and who simply seek to avoid the only reproach made to this most fascinating branch of art. This progress will certainly interest American amateurs who hitherto have been rather dismayed by the fragility of these delicate treasures. Good water colors are equally as dear as oils. They take quite as much of the artist's time, with far more care and precision of touch, from the beginning of the sketch to the final perforation, if such I might call the minute finishing up, which, in studio slang, is called *pointillage*.

There are many absentees this year and some new-comers, who perhaps do not quite make up for those who are busy elsewhere. Madeline Lemaire, intent upon the illustrations of the "Abbe Constantin," sends no contribution; Detaille also plays truant; Beraud gives no detail of Parisian life, and poor Neuville is sadly missed.

Emile Adan shows far less poetry than usual in his several scenes, except in the top one, perched up so high that only the ambitious figure can scan its village churchyard twilight and its solitary female figure. He has ventured somewhat into English types, as the bending form of the girl drinking out of the trough in her pretty bare feet can suggest.

Next comes Beaumont's illustrations for "Blue Beard" and "The Sleeping Beauty." In olden times children delighted in these simple tales, without expensive outlined commentary; now that the elders have taken to such readings in contrast with Zolaism, they require colored explanations, and the luxury of their edition daily becomes more extravagant and more enticing.

Maurice Leloir is always graceful and fascinating. In one small picture a funny, weakened old man contemplates lingeringly the large silver piece which he may, or may not, give to the box office for a theatre ticket; in a second, a sweet-faced Louis XV lady is just about to step out in a labored minuet. Then comes the rather forced subject of the saltimbanques before the police court. The man with the wings, one of which he holds disconsolately as he twists about the hour glass of old Time, is amusing, but it is all outside the usual refinement of the artist and would by its cleverness lead him into broader paths where we should surely miss some of his delicate witchery.

De Penne bristles with dogs and horses as usual; one must really be a canine lover to enjoy this sameness. Mme. de Rothschild is to be pitied; she has steadily improved, and were it not for her name and wealth she

would now rank very high, for her Venetian and English scenery is thoroughly conscientious in feature and wonderfully true in coloring. It is no longer the works of an amateur, but the careful result of prolonged and earnest endeavor.

A new-comer, Max Claude, loves dogs also, but at least he enjoys peculiar versatility in their presentations. He alternately cuddles them up in the doorstep of a stone mansion, amid the steady dropping of snowflakes, or he puts them in a nice stall of the Crystal Palace as the representative first prize of the show.

Courant is firmly true and effective in his marine views, and wonderfully interesting in the details of a street scene in a fisher village, with distant glimpse of smokestacks and sail, children sailing tiny boats in the puddles and gutters, artists hurrying by with sketch book and panels, while the heavily laden fishermen tempt one with their glistening ware.

Vibert has two Cardinals and four female Spanish figures—one in a yellow gown with a tambourine, her purple garlanded petticoat being more than telling another holding a rose and gorgeous in some provincial costume the third plays on a guitar, while the fourth is coquettish with fan and pout. Too much can scarcely be said about the works of this artist; each succeeding effort exhausts superlative satisfaction, and the extreme trust of your confidence is always justified.

There is some nice work by Worms—an ambitious portrait and considerable picturesqueness in a Spanish dance scene, the attitude of the girl being especially pointed without tinge of offensive suggestion.

There is one remarkable Zuber, which is almost a Millet, with its flock of sheep sheltering near the hay rick. It is full of tender thought, sentiment and perspective depth. It can be studied long.

Aimé Morot gives a dramatic scene in Spain, a close fight between two men, while a woman sits calmly by with her knitting in hand. There is force and vigor. The subject, however, seems out of place in water color; not that I would limit its possibilities, but, simply advocate to the talented author more gentle themes for such a small canvas.

Duez is very original in the framing of his rhododendrons and hollyhocks. As he seems to make a great point of the narrow, white-painted borders the critic can note the novelty, which is really prettier and more becoming to the decorative panels than it may seem. He has placed pretty sky effects in broken, tarnished, antique mouldings; they may be quite modern and made to order, but they look old antique, which does quite as well for the purpose.

Delort has gone into Venetian lore. A recent sojourn in Italy has given him pictorial sites, in which he cleverly plans one or more of his dainty figures, that always make one think of Malloy's Dresden china song.

Harpignies reigns supreme in his bewitching landscapes. The more you look at them the pleasanter, the more really true they seem. His distant effects of mountain or woodland are so simple, so full of atmosphere and air, you can walk over the hills, and the speaking lights and shadows are just what you can remember without effort, and the execution of these gems appears so easy, so necessary to the artist even, that nothing mars their full satisfying outgrowth of sentiment and conception. L. K.

## "IT'S SO DEUCED HENGLISH, I KNOW."

A London correspondent says: "You cannot be asked to the Queen's ball unless you have been at court the same year." That settles it. We shall not look for an invitation this season. Owing to a rush of job work we could not have attended anyway.

Young Mrs. Vassarline: "You are sure this is real English breakfast tea, Mr. Grocer?" "Oh, yes, we warrant it." "Well, I'll take a pound if you are sure. Our visitors are from London, and I should be dreadfully mortified to give them Japan tea by mistake."

"Sir," exclaimed Dr. Johnson, turning upon Boswell, "why do you follow me? What do you want?" "Doctor, I am the representative of an American newspaper." "Ah, and you want to set down what I say?" "Oh, no, doctor. An English reporter could do that. I want to set down what you don't say."

"How did you like Europe, Mrs. DeSilva?" "It is perfectly lovely, but we had such a dreadful misfortune there." "What was it? I hadn't heard of it." "When we were in Paris the General had an invitation to the Duc de Rome's grand ball. I went to Worth's and bought a \$10,000 ball dress. The very day of the ball little Johnny was taken with cholera, and died that afternoon." "That was terrible! How badly you must have felt." "Badly! Why, I never was so mortified in all my life."

Mrs. Parvenu had been abroad, and when she returned she had much to tell. One day a lady was talking to her. "Ah, my dear Mrs. Parvenu, did you go into Italy?" "O, yes," was the reply, "we were all over it and saw everything." "Did you visit the Vatican?" "Yes, we were there, but it was erupting fearful that day, throwing up lava, and smoke, and stuff, and they concluded it would not be safe to go to the top. It was a fine spectacle from the conservatory of the hotel, and I enjoyed it quite as much as if I had been right on the spot."



## SOCIAL LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, March 6, 1886.

The season of 1886 will not go out in a blaze of social brilliancy. There is no sign of the mad whirl, often talked about and sometimes realized, in the last week, when the days are too few and the hours too short, for all the rushing round of festivities. The season has been long, but in a certain sense a negative one. People have not gotten up to enthusiastic enjoyment, but have pulled through, seemingly, with the one motive of reaching the end where they could stop trying to be gay. "I can't tell just what it is, but I feel the difference between this and former seasons. There has been too much effort and too little spontaneity all through," was remarked by a society woman this week when the social phases of the waning season were discussed at a tea.

There has never been such a large New York social element in official circles before. New York women are showing a decided fondness for Washington, where there are few social cliques. They find it easy to enter the one big circle made up almost exclusively of official families. They have looked on Washington as something of a country village, as compared with the social magnitude of the great metropolis, where millionaires open and close the society door at will. It is true, one sees the power of money in official society, and there is snobbishness and vulgarity of display, but, after all, there is no city in the Union where men and women are universally accepted for their worth as in Washington. But official society objects to being patronized by the New York element. It is plain to be seen that it does not set well. A generous welcome has been given to the metropolitan migration, and a proper admiration has been bestowed on the fine dresses and astonishing jewels displayed by New York women, but the patronizing condescension of the latter has been met with a determined dignity and cold severity, which establishes the decree that Washington refuses flatly and absolutely to be patronized by New York. This, perhaps, more than anything else, helped to incite and keep going the hue and cry of criticism on Mrs. James Browne Potter's reading at Secretary Whitney's house. The reading was for "sweet charity," but there was precious little charity in the bitter remarks showered on the reader. Mrs. Potter has read "Ostler Joe" to New York people, and doubtless, if it occurred to her at all, she thought that Washington could stand as much as New York. Nobody pretends that Mrs. Potter was especially happy in the selection of her piece but everybody of sense can see how immensely absurd and inconsistent are the Washington blushes. The army officer who confessed to blushing at the reading is seldom seen in any other color. His friends have always called it wine before naughty Mrs. Potter really made an army officer blush.

A devout churchwoman, evidently influenced by the near approach of Lent, said, after hearing the poem: "If Joe's wife had repented, it wouldn't have been so very improper, you know; but there wasn't a word to show that the dreadful creature repented even at the last moment." George Sims, the inventor of "Ostler Joe," has now a fine opportunity to make his immoral poem proper reading by adding the repentance of Joe's wife.

All that saved the moral sensibilities of one man in the audience was the line in which "Ostler Joe" feeds the horses clover instead of hay and oats. This realistic picture overshadowed the sentiment of the poem completely in the listener's mind. "Didn't the fellow know any better than to feed his horses clover?" was his comment and sole criticism, seriously and honestly spoken. But he had paid three dollars for one of the exclusive two hundred tickets of admittance to Mrs. Whitney's elegant drawing rooms, and it was his privilege to criticize. His remark had the merit of being refreshingly sincere and more genuine than the blushes of other men.

As to some of the matrons and maidens who were so shocked by Mrs. Potter's reading of "Ostler Joe" that evening, it may be said that no degree of exposure in low dresses this winter has shocked them. Now and then the variety of showing very pretty shoulders and arms has been pardonable, but for the most part scrawny anatomy and stout figures, with shoulders and backs of coarse texture, and not in the least attractive in youth or beauty, have been exhibited at parties in a shockingly free style. Waists have been held on to the form by the narrowest band and merest semblance of support over the shoulders, and without the remotest suggestion of a sleeve. Women thus attired have stood the gaze of hundreds of eyes at parties without blushing at their own immodest exposure. Men have also maintained a complacent demeanor at such exhibitions. Even husbands and fathers have apparently acquiesced in this fashion, which has but half clad their wives and daughters in public places; and yet it was left for Mrs. Potter, naughty Mrs. Potter, to shock Washington men and women, and to bring down Washington blushes.

Mrs. Whitney will go South next week for a fortnight's stay. She needs the rest, and can only get it by going away. The Cabinet circle would have been quiet without the entertainments given by Secretary and Mrs. Whitney. They have been handsome parties, to which everybody who was invited went, and not a few uninvited also attended. Perhaps this was inevitable where the list of invitations was so large and made up generally from cards

of callers at the regular Wednesday receptions. The wonder is that there were not more of the unknown type among the guests. It is a house where people enjoy themselves. There is room enough, even with great numbers, and while official society can endure the biggest kind of crushes, it delights in space also. But the charm of the Whitney House, as it is now called, is in the atmosphere, so free from restraint and formality. Mrs. Whitney, as a hostess, is accomplished in tact, ease and brightness, and herself makes the atmosphere of her home attractive to guests, and assures their enjoyment. She is popular with young people, who have pretty much their own way at her parties. As a final pleasure, she gave them a dancing party on Thursday evening. It was hardly a "small and early," but rather a large and late party. Thursday night was stretched into Friday morning when the ball closed at 3 o'clock.

DIXIE.

## BYRON SPRINGS.

A NOTED RESORT FOR THE INVALID AND THE SEARCHER AFTER HEALTH.

Byron Springs are situated 'mid the foothills of Contra Costa County, on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, sixty miles from San Francisco. Here in purity fresh from nature's laboratory are found springs pouring forth waters that seem especially adapted for the cure of many of the ills that human flesh is heir to. Directly from the earth gush forth all the different mineral waters, while hot mud baths, hot salt water baths, hot sulphur baths are found ready for use. Years ago, long before the feet of white men trod this soil, the Indians gathered round this spot and partook of the various waters, and were cured. Since the settlement of the Pacific Slope, thousands of men, women and children have availed themselves of its benefits, and to-day can be found all over this coast those who have found relief at Byron Springs.

Conveniently arranged hotels and cottages have been erected, and lately placed under a new and efficient management. Everything is in first-class order and ready for the reception of guests. The climate at Byron Springs is so even that it is kept open throughout the whole year, and visitors can enjoy its benefits in the winter as well as in the summer. To the tourist, to the invalid, to the stranger within our gates, we say, by all means, visit Byron Springs.

## FOOTPRINTS

Scene, a sandy beach at evening: a little boy speaks. ["I tread in your steps, papa, and they bring me to you."]

A glorious coast, where mountains meet the sea:  
(The marriage of our earth's divinest things,  
The power of mountains with the lifelike voice,  
The grandeur, and the pathos of the sea.)  
A small stone town, built nowise orderly,  
And partly perched in niches natural  
Of rifted crags, whence every day at dusk  
Each household light gleams like a lofty star:  
A level waste of broad wave-bordering sand  
And a long snowy line of breaking surf:  
Above, the verdure of far-rolling slopes,  
Where skylarks warble, sheep bells tinkle soft,  
And heather flames a purple deep as dawn:  
And higher still, the giants of the hills,  
That raise their mighty shoulders through the clouds,  
And sun themselves in ecstasy of light:  
The homes these are of the wild choral winds,  
The haunts of the fair ghosts, of silvery mists,  
The birth-beds rude of strong and stormy streams  
That down the piney gorges swoop amain  
In the long thunder of their power and joy;  
Within whose granite arms sleep glens of green,  
Lighted by one bright tarn of lonely blue--  
Places of peace so still and far away,  
So lifted from the murmurs of the world,  
So kindred with the quiet of the sky,  
That one might look to see immortal shapes  
Descending, and to hear the harps of heaven,  
O'er three proud kingly peaks that northward tower,  
And through their sundering gullies, silent poured  
Rich flood of sunset, and ran reddening far  
Along the sandy flats, and, Christwise, changed  
Old ocean's ashen waters into wine,  
As once we wandered toward the church of old  
That on the brink of the bluff headland stood,  
(God's house of light to shine o'er life,) and shook  
Its bells of peace above the rumbling surge,  
And spoke unto us of those thoughts and ways  
That higher than the soaring mountains are,  
And deeper than the mystery of the sea.  
It may be we shall roam that marge no more,  
Or list the voice of that far-booming main,  
Or watch the sunset swathe those regal hills  
With vast investiture of billowy gold;  
But unforgetten hearts with these will hoard  
(With mountain visions and the wail of waves,) some wistful memories that soften life,  
The peace, the lifted feeling, the grave charm,  
The tender shadows and the fading day,  
The little pilgrim on the sun-flushed sands,  
The love, the truth, the trust in those young eyes,  
The tones that touched like tears, the words, "I tread  
In your steps, father, and they lead to you."



# DEL MONTE WAVE.

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DEL MONTE PUBLISHING CO.

MONTEREY, CAL. - - - - APRIL, 1886

ENTERED AT THE MONTEREY POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

JOE HOWARD, the famous correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, presents the following reasons why men should get married: "A somewhat extended observation in life warrants me in indorsing the scriptural suggestion that it isn't well for man to live alone, so I imagine the fair inference to be drawn is that it is wiser and better and safer for men to marry and settle themselves domestically, thereby entailing upon themselves responsibilities, which look to the care and culture and protection and support of others. If my trampian friend had had a wife and children dependent upon him for bread, with an occasional piece of cake, and now and then a bird and bottle, quite likely he would be less selfish, and would have found more reputable ways in which to spend his easily earned money than pouring vile decoctions down his throat and wallowing in self-indulgence, as hogs roll in the mire. Nearly all successful men are married. All our great authors, writers, speakers, generals, statesmen, took to themselves in early life a wife, with whom they have served their country, establishing homes and rearing families, so that the exception is notable and the rule almost invariable. If it be said that Mr. Cleveland is a bachelor, my answer would be that he isn't included in the list and he never would be missed from that great and glorious company of illustrious men who by scholastic attainment and world-renowned achievement have earned the good-will of their fellows, which being crystalized is known in all time by an enduring fame. I query whether it is more difficult for married men to make both ends meet than for bachelors, for experience shows that the average person goes through life making just a little less than his necessities demand. It all depends upon the way one starts, how he progresses and how he lives. A man who makes \$5,000 a year and spends \$6,000 is obviously born to trouble, and so along the upper gamut of pecuniary income, until we touch the highest figures, where men coin by the bright utilization of their intellects all the way from \$50,000 to \$150,000 a year, and cannot content themselves with expenditures smaller than \$75,000 to \$200,000 a year. The certainty that rent day is coming, and also the bills of the butcher, the baker, the grocer, the tailor, the school teacher, the livery stable, the servants and a thousand and one sources which will instantly occur to a man of family, stimulates the laziest to efforts and hallows the labors of the industrious. We who are in life know this. We who are in the toils of life, bearing the burdens of the day, see that continuous striving is no harder to us than to those who, standing by our side, have no burdens to bear save those of their own self-indulgence. I never hear a man say he would get married if he could afford it without distrusting him. Such men would be misers if they had anything to save. Such men would hoard and gloat and take pleasure in the physical presence of gold and silver and the rustling of bank notes.

THE May-day opening at Capitola promises to attract a large crowd. See advertisement.

WE direct attention to the advertisement of Japanese day and night fireworks.

## LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, March 21, 1886.

I am told that there has been great depression in the east, generally, and particularly in New York: and that the hotels and saloons, and theatres are not making much money. The hotels, however, seem to be doing a good business, the saloons are always crowded in the neighborhood of the Hoffman, Fifth Avenue, Sturtevant, St. James and Gilsey, and elsewhere in fashionable places, while the theatres overflow with either paying people or dead heads in dollar-and-half seats uninterruptedly night after night.

AND THIS IS LENT TOO:

but I do not observe that there are a great many people occupied with Lenten duties and devotions—and this is fortunate for the many theatrical managers here, who are as thick as huckleberries that there are tens of thousands of reckless or benighted citizens and strangers in the metropolis who entertain no scruples whatever on the subject of theatre-going during the period of fast, prayer and penance, and who wickedly enjoy the play on Good Friday the same as any other day in the year. True, some theatres shut their doors on this solemn anniversary, but it is shrewdly surmised that the closing nowadays is not in deference to religious sentiment so much as an evidence of economy.

Some prominent members of the dramatic profession, however, from the highest motives, decline to act on Good Friday, thereby incurring considerable financial loss. Miss Mary Anderson, who is one of these, has often been unjustly charged with parading her zeal in consequence of her firm observance of church days. In connection with this lady, by the way, there have recently appeared statements that, at the conclusion of her present tour, she will retire permanently from the stage and settle in England. On the best authority, however, it is stated that the

ECCENTRIC ACTRESS IS STILL OUR MARY:

that she is to leave the stage for a couple of years only, devoting that time to needed recreation, and equally needed study of her art; that she will pass her vacation in various parts of Europe, and finally, that she has not the remotest intention of becoming a subject of her august and portly Majesty, Victoria, and I am reminded that, while chatting about theatres and sacred things, I met Colonel James Withington, who is the latest protegee of John Mackey, on his way from the Casino on Sunday evening last, and he informed me that he had been to see Judic in a "sacred concert," which is the way that they get over the law in this city, respecting Sunday performances. Judic played elsewhere than at the Casino, however, and

THE CLEVER FRENCH WOMAN'S ENGAGEMENT

has been marked by larger and more appreciative audiences than attended her performances last fall. The increase is traceable to the sensible reduction of prices and the preference given to opera bouffe in the selections from her repertoire. What is known as the French colony has rallied patriotically to her support, while the people who understand music, although ignorant of Judic's native tongue, have helped to swell the gatherings. Judic cannot help being fascinating in anything; but her forte is not opera bouffe—it is comedy plentifully interspersed with *chansonnettes*, which can only be effectively sung by Parisian vocalists, and by no Parisian vocalist so well as by Judic. The delicacy with which she delivers the most suggestive lines in these invariably naughty ditties, the mischievous intention of the glances, smiles and intimations, render them truly inimitable. The staunchest moralist, the veriest prude cannot take offense at Judic's style of giving forth these amusing trifles. They are French facts, artistically demonstrated. Facts cannot be disputed, and good art is always admirable whatever form it may take. In opera bouffe she cannot be compared with Tostee, Aimee, Theo, or even Paola Marie. The music of "La Grande Duchesse" and "La Mascotte" is beyond the vocal power, if not her vocal skill, and she has not the breadth of humor or exhilaration necessary to fill these roles satisfactorily. Judic is a queen in her special field, but she should confine herself to it and leave opera bouffe severely alone. Last night she played *Cyprienne*, in Sardou's "Divorcons." It was au revoir and not farewell, for Judic will return to the Star for a final engagement of two weeks in April.

I met the Rev. Dr. J. G. Townsend a few days ago, who is building up a

RIVAL TO THE OLD CHAUTAUQUA:

he was formerly a Methodist clergyman of that city, and renounced the orthodoxy last Fall; and says that the plan he proposes to establish, is rapidly gaining adherents, and preparations for carrying out the plan are progressing steadily. The grounds will probably be at Lakewood, as the people at Meadville, Oil City, and other places who are taking great interest in the movement prefer that point. Dr. Peabody, the celebrated devine of



New England, is being communicated with, and will deliver a course of twelve lectures. Ex. Gov. Long, of Massachusetts, is interested in the new Chauntaqua, and will probably attend and assist in the meetings next Summer. A large amphitheatre will be erected for the accommodation of speakers and hearers.

At the late conference of the

#### METHODIST CHURCH SOUTH,

held in Staunton, Va., a few days ago, Dr. Kelley, in behalf of the Foreign Missionary Society, delivered a powerful address, giving an account of the work and hardships of the missionaries. He stated that in the past few years the amount collected for foreign missions had increased 400 per cent., and that the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church South in this connection had been pronounced by an eminent bishop of another denomination the wonder of church history. The conference voted to guarantee payment of half the amount assessed against it for foreign missions by Sept. 1.

You have heard tell a great deal of

#### PRETTY MISS CHAMBERLAIN,

who lived at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco during the winter of 1877--8 and who is now at the Victoria, on Broadway, near the St. James. There appears to be more magic in a pretty face and form than in a level head. I don't mean by this suggestion that Miss Chamberlain, the American beauty, is not an intelligent girl. I believe she is. But it is not her brains that has given her a world-wide reputation. It is her comely face and winning manners. I saw this young lady made famous by the gossips, and had an opportunity of studying her features and the play of her mind. I said to myself as I looked at this young woman: "Why, she is not so beautiful as my fancy had pictured her." She is seated in the midst of luxurious surroundings at the Victoria Hotel. Her father, mother, and herself have a suite of five or six of the finest rooms in the house. At the first look the girl's easy manners strike you more forcibly than her face. But when the deep, mellow tones of her voice call you back from the recollection of what you have read of her beauty, you will find the charm of her features growing upon you. She was caressing a shepherd dog, given her by the Princess of Wales, herself a lovely woman. This titled lady took a great interest in Miss Chamberlain, showed her marked attention, and introduced her into the swell society of all England. Yet these distinguished attentions do not seem to have turned the head of this American girl.

But let us look her in the face. It is long, yet oval, and chiseled in a very delicate mould. The profile is regular, except the nose, which is a trifle large. The mouth is rather delicately cut, and oftentimes decidedly expressive. The eyes mildly blue. Their effect on the countenance is strengthened by the remarkably heavy arched eyebrows. Her hair is a light brown, and just heavy enough to lend a charm to an almost perfectly moulded head. She seems rather tall, lithe and willow. The first impression she makes upon you is that there is a beautiful girl just out of her schoolhouse, instead of a woman of twenty-three. Her manners are grace itself, and add very much to the impression her face makes on every one. I can imagine that under the inspiration of high social life she would become a brilliant figure of any company. In her present surroundings there are many evidences of her five years' residence abroad. She loves Europe. She is here with her parents only for a short stay, and then will return to the land where she has made so many conquests.

It is said that this girl comes rightly to her good looks and polish. Her ancestors for five generations have been ladies and gentlemen of means and intelligence. There is no affectations about her, and her dress is in such perfect taste—rich and plain—that it defies description. While she is interested in England, she seems still to be in love with her native land. Taking it all in all, there is nothing especially wonderful in this young lady except her good sense and perfect self-possession. She has been flattered enough to be spoiled, but seems to have escaped this misery. Of course, her face is her fortune, in addition to the money she possesses. In our life she would attract no more attention than hundreds of other girls over whom we do not rave. But for the wide publicity that has been given to the shape of her form and face, she would be lost among the crowd of almost as pretty women you can see every day along our thoroughfare.

The telegraph has informed you, no doubt, that

#### CHARLES CROCKER HAS PURCHASED A RESIDENCE

in this city, and breathes the same aristocratic air that the Vanderbilts do. It is a curious fact that, while most of the newly-made rich ones of this city, and those who have come here to stay permanently, like to get quarters near Central Park, a majority of the old New York families and distin-

guished residents of the city still remain in their large, old-fashioned comfortable houses south of Madison and Union squares. On Fifth avenue, below Madison Park, for instance, we find among other well-known names the Remsens, Johnstons, Cuttings, Belmonts, Bedfords, Pierreponts, Mrs. Marshal O. Roberts, Mrs. Minturn and Mrs. Moses Taylor. One of the grandest private balls of the winter (Mrs. Reed's German) was given the other evening as far down town as Washington square, where the Duncans, Blanchards and ex-Mayor Cooper reside, and to which location Sir Roderich Cameron not long ago removed.

On the south side of Gramercy Park stands a new and noble double house having two wide entrances. With its well-executed carved heads of celebrities and other attractive ornaments, it is an imposing piece of architecture which nobody can pass without stopping to admire. The library, the dining-room and other apartments are superbly fitted up. This is the city residence of Samuel J. Tilden, whose grounds extend southerly to Nineteenth street. One block east of Mr. Tilden's residence, in a modest brick house, live Hon. John Bigelow and family. Almost opposite to Mr. Tilden reside Courtlandt Palmer and family, and on the same side, on the corner of Lexington avenue, is the Cyrus W. Field house, the exterior of which has lately been much improved. In Lexington avenue, within biscuit-toss distance of Mr. Field, live Abram S. Hewitt and Gen. Alexander S. Webb, while only a few blocks above, ex-President Arthur and family have their home.

If we go further east and still lower down than Gramercy park we find people with names having a national reputation. At Second avenue and Fourteenth street, for example stands the stately mansion of Senator Evarts. On the corner of Fifteenth street facing Stuyvesant square, notes the Graphic, is the lovely home of Rutherford Stuyvesant. A few doors distant are the residences of William Jay and the Schieffelins. Mr. Jay occupies the house in which lived Dr. H. W. Bellows, so well beloved, so much regretted. On the block below live the Beach and White families. In a handsome brown stone structure on the corner of Twelfth street resides the Hon. John Jay, who has received so many dignities, has held so many official positions that no new honors seem left to bestow on him. Ex-Secretary Hamilton Fish has a handsome house in Stuyvesant square, corner of Second avenue and Seventeenth street. It is a double house of red brick, with brown stone facings and large bay windows. The grounds attached run through to Eighteenth street, but the pretty arbors, the fountain and statuary are screened from view by a high brick wall. On Eighteenth street, on the opposite corner of Second avenue, lives Mrs. Sidney Webster, a daughter of Mrs. Fish, and her son Hamilton Fish, Jr., who married pretty Miss Mann, of Albany, lives in the adjoining house.—

R. S. T.

#### FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

And suppose that the corner grocery can give you as good a supply from which to choose your fruits and vegetables as the great central depot of Brown & Wells, Stalls Nos. 30 and 31, California Market. It is well known that the best of everything—fish, flesh and fruits—is sent to the California Market. This is the great central depot for first-class articles. All outside markets and stores have to take second-class goods. At the California Market are arrayed in tempting profusion all articles desirable for either hotel, restaurant, boarding-house or private kitchen. The first, best and largest are there. There is something to pick from. There are always viands there that, until you see them, you did not know were in season. No such variety can be found on outside stands or in suburban markets. This is particularly the case at the stand of Brown & Wells. Asparagus, rich and succulent; celery, white and crisp; peas, fresh and sweet; cauliflower, luscious and tender; beans, sweet potatoes, toothsome corn, berries, fruits and all remaining vegetables array themselves in tantalizing display and fill the market-basket with home comfort and dining-room joy. Oh, it is glorious to have such a stock to select from.

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#### A TRIP TO HAWAII

In this issue of the WAVE we publish some interesting extracts from an article written by Charles Warren Stoddard, giving a glowing account of a trip to Hawaii, and entitled "How it Happened." The article is published in full, in pamphlet form by the Passenger Department of the Oceanic Steamship Co., San Francisco. The book is richly embellished and beautifully illustrated, and any one contemplating a visit to the Sandwich Islands can secure a copy by addressing W. B. Davenport, General Passenger Agent, 327 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.



## A TRIP TO HAWAII.

[Extracts from "A Trip To Hawaii by Charles Warren Stoddard."]

We are seven semi-invalids, frost-bitten or sun-struck, world weary, full of disgust and malaria, and we resolve to join hands and set forth in search of life and liberty in a new land.

Hawaii, the celebrated Sandwich Islands, being the nearest available corner of the Antipodes, we take round tickets for the Hawaiian tour, and instantly prepare to emigrate.

Hawaii, the most written about, and the least understood little kingdom in the world; the prettiest, wildest, weirdest, most unique conglomeration of Paradise and Perdition on record, within easy sail of San Francisco, and having semi-monthly steamers plying to and fro with the regularity of a weaver's shuttle; Hawaii lures us with its legend, landscape and poetry, and we embark without delay.

It is resolved that a brief record of our experience be passed into the hands of the compositor, and we begin to cudgel our brains for a title which shall convey in a word the character of this souvenir. The results are unsatisfactory, to wit: The ladies propose: "Among the Palms and Peris;" "Reef Roviings in a Summer Sea;" "Smoke and Spray from Kalakaua's Coral Kingdom;" etc.. etc. The gentlemen add: "Summer with the Sandwiches;" "Poi and Pajamas; or, Another Country Heard From;" "Leaves from the Land of Lava, Lust and Leprosy;" "Eruptious, Volcanic and Otherwise;" in short, it became necessary to draw a line at the gentlemen, and to call our little book just what it is, the o'er brief tale of "A trip to Hawaii," told for the benefit of those who are to follow in our footsteps.

Extracts from the log of the "Mariposa."

Seven of us stood in bright array, brides, benedicts and bachelors, waving a fond farewell from the upper deck. We were not alone, for the cabins were full, but we were not making acquaintances at that moment, and so we stood in silhouette waving our fond farewell—in fact, seven of them, from the deck of the "Mariposa."

At 3 P. M., sharp, the gang-plank was hauled ashore, and we swung off into the stream. Never before in history did a ship leave port so promptly, but as we are warranted to arrive on time, we can easily pardon this very business-like beginning of a pleasure trip to Hawaii.

In exactly seven days from the date of our departure, we are to enter the harbor of Honolulu, and at the witching hour of noon. Meanwhile, music and mirth reign in the Social Hall; cards, cigarettes and droll stories in the smoking room, while symptoms of frolics and flirtations pervade the ship from stem to stern. The mists gathered with the first evening shades, but we were well away from the Coast by this time, and we felt that the voyage was prosperously begun.

For a couple of days we were reminded of the land we had left. An eager and a zipping air blew over us, the troubled sea was a measureless waste of cold suds and bluing. Sometimes a solitary sail flickered for an hour on the horizon, and was the subject of much conjecture, but most of the day was passed between the piano, the library, the smoking room and the constitutional sports which converted the long deck of the "Mariposa" into an arena for the physical development of the go-as-you-please passengers.

Then came a gradual transition: sky and sea grew brighter and more exquisitely blue; we were hastening toward the calms of Cancer; the temperate atmosphere—it is too often intemperate in the temperate zone—was already becoming semi-tropical, and the semi tropical was speedily to become tropical; the great ports of the ship stood wide open to the balmy breeze; the decks were filled with loungers; from the Social Hall at twilight, floated the half melancholy refrain of a waltz; light feet skimmed the deck, and, between the floods of moonlight and the silver sea, the joyous coterie in the saloon—where a wilderness of electric lights glowed like loops of red-gold, and made summer sunshine, bright as day—the minstrelsy and the delicious languor that was already beginning to possess us, the "Mariposa" was like a floating *Casino* drifting toward Paradise on an even keel.

In the tropics at last! Such a flat, oily sea it was then; so transparent that we saw great fish swimming about "full fathom five" beneath us. A moustous shark swam lazily past, his dorsal fin glistening like polished steel, and now and again cutting the surface of the sea like a knife, his brace of pilot fish darting hither and thither like little one-legged harlequins.

Flat-headed gonies sat high on the water, piping their querulous note as they tugged at something edible, a dozen of them entering into the domestic difficulty. One after another would desert the cause, run a little way over the sea to get a good start, leap heavily into the air, sail about for a few minutes, and then drop back upon the sea feet foremost and skate for a yard or two, making a white mark and a pleasant sound as they slid over the water.

The exquisite Nautilus floated past us with its gauzy sail set, looking like a thin slice cut out of a soap bubble; the weird anemone laid its pale, sensitive petals on the tips of the waves, and panted in ecstasy. Down dropt the swathy sun into his tent of cloud; the waves were of amber; the fervid sky was flushed; it seemed as if something splendid were about to happen up there in the heavens, and that the secret could be kept no longer. The purplest twilight followed, wherein the sky blossomed all over with the biggest, ripest,

goldenest stars; such stars as hang like fruits in sun-fed orchards; such stars as lay a track of fire in the sea; such stars as rise and set over misty mountain tops and beyond low green capes, like young moons, every one of them.

The past was forgotten; Hawaii seemed the one thing needful, and we clicked glasses that night and fell upon one another's necks in mutual congratulation, for it was our last night on board, and already we were conjuring spells of barbarous enchantment of snow-white reefs baptized with silver spray, girdling the Islands of the Blessed; already we seemed to see the broad fan-leaves of the banana droop in the motionless air, and through the tropical night the palms aspired to heaven as we lay dreaming our sea dreams in the cradle of the deep.

On the morning of the seventh day, an island rises like a small blue cloud out of the sea; then another, and yet another, and toward the last, we make our way. Green with a verdure that never fades; brown with the bronze tints of lava-flows that have been cold for centuries; a beach of dazzling whiteness, fringed with groves of cocoa palms; the sea like a huge emerald, with sunshine reflected upon the coral bottom, and brilliantly tinted fish sporting about us—it is thus that we approach Honolulu at noon on the seventh day.

Looking at Diamond Head from the sea, the volcanic shore promises nothing of the beauty that is harbored in the vernal vales beyond it; but the moment our good ship rounds the point of the famous head-land, the fairy-like coast line is suddenly revealed.

It is a transformation scene: the mountains turn gloriously green; valleys—vistas in Eden—dawn upon the eye in swift succession; the sea rises in long, voluptuous waves and favours upon the reef, while within the surf the tranquil water is like a tideless river, where only the water lilies are lacking; but in their stead, are troops of Hawaiian swimmers—veritable water nymphs—with a profusion of glossy locks floating about their shoulders like sea-weed.

Of course we are all impatience, for in less than an hour we shall come to shore in this Kingdom where a century ago, (1778) Capt. Cook, the great navigator, met his well merited fate—"As he sailed, as he sailed."

There is hardly time to note well the picturesque features of the landscape and marine, the white sands at Waikiki, the feathery forest of algaroba trees that now overshadow the plains, the russet slopes of Old Punch Bowl—a domesticated crater just back of the town—and the roofs of the Capital, inundated with verdure; a summer city, such as the birds might build between the mountains and the sea. Then we turn abruptly toward the land, thread a narrow channel between submerged walls of coral, and are soon within speaking distance of friends who have come to the shore to give us welcome.

By this time the sea is littered with cocoanuts, but they are curly headed, most of them, and clamorous, for the dime divers of Hawaii doff their garments at the shortest notice and disport themselves amphibiously so long as there is a prospect of raising another nickel out of the vasty deep.

Canoes dart upon the water as if they were living things, part fish, part flesh, part fowl, with one skeleton wing for an outrigger, a fin paddle, and a bare brown Kanaka amidships. Fish baptize themselves by immersion in space, and keep leaping into the air like momentary inches of chain lightning; there is the perpetual boom of the surf, the clang of joy-bells on shore, and a possible shower in the refreshing cloud that is stealing down from the heights. Three cheers and a tiger, for the voyage has come to an end.

The gang-plank is out again; there is a wild embrace all around, a brief interview with the officers of the Customs, and we divide ourselves among the numerous carriages awaiting patronage on the dock, and are at once driven to the Hawaiian Hotel, at the rate of two for a quarter of a dollar.

Here are semi detached villas, cosy cottages for the brides and benedicts, and chambers with venetian blinds and broad verandas, vine shaded and musical with birds, for the repose of the bachelors; but of course we fly at once to the capitol of the establishment to take our reckoning; it is a little glass house above the tree tops, and out of reach; we look down upon palace and hovel, and find that the hovel is perhaps the better ventilated of the two, and that there is no end of love with the dinner of herbs therein; indeed, the Kingdom seems to us like an island of tranquil delights, with *Repose* written in large letters all over it. Here we have no hateful game more majestic than the mosquito; here the noblest victim of the chase is the agile flea; now and again, though rarely, appears that chain of unpleasant circumstances, the centipede, or perchance, the devil-tailed scorpion, whose stroke is by no means fatal, reminds us that nothing can touch us further; and, indeed but for these foreign invaders—they all came in with civilization—this life were almost too Edenesque.

The marvelous temperature which is never hot and never cold—70° to 90° Fahrenheit—all the year round, with a few extra showers to emphasize the winter months; the rich and variable color; the fragrance so intense after a shower, when the ginger, and the Japanese lily seem to distil perfume, drop by drop; the tinkle of gay guitars; the spray-like notes dashed from shuddering lute strings; the irreproachable languor of a race that is the incarnation of all these elements—this is quite as much as man wants here below (Latitude 21° 18' 23",



Longitude 157° 48' 45") and all this he has without the asking.

What if the impertinent Mynah perch upon the roof and fill the attic with strange noises? They are a pert bird that has rid the Kingdom of its caterpillars, and now they propose to luxuriate for the rest of their natural lives.

It was the war-whoop of a Mynah bird on the window sill that called our attention to old Diamond Head, which at that moment was glowing like a live coal, the picture of a red-hot volcano with the smoke rubbed out; there was a strip of beryl sea beyond it, and at its base a great plain fretted with the light green shade of the algaroba—this was framed in the sashes on one side of the Cupola.

On another side, mountain peaks buried their brows in cloud and wept copiously, so sentimental was the hour of our communion; forests of the juiciest green drank these showers of tears.

Turning again, we saw the sun-burnt hills beyond Palama, and the crisp cones of small volcanoes, and more sea, and then the exquisite outline of the Waianae Mountains, of a warm, dusty purple, and with a film of diffused rainbows floating in the middle distance.

There was but one window left; it opened upon a sea stretching to the horizon, and mingling with the sky, a shore fringed with tapering masts, and crested, sentinel palms; and beneath us the city submerged in billowy foliage through which the wind stirred in gusts and eddies.

We wondered where we were and in what season, and then, after a diligent study of globes and calendars, we laughed to scorn the amateur geographers who vainly confound us with Tahiti, or sweep us away toward New Guinea and the uttermost parts.

The fact is, following our air line due East from the Hotel Cupola, we trip on the tail of Lower California, plunge through the heart of Mexico into the Caribbean Sea, dash across Cuba, and are lost in the Atlantic; Westward, we plough the solitary sea crossing the track of Laputa, "Flying Island," just escape Luggnagg, and more is the pity, for "the Luggnaggers are a polite and generous people" says Gulliver; we see Hongkong, Calcutta, Mecca, and, beyond the Red Sea, the Nile waters and the measureless sands of Sahara.

And then we hold our breath for a moment when we think how above us and below us rolls the everlasting deep from pole to pole.

The evening and the morning were the first day, and the first experience was ended; an experience bound in green and gold, the green of the grassy hills, and the gold of the sunlit sea. We had monopolized the Cupola to the despair of those guests who fly to it as to a haven of rest; but there was no further thought of monopoly in our minds, for the afterglow was overwhelming, and already from the cool corridors of the Caravansary—a Caravansary that in its architecture reminds one of Singapore—sweetly and silently ascended the incense of the evening meal.

The breeze blows fresh from the mountains, the health-giving trade wind; we can look right up the green glade which is the gate-way to Mt. Tantalus and see the clouds torn to shreds across the wooded highlands; we can watch the mango trees where the mangoes hang like bronze plummets, and the monkey-pods in bloom, their tops resembling terraced gardens; now and again, the *Kamani* sheds a huge leaf as big as a beefsteak, and as red as a raw one; but what are these splashes of color to the *Ponciana Regia*? It is a conflagration!

The *Bugainvillea*, a cataret of Magenta blossoms that look like artificial leaves just out of a chemical bath, obtrudes itself at intervals; it is the only ernde hit of color in a landscape where the majority of the trees are colossal bouquets at one season or another.

The Hibiscus is aglow with flowers of flame the whole year round, and the land is overrun with brilliant creepers even to the eaves of the Hotel, where the birds quarrel and call noisily from dawn to dusk.

Thus we lounge in a land where all mankind lingers a portion of the day; where it is not considered indelicate for a merchant to pose in the midst of his merchandise guiltless of coat or vest, for his respectability is established beyond question and his bank account a patent fact; where ladies drive in morning *dishabille*, and shop on the curbstone without alighting from their carriages, and where any of them may pay an evening call unbonneted and unattended.

One may plunge for hours in the reef-girdled lagoon at Waikiki without fear of taking a chill; there are bathing suits there, and canoes, and a long easy swell on which to undulate; and there is the Park to ride or drive in, and the beautiful byways between the Park and the Town, where every sense is gratified at the selfsame moment. It is a delicious life we lead at Waikiki; those that dwell there habitually know the range of its possibilities; they drift toward a convenient hour pleading business engagements \* \* \* \* \*

Some of us went on wheels and some in saddles. Corkscrews and sandwiches were not forgotten; nor field glasses, the most indispensable of all.

The way lies through shady avenues, between residences that stand in the midst of broad lawns and among foliage of the most brilliant description. An infinite variety of palms and tropical plants with leaves of enormous circumference diversify the landscape.

We pass the long line of villas on Nuuanu Avenue; cross the bridge where sudden freshets sometimes sweep like tidal waves from the mountains to the sea; pass trim gardens that resemble Japanese land-

scapes, by native artists, and neglected gardens that are like jungles of cacti and bamboo; pass the gray walled cemeteries with their clusters of funeral cypresses, and the Royal Mausoleum where the tall *Kahilis*—those emblems of savage royalty—still stand with bedraggled feathers in memory of the late Princess Keelikolani, the last of the Kamehamehas; pass the Chinese tea-houses by the wayside, and the kalopatches and plantations of bananas and the summer palace of Dowager Queen Emma with its stately white columns shining in the grove, and finally the grimy walls of a forgotten palace of an almost forgotten King.

Every Tuesday, at 4 p. m., a steamer leaves Honolulu for the windward islands of the group, chief of which is Hawaii, with its fountain of everlasting fire.

In the twilight, after leaving Honolulu, we are in the middle sea between two islands that float like rosy clouds on the horizon.

About 9 p. m., we pass Molokai, the mysterious land whither are banished the unfortunate lepers. Then there is another channel, and beyond it three islands, Maui, Lanai and Kahoolau; at the former we touch, before midnight, dropping anchor off Lahaina. Lahaina is a little slice of civilization beached on the shore of barbarism; a charming, drowsy and dreamy village with one broad street, which possibly in some cases may lead to destruction; a street with but one side to it, for the sea laps over the sloping sands on its lower edge, and the sun sets right in the face of the citizens just as they are going to supper.

It is true that there are two or three long and narrow lanes overhung with a green roof of leaves, and there are summer houses with a green roof of leaves; and there are summer houses with hammocks pitched close upon the white edge of the shore—but all this we see as through a glass, darkly, for the *Kiwaui* carries but an hour in the roadstead and the moonlight, when we trip anchor and hasten on our voyage.

An hour later we pause at Maalaea, and feel the spray and the sand blown from off the windy isthmus of Maui. At dawn, we reach Makana, the port of that Paradise in mid-air, Ulnpalakna—"Ripe bread-fruit for the Gods"—two-thousand feet above us; then another channel, the last, is crossed, and early in the day we hug the shores of Hawaii, running in and out, dropping passengers and freight and live stock—the latter are dropped into the sea—and so we are afforded an agreeable variety in a voyage which is too brief to be monotonous. The weather-side of the giant island is a series of magnificent precipices, that in many cases overhang the sea, and until we reach Hilo, our port of destination, we cannot withdraw from the splendid coastline our fascinated gaze.

Rich and radiant valleys are folded in between those verdant heights. Between Hilo and the Valley of Waipio, a distance of less than sixty miles, there are ninety-two ravines, each with its torrent rushing downward to the sea, many of them with waterfalls, and one of these waterfalls in the Waipio valley, makes a sheer leap of 1,700 feet from the clouds into a forest of bread-fruit trees. Most of the seaward precipices are from 1,000 to 1,500 feet in height, and from all of these, after every shower, descend innumerable streams.

Hilo is a cluster of summer houses hidden among palms and bread-fruit trees, where the rain is said to fall perpetually; perhaps it is for this reason that Hilo is the most tropical in appearance, as it is certainly the most beautiful of Hawaiian hamlets.

No where else in the world are there such lava fields, so easily approached, so varied, so extensive. In 1880, a volcanic wound was opened in the flank of Mauna Loa, and for nine months a river of red-hot lava flowed steadily toward the sea. \* \* \* \*

It is a fact that the thirty mile horse-back ride from Hilo to the crater of Kilanea is not as comfortable as it might be under other circumstances; that the trail is not the best in the world, nor the horses either; and that it rains at intervals on the road; but waterproofs are obtainable.

The Volcano House is situated upon the brink of the crater of Kilanea, 4,440 feet above sea level. The climate at that altitude is very cool and bracing; the accommodations all that can be expected or desired. Even if one were not to descend in the crater, 900 feet below, he would still be well repaid for the fatigues of his journey, by the glimpse of that lake of fire as seen from the Volcano House at night. The great crater of Kilanea is nine miles in circumference; in one corner of it is *Halemau mau*—the house of everlasting fire. Nowhere else within the knowledge of mankind is there a living crater to be compared with it. Vesuvius and *Ætna* are certainly unworthy. Moreover, there is no crater which can be entered, by reason of its peculiar conformation, and explored with ease and comparative safety save Kilanea alone. There have been a few narrow escapes, but no accidents, and it is needless to add that no description can give any one an adequate idea of the incomparable splendor of the scene.

The return from Kilanea may be made through other portions of Hawaii, by the steamer *Planter* and others; an itinerary is not practicable at this moment but as, by reason of its infinite variety of scenery and climate, the Hawaiian Group is destined to become one of the most popular resorts of the tourist, new ways will be opened, and new prospects brought within the reach of all.



## LETTER FROM PACIFIC GROVE.

PACIFIC GROVE, April 1, 1886.

If language was as boldly illustrative in expressing the forms of beauty, as nature in delineating the perfection of an art divine, pen pictures might be formed of the world about us, that would reveal to humanity, truths, that a cold world, has made many of its children doubt. Nature convinces us daily of the truth expressed in the words, "The highest of all art is simplicity." It is springtime at Pacific Grove; the time of year when you see the pine forests by the Bay of Monterey arrayed like a kings daughter "in glorious apparel." The brilliant beds of *Eschscholtzia* yellow violets, and buttercups blooming in luxuriant beauty, might well be styled a clothing of "wrought gold," while no lovelier jewels are brought from the workshop of the lapidary, than the sapphire gems we tenderly name the "Baby Blue Eyes." If among our readers there are true lovers of nature we would simply say to you "Come and adore." Devotees of art never knelt in homage at a shrine more beautiful, than mother earth here raises from out the hidden depth of her own vast treasury, in silent dedication to her children. What can we say that will present to you in the truest form the attractions of the "Newport of the Pacific." Many of our readers are familiar with the picture we would feign present here to those, to whom Pacific Grove is but a name. Well! what's in a name, listen and we will tell you. Out of the old historic Monterey of which we hear many oft told tales, away, even from the smouldering activity that prolongs its lingering life, out on the road that skirts the rocky cliffs and sandy beaches stretching far along the bay, lies Pacific Grove Retreat. Do not pass by, enter its shades.

Around you is a forest of pine. There are gravel roads that lead you on its thoroughfares, there are woodland trails that track its plazas. As nature made it, so it lies. It can claim no rivalry to the beautiful "Hotel Del Monte," for the bewildering mass of loveliness there displayed is unsurpassed, but nature and art in these two figures are illustrated in beautiful perfection. The coast is broken and picturesque, sandy beaches lie scattered below as you wander along the cliffs; and as your eye rests upon the glassy waters it is more suggestive of a placid lake than part of the old ocean so full of strong and majestic power, and as you stand on the sands and look away over its blue waters the breakers roll in softly at your feet, and in language of beautiful interpretation express their name as they bring you "Peace." In the full glory of morning sunshine standing where the first forms your foreground, the pretty cottages peeping through the trees, the wild-flowers springing through the emerald turf, the blue billows crested with snow, dashing in capricious fancy over rocks and sand, the Santa Cruz Mountains in the misty distance; over all the blue vault of heaven, the picture is under morning lights. As the day draws near its close, wander away from the more frequented haunts, away from the sights and sounds that are realistic of stern duties, and in memory paint your companion-piece. It is the sunset hour; beyond our range of vision, the golden monitor is sinking in the mysterious depths of ocean, but near us the sky is glowing in soft tints. It may be a low tide and the breakers dreamily creep up the sandy slopes. There are no sounds save the mystic music of the waters and to its hushed accompaniment the hymn of eventide is heard, "softly now the light of day, fades upon my sight away." And as you wait in silence for the last expression of the dying day, your eye rests upon the tall sentinels of the forest, standing like a majestic priesthood of the sea sighing a grand unspoken benediction.

We will leave our pictures now, not erase them, but seek for them a border of practical facts that will substantiate their worth.

We must first draw your attention to the many new and pretty homes at Pacific Grove, and convince you if we can, of its growing populace as a winter resort, and desirable in all particulars for quiet home life; the added numbers to the list of permanent residents is sufficient guarantee of our assertion.

That the accommodations have not met the demands of the Public, is to be acknowledged with regret; and the fact that during the past winter so many tourists have come to the Grove, and failing to find desirable quarters have gone elsewhere, reporting non-success to other "seekers after health," has been detrimental to the reputation of the Grove. It is believed however that in the near future all obstacles will be removed, and conditions provided by which all guests will be entertained according to good forms of hospitality. Dame Rumor nods very wisely when questioned as to her authority on these sundry and various points. Evidently she is playing her cards to be

confidante of the P. I. Company, so we counsel her to use plenty of tact; she whispers almost below her breath, that when all the business houses were removed to the farther side of the light-house road, that there was "method in the readiness," so that there are strong indications that Pacific Grove will not long submit to the "snubs" of her sister city across the bay, on her so called deficiencies as to hotel arrangements.

A few hints to prospective visitors may not be out of place to insert here for the benefit of those who entertain such vague ideas of how the "natives" live.

There are cottages and tents in all parts of the grounds comfortably fitted for housekeeping, and rooms can be obtained at convenient distances from the restaurant for those who leave "Rye bread" duties at home. June calls for the representation from San Francisco and Oakland; July for San Jose and Stockton; August and September for the State Capitolists and the Valley of the Sacramento, so arrangements are usually completed ere the time of arrival, and so in the summer season there are accommodations for all.

The new restaurant seems exceedingly popular. The peoples' favorite baker has again returned and the delicious bread, hot rolls every morning, pies, cakes and supplies of various kinds command his culinary art to the patronage of the housekeeper. A little meat market on wheels draws up to your door every morning, fresh fruit and vegetables are also brought daily and the latter can be obtained at gardens in the Grove, fresh from the sod, so all providing it would seem in the line of life's necessities was arranged for in a most convenient manner.

Salt water baths, the one principle attraction at a seaside resort, the Sandy Cove where the bath-house is located is admirably adapted for the purpose being well sheltered; but a new building with appointments for hot water baths is the ringing cry of the residents, that resounds and reverberates through the pine forest till all else is lost in that one appeal.

The Del Monte bath-house, the most complete in the world, though easy of access does not obtain in any great degree the patronage of the guests at the Grove. The strongest and perhaps an insurmountable objection is the one we hear expressed almost daily, that there is too great a risk incurred in taking a bath and then exposing oneself immediately afterward to a three mile drive against a strong ocean breeze. When Pacific Grove can boast of good bathing facilities and suitable quarters to meet the great demand, winter and summer, then will she receive her share of the laurels that crowns Monterey "Queen of American Watering Places."

In the general newsy gossip that floats in social circles, we hear many items of general interest. First and foremost is the Public Library project. It was put in operation by the Ladies' Social Union in conjunction with the Chautauqua Circle. It will meet a needed demand in the Grove, and is exciting active work. One hundred dollars has already been subscribed in funds and reading matter to start the Library, and arrangements of details is going forward rapidly.

A few weeks ago an organization of the W. C. T. U. was formed. There is a large membership and a broad interest is manifested in the work. Under the same order the children's "Band of Hope" came forth.

At the opening meeting, Dr. McDonald of San Francisco presided. His name is one widely known and his spirited efforts in the Temperance cause call forth general admiration. The children listened with deep interest to his words of address and appreciated the honor extended to their little Band.

The literary spirit of the Grove still centers in the C. L. S. C. The "Norton" Circle proclaims in the chosen name, that which they desire should be present—the actuating principle in their work—and under the inspiration of the name beloved, and reverend, they will float a proud banner, when the bugle note is sounded in the early summertime, and once more the "Chautauqua Lake of the Pacific" gathers her own. The new museum building will add greatly to the interest of the C. L. S. C.

Temperance work has enlisted thought, literary enterprise has secured a foothold, social life is broadening its scope of activity, and in its own place the work of the church is not forgotten.

The ladies of the Episcopal denomination under the name of the "Guild of St. Mary's," are industriously engaged in missionary efforts. It is generally understood that their desire is to erect a little Chapel at the Grove, where services may be held. We hope their endeavors will be realized if in keeping with the general principles for advancing the interests of the place, and the spirit that wishes "God speed," be extended to them in their work.

A.



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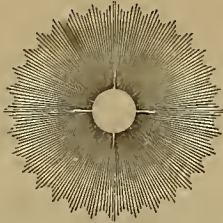
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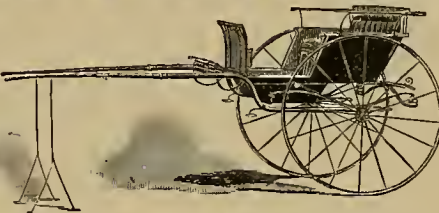
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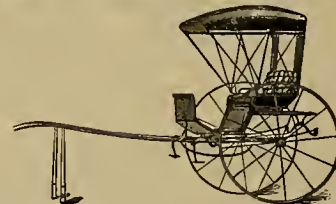
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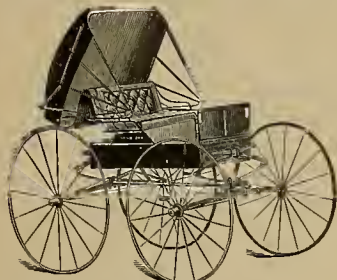
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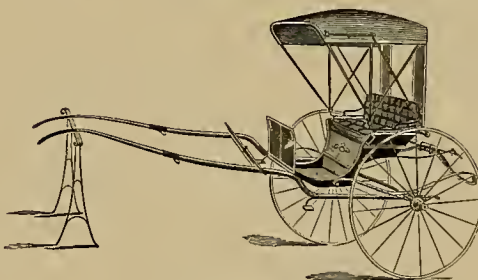
No. 517 F.—San Leandro Phaeton.

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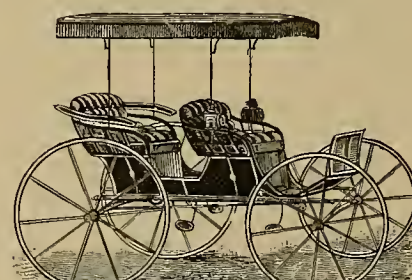
Our California Standard.

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Pole extra, \$15; 1½ Axle, \$5.



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Without Top ..... \$100  
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# DEL MONTE WAVE.

Vol. I. No. 5.

Monterey, California, May, 1886.

10 Cents.

## A BREEZY SCREED FROM GOTHAM.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL SCRIBE.]

NEW YORK, April 21, 1885.

Gotham continues to be the Mecca toward which many of the truly fortunate ones from all sections of our country and particularly from the South and West feel a tendency to drift; while those who have earned the title of millionaire, and have reached the shady side of fifty, betray an inclination to take up a permanent location upon one of the avenues or up-town streets of our gilded metropolis. There are a number of Californians here who may be included in this latter class, and whom San Franciscans will know no more, except as visitors; conspicuous among whom is Charles Crocker, who has just paid a quarter of a million of dollars for a residence near Central Park and not many stones' throw from the Vanderbilts; \$35,000 for a stable adjacent, and nearly \$75,000 for pictures and objects of *virtu*, bric-a-brac, and so forth; much of which he took in out of the wet at what has been known as the Morgan sale. I see the genial old Sacramentan every once in a while; and, if he hasn't made a treaty with the grim swinger of the scythe, he is certainly keeping well out of the way of that dreaded leveler. Taking every thing into consideration, there have been no more fortunate, successful, nor better men than "Charlie Crocker" transformed into millionaires. He is the same liberal, jovial, good-hearted, out-spoken man he has always been since he crossed the plains in '49, and he sees his less fortunate fellow Californian on the avenue just as quickly as he used to in front of his dry goods store in Sacramento thirty years ago; and his laugh is as loud and as natural as ever, and his salutations and general manner as robust and agreeable.

Another of the fortunate ones is D. O. Mills, whom I often see on the "Elevated," mornings, between 9 and 10 o'clock, and once in a while I rub against him ascending the Tribune shaft, where I presume, he occasionally goes on a visit to his son-in-law in the tower. Mr. Mills is one of the solid men of Gotham, and he lives like the gentleman that he is. His daughter, you know, is the wife of Whitelaw Reid, editor of the Tribune, while his son was fortunate in an alliance with the Livingstons, who, while they only possess Knickerbocker wealth, are of high lineage. D. O. Mills was himself cradled, in fine linen and among refined surroundings, at New Rochelle, I believe, so that he does not entirely need to obscure his birth with his money. If you ever come to Gotham I will show you the Mills building, which is one of the architectural wonders of the city. Here Messrs. Crocker and Huntington and other millionaires pass much of their time away, although the latter never works Fridays, Saturdays or Sun days, and there are few if any seven-day men who can get away with him. Mr. Huntington is healthy, wealthy, happy and wise, and has purchased quite a good many pictures and objects of *virtu*, of late, for his elegant residence at West Chester. Edgar Mills, who has been pretty well bunged up with rheumatic gout, *et cetera*, till you (he) can't rest, has been here nearly all winter nursing a prodigious toe which makes his off foot look like one of those lately exhibited here in a dime museum by an Ohio girl, who has just turned up in a show in Chicago and hopes to successfully compete—with her 22 inches of hoof—with the average Chicago productions, according to St. Louis measurements.

Mackay, John W., has been here quite a while this time, and lives sumptuously, as he has a right to, at the Hoffman House, and can often be seen about the corridors in company with Ned Stokes, the gray-haired slayer of Jim Fisk and the "mine host" of the famous caravansary adjoining the Albemarle. It is no secret here that Mackay furnished the funds for the "New Hoffman," and still "has it on his list," as he has the Mackay-Bennett cable and various other enterprises. I met Mackay, a few evenings ago, at a "sacred concert" at the Casino, where Judic has been playing Sunday nights; or, I might say, giving sacred readings and sacred shrugs and winks and songs from the same wicked *repertoire* presented week days in San Francisco. With him was Colonel J. H. Withington, the new President of the Cable Company, who lives at the Hoffman in grand style, appropriate to his high position, influence and intellectuality. Harry Kosener, however, is reported to be Mackay's factotum here; and, in consequence, is awfully dignified and self-important. Mackay gave an elegant dinner, a short time ago, at the Hoffman; and the roars of laughter that forced their diapason out into the orientally-decorated corridors betrayed the presence of Charles

Crocker, John P. Jones, John Russell Young, Roscoe Conkling, Larry Jerome, Bob Ingersoll and Tom Ochiltree. There was an octagon for you—Mackay and Crocker, with their many millions; Conkling and Ingersoll, famous at the bar and on the stump; Jerome and Ochiltree, effervescing with incident and anecdote; Jones of Nevada, and the brilliant journalist, who long ago made his mark. Conkling and Ingersoll are full of exquisite wit and ravishing *repartee*, Jerome and Jones and Ochiltree are uproariously funny, and there is a fund of frolic and anecdote in Charlie Crocker which enables him to generally hold his own. Fact, fun and fancy garnished every mouthful of a repast which lasted nearly five hours, and every goblet of nectar went bubbling to lips rosy with mischief and mirth.

John Shaw, whom I first met keeping a toll-gate on the Placerville road, is a millionaire and a nabob. We all knew John when what he lacked in Lindley Murray he made up in his knowledge of Hoyle. He is now a director in Pacific Mail, and assists in worrying Postmaster-General Vilas and the appropriation committee of the existing Congress—all the same, I once surrendered quite a substantial sum into John's permanent keeping one fine afternoon at Calistoga, not because he knew more of Schenck's fascinating game than I did, but from the fact that I had been monkeying against a flush with merely three court cards of a kind. Shaw resides in style at the Windsor, and is a pretty good fellow every day of the week. Mrs. Shaw is very stylish, and is one of the pleasantest ladies in New York.

But all the old Californians one meets are not millionaires. For instance, George D. Roberts, generally, if not popularly, known here as the wily manipulator of "wild cats," has, so rumor says, "dropped" nearly all of his dearly-earned treasure in wheat and other stock operations; certain it is that he has lost all his power of extracting coin from the pockets of trustful New Yorkers. The Roberts methods have effectually blackened the demand for and badly shaken the confidence of the community in all mining operations. Only a few weeks ago a suit upon a stock operation in one of George D. Roberts' defunct mining companies brought to the front the old piratical story of A. P. Harpending and the schooner Chapman, and the New York papers have had a tender morsel for the pens of their lightning reporters. Harpending was the defendant in the action, and on account of his "*wah* record" was mulcted in damages, some \$200,000. He is a marked man in the community now, and with his erect air and heavy black beard and swarthy complexion, is to those dudeish New Yorkers "just the kind of a looking fellow a pirate would be." Harpending don't care, though—he is reputed to be rich, and is devoting his talents to the development of some very rich placer mines in Venezuela.

James R. Keene, now surcharged with a load of debt, "watches the tape" in a quiet office on Broad street. He is one of the noted "*have-beens*," and still has about him many who believe that he will, sooner or later, be once again a power in the street. Tom Edmondson is one of his hangers-on. He will be remembered in California as a successful operator upon Friedlander's grain warehouses.

Josiah H. H. Williams, generally known as "Joe," is operating a gold mine in Idaho. He looks fat and prosperous, lives in good shape at the New York Hotel, and looks as young as he used to ten years ago, when he loved to flirt with the girls on the Oakland boat.

Harry Logan looks very old; rumor has it that he has a corner in the opium market, and he is considering the feasibility of converting the New York Club into a first-class "joint." He was forced to retire from the firm of Prince & Whitely because of a smart mining deal, in which a well-known San Franciscan was the moving spirit, and through which many shekels were taken from P. & W. Later developments indicate that Logan's fingers were badly burned without getting his share of the "swag," hence these tears.

Verdenal Dominick is daily to be seen on lower Broadway in company with William H. MacClintock. They take life very comfortably, are fat and prosperous-looking, and are assisting Harry Rosener and A. P. Harpending in several "dividend-paying" mining enterprises.

Thomas I. Acheson, once a Supervisor in San Francisco, is now managing director of a large lumber organization, and is gathering in a goodly harvest. General Carpenter was here a few days ago. He owns a house in the city, and swings into it semi-occasionally.



A day or two since I saw Frank Lawton, the old original locator of the San Francisco Board of Brokers. He looks as young as he did twenty years ago, and is now living at White Plains, "in the old homestead," as he says, and is never going to roam any more. John Ely, of Raymond & Ely fame, is here. He looks healthy and rugged, and "has a mine to sell." E. N. Riotta is doing a flourishing refining and assaying business on Washington street. Louis W. Boyer and John Van Orden have opened a large patent agency, and are doing well. Joe Vimont, one of your old-time brokers, is very ill at the Morton House. His friends are kind, and hope soon to see him well again. Eugene Dewey, once "handsome Eugene," now "old Eugene," wanders around among the bulls and bears and "operators." He looks older, if anything, than his fat and sleek paternal Squire P., with whom he is often seen on the street. The Dewey and family, *pere, mere,* and Eugene, *swell* a good deal in the city, and evidently the small beginnings in the crockery line in San Francisco have produced a goodly harvest. Once in a while I meet Vernon Seaman, tall, aging a little, but as handsome as ever. George Hamlin has a wine store in Park Place, near Church street, and "cordially" receives his friends at all times of the day. Edward N. Robinson, of Eureka fame, is located here. I often see him holding sweet converse with Jim Nuttman, Colonel Ellis, John Gault, Smythe Clarke and other old Californians—and the stories of the days of '49 never lose their points in the telling of 'em. J. Clem Uhler is quietly attending to some financial business that comfortably pays its way.

FROTH.

### AN EASTERNER'S VIEWS.

The following letter, which we copy from the Faribault Democrat, was written by Major W. H. Dike, lately at Del Monte to his wife in Faribault, Minn :

HOTEL DEL MONTE, Monterey, Cal., Feb. 16th, 1886.

*My Dear Wife*.—You may not be able, at your distance from here, to fully understand why I am making such a long stay at this place, so will give you the reason. I must frankly confess it by far exceeds any place I have ever seen, and I am fully borne out in this by people whom I meet here every day from all parts of the world. There are now staying here about 250 people; some of them have made two or three trips around the world, and, like myself, confess they never saw the like before. The accommodations are all strictly first-class. The bread, the milk, the cheese, the butter and the water are all supplied from the company's own grounds. I have to-day taken a ride over a circuit of seventeen miles, on a beautiful macadamized road, without ever being for more than ten minutes off the company's grounds. And such a ride! such changes of scenery! now riding through groves of pines, oaks, and many other kinds of trees, and ever and anon skirting the beach in full view of old ocean. As I write the air is balmy; and the refreshing breeze comes in laden with the pure ozone from the ocean, invigorating the system, and putting new life into all who are so fortunate as to be within its beneficial influence. On my return home to day I was presented with fresh strawberries and blackberries grown in the open air in a cañon close by the Hotel Del Monte. Besides this, the grounds are laid out with all the taste that a skillful landscape gardener possesses; trees, shrubs and plants from the Torrid zone, and those also from the Temperate appear to do well. There is no exception to this rule, for we have the most delicate plants growing side by side with the cacti from the sandy wastes of Arizona; and they, like the people who are at present staying here, appear to be in perfect accord, and each and every one happy and contented.

I have been here now quite long enough to form an opinion; and that opinion, honestly expressed, is that I never in my life saw people who each and every one seemed so earnest in their endeavor to make each other happy. This, coupled with the thousand and one charms of the place, rivet you to the spot and make you loth to leave it. The company have on the grounds lawn tennis, croquet, bowling alleys, shuffle boards, swings, a skating rink, a lake with boats, beautiful walks through embowered groves—and all this free to the guests.

We have also a spacious office or lobby, with a large open fireplace wherein large logs of wood are burned whenever occasion requires it. Here in this cosy apartment is situated Wells, Fargo & Co's express office, a post office, a telegraph office, and a news-stand wherein are sold books, candies and all the California daily and evening papers. We have two mails per day, except on Sunday. As I have mentioned the Sabbath, I will say we have in the village adjoining the hotel, a Catholic, a Presbyterian, an Episcopal and a Methodist church. A coach conveys all who wish to attend Divine service. We have also in the summer season, large swimming baths, each fifty feet square, differing in temperature, and varying in depth from 3 feet, 6 inches to 6 feet 6 inches, the water being warmed to a delightful temperature as it comes in from the ocean. There is connected with this establishment a swimming teacher, who is always in the water whenever his services are requested, to teach or instruct all. But to those who prefer surf-bathing, there are life-lines, and a raft anchored out in the bay, where old and young sport and play in the clear blue water of Monterey Bay, the beach of which is a level white sand. No wines or liquors are sold in the house, but a bar is connected with the bowling-alley. The stables are connected by telephone with the house, and here are carriages of all descriptions, from the saddle

horse to the four-in-hand, all presided over by a master spirit in horsemanship, who has under his charge a small army of drivers and attendants, all working in perfect harmony with the rest of this famous resort, and making a grand combination.

Here in this charming seaside resort, where all is "peace on earth, and good-will to men," the days are passed pleasantly, and when evening comes, the house is brilliantly illuminated with gas made on the premises,—the ladies' billiard parlor, the great parlor with its splendid mirrors and grand piano, the ball room, where on Saturday evenings, to the strains of Ballenberg's band, they trip it on the light fantastic toe, or engage in such other occupations or pastimes as are most congenial, and thus this happy family pass the merry time between the rising and setting of the sun, and oftentimes into the wee sma' hours.

With such a picture as I have drawn, do you wonder at the universal verdict being "Perfection in each and every department?"

Since writing the above, I have decided to stay here until the last of March, so that any letters sent from you to me up to the 20th of March will surely reach me here. When I say letters, I mean all mail matter.

Your affectionate husband,

W. H. DIKE.

### "THE SUNNY SOUTH."

CHEERFUL EXPERIENCES OF AN OHIO PARTY IN FLORIDA LAST WINTER—THEY NEARLY FREEZE TO DEATH—WHY DID'NT THEY COME TO CALIFORNIA.

[Columbus (O.) Daily Dispatch, Jan. 21.]

The experiences of Northern people who have, this winter, sought the South for warmth and comfort, have been anything but pleasant. They have found happiness a veritable will-o'-the-wisp which has fled before them on the breath of the blizzard. Among those who have sought and found not are the Columbus party that left Monday January 4th. The section of that party whose fortunes, or rather misfortunes, are detailed below consisted of the following persons: Mr. and Mrs. A. Hildreth, Mrs. E. A. Hildreth and two children, Rev. and Mrs. Ira J. Bailey, Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Wheaton and son, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Martin and Miss Essie Hildreth. They reached Jacksonville on the 6th inst. and left on the 8th by steamer, going up the St. John's river, bound for Enterprise. This place they should have reached on the following day, but the blizzard which struck here on the night of the 8th caught them, and they were five days en route, during which time they suffered intensely from cold and from anxiety.

Mr. E. A. Hildreth has received a graphic letter from his wife, reciting the amusing yet serious experience through which the party passed. We give the following extract:

"We are on Lake George (a swell in the St. John's river) in a storm and on a broken steamer. There is no telling when we may be able to land. At three o'clock, this morning, the wind drove us into a narrow place and on some spiles smashed in the side of the boat, washed everything out of the kitchen and broke the wheel house to bits. Just ahead of us is a large boat stuck on a sand-bar. If she had not stranded, she might have been driven into our boat, and that would have been the last of us. This boat may spring a leak at any time. She is pounding against the logs. We are a sorry looking crowd, sick and cold. The children try to play but soon stop to get warm. The captain says it is the severest storm he has known in all his boating on the river. He is very blue, as \$1,000 will not repair the damage to his boat."

The next day the letter was continued as follows: "The stranded boat got off the bar late last night, and came to our aid. Passengers and baggage were transferred, and we proceeded on our journey, while our broken boat went back to Jacksonville. Talk about your 'Sunny South!' I never suffered with the cold as I did last night. Four thick blankets, besides sheets, spread, shawls and cloaks were not sufficient to keep us warm. The water froze and the pipes burst, and the fire had to be extinguished till they could be repaired. While that was being done we went to an orange grove near by. There we met a 'blue man.' He had lost 20,000 oranges—ripe and beautiful, but frozen."

The conclusion of the letter was written on the day of the party's arrival at Enterprise and rehearses the final experiences thus: "Pipes repaired, we started again and were congratulating ourselves on nearing the end of our unlucky journey when the boat was filled with steam. A cap on one of the pipes had blown off. We stopped again and spent the night in one of the most miserable places it has fallen to my lot to visit. Next morning we started again—this time in a sail boat—and went along all right until the boat struck a large rock. We had to go ashore in small boats, but fortunately we were at our journey's end. One of the gentleman said to me that it was useless to attempt to describe this trip unless one was an adept at swearing. Everything is frost-bitten or dead, but I have this consolation; I am not the only simpleton who has left a comfortable home in the North and come here to freeze."

A few other mishaps recounted in other letters may be mentioned. A trunk containing a large quantity of clothing was swept off the boat in the storm and lost. The best clothes of another of the party were covered with jelly which had unfortunately been packed in the same trunk. Some were made sick by eating frozen oranges. Growing garden stuff is killed. Meat is forty cents a pound, and potatoes \$2.50 a bushel. And last, but not least, there is no place in the house for a fire, except in the kitchen, which in that sunny (?) climate, is usually separated from the main house in order that the occupants may not be annoyed by the heat.



## BONNER'S CATALOGUE.

## HIS MAGNIFICENT STABLE OF SUPERIOR HORSE-FLESH AND THEIR RECORDS.

Another feature of interest to the admirers of trotting, just now, is Mr. Bonner's second catalogue of horses owned by him. The first was issued by him in 1877, since which he has added Maud S. (2.08 $\frac{3}{4}$ ), Rarus (2.13 $\frac{1}{4}$ , trial 2.11 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), Edwin Forrest (2.18, trial 2.11 $\frac{3}{4}$ ), Pickard (2.18 $\frac{1}{4}$ ), Russell, a sister of Maud S.; Melbourne, brother of Nutwood; Daybreak, out of the dam of Jay-Eye-See, and many others to the collection. As thousands of the readers of THE WAVE will be unable to obtain a copy of Mr. Bonner's catalogue, the following brief review of the same has been made. The numbers are the same as in the catalogue.

## STALLIONS.

1. Bay horse Startle (1867), by Kysdyk's Hambletonian, dam Lizzie Walker, by Seely's American Star.

Startle is the sire of Majolica (record, 2.15) and other fast horses. He is very fast himself, having a record of 2.19 over the old Fleetwood track and has trotted a half-mile in 1.04 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

2. Gray horse Nuthourne (1877), by Belmont, dam Miss Russell, by Pilot, Jr. Nuthourne is a brother of the famous Kentucky sire Nutwood (2.18 $\frac{3}{4}$ ), and has a record of 2.26 $\frac{1}{4}$ , of which the last quarter was trotted in 35 seconds. Miss Russell, the dam of Nuthourne, is also the dam of Maud S. (2.08 $\frac{3}{4}$ .)

3. Bay horse Eldridge (1877), by Edward Everett, dam Jessie Kirk, by Clark Chief. Eldridge has trotted a mile over Mr. Bonner's three-quarter-mile track in 2.22 $\frac{1}{4}$ . His dam, Jessie Kirk, is the dam of Majolica, and his sire, Edward Everett, is the sire of Joe Elliot, who trotted a trial in (2.15 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), and of Mamie B., who trotted a trial in 2.19 $\frac{1}{2}$ , also of a dozen others in the "thirty" list.

4. Bay horse Westchester (1881), by Startle, dam Jessie Kirk, by Clark Chief. Westchester is a brother to Majolica. When three years old he trotted a mile in 2.29, and he has since been allowed to grow and mature.

## COLTS.

5. Gray colt Nutfield (1883), by Nuthourne, dam Jessie Kirk, by Clark Chief.
6. Brown colt Stanina (1884), by Startle, dam Frill, by Princes.
7. Brown colt Newkirk (1885), by Startle, dam Jessie Kirk, by Clark Chief.
8. Bay colt Nutpecker (1885), by Nuthourne, dam Goodwill, by Messenger Duroc.
9. Bay colt Napier (1885), by Nuthourne, dam Duroc Cuyler, by Messenger Duroc.
10. Bay colt Nekola (1885), by Nuthourne, dam Duroc Star, by Messenger Duroc.
11. Brown colt Singleton (1885), by Startle, dam Frill, by Princes.

These are a fine lot of colts, related as they are to Trinket (2.14). Goldsmith Maid (2.14), Lady Thorne (2.18 $\frac{1}{4}$ ), Croix (2.19 $\frac{1}{4}$ ), Ettie Jones (2.20), Elaine (2.20), Prospero (2.20) and Dexter (2.17 $\frac{1}{4}$ ).

## GELDINGS.

12. Brown gelding Dexter (1858), by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam Clara, by Seely's American Star.

Dexter has a record of 2.17 $\frac{1}{4}$ , and is one of the most famous horses in this country, both for speed and endurance, having trotted a mile to a road wagon over the Prospect Park track, carrying 319 pounds, in 2.21 $\frac{3}{4}$ .

13. Bay gelding Edwin Forrest (1871), by Brannock's Ned Forrest, dam Fanny Monday, by Smiling Tom.

Edwin Forrest has a record of 2.18, and trotted a public trial at Hartford in 1878 in 2.14 $\frac{1}{2}$ . The year following he trotted a mile in harness over Mr. Bonner's track in 2.11 $\frac{3}{4}$  and to wagon in 2.15 $\frac{1}{4}$ .

14. Bay gelding Rarus (1867), by Conklin's Abdallah, dam Nancy Awful, by Telegraph.

Rarus has a record of 2.13 $\frac{1}{4}$ , and has trotted three consecutive heats in 2.15, 2.13 $\frac{3}{4}$  and 2.13 $\frac{1}{4}$ . He has trotted a mile over Mr. Bonner's track in 2.11 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

15. Bay gelding Pickard (1874), by Abdallah Pilot, dam Lady Bowman, by Bourbon Chief.

Pickard obtained a record of 2.18 $\frac{1}{4}$  at Hartford, in June, 1882.

16. Bay gelding Joe Elliot (1864), by Edward Elliot, dam unknown. Joe Elliot trotted a mile over the old Fashion track in 1869 in 2.19 $\frac{1}{2}$ . In 1870 he trotted in 2.18 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and on June 29, 1872, he trotted a mile in 2.15 $\frac{1}{2}$ , the best time for a mile up to that time.

17. Chestnut gelding Grafton (1868), by Van Metre's Waxy, dam Gyp, by Kavanagh's Gray Eagle.

Grafton has a record of 2.22 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; and he subsequently trotted a trial at Cleveland in 2.15 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

18. Bay gelding John Taylor (1869), pedigree unknown. John Taylor has a record of 2.25, and has trotted a trial in 2.19 $\frac{3}{4}$ .

19. Bay gelding Wellesley Boy (1869), by Godfrey Patchen, dam unknown. Wellesley Boy has trotted a mile over Mr. Bonner's track in 2.19 $\frac{1}{4}$ .

20. Brown gelding Bruno (1861), by Kysdyk's Hambletonian, dam Kate, by Bellaire. Bruno was the first four-year old to obtain a record of 2.30. In double harness, with Brunette, he trotted in 2.25 $\frac{1}{4}$ . He has trotted half a mile under saddle in 1.05.

21. Bay gelding Eric (1872), by Ericsson, dam by John Dillard.

22. Chestnut gelding Walton (1872), by Burger, dam by Andrew Jackson Jr.

23. Gray-roan gelding Centennial (1873), by Sentinel, dam by Alexander's Edwin Forrest.

24. Roan gelding Keene, Jim (1873), by Keene's Lookout, dam Laura Fair, by Morgan Rattler.

25. Black gelding Mambrino Bertie (1868), by Mambrino Patchen, dam by Mambrino Chief.

26. Chestnut gelding Stranger (1879), by Startle, dam Lady Stout, by Mambrino Patchen.

27. Gray Gelding Convoy (1873), by Woodford Mambrino, dam Vanity Fair, by Alexander's Abdallah.

28. Bay gelding Escort (1879), by Red Wilkes, dam by John Dillard.

29. Bay gelding Cyril (1879), by Dictator, dam Norma, by Alexander's Norman.

30. Brown gelding Longman (1873), by imported Leamington, dam Sallie Whiskey, by imported Hooton.

31. Gray gelding Netherwood (1882), by Nuthourne, dam Music, by Middletown.

32. Gray gelding Nassau (1884), by Nuthourne, dam Good Will, by Messenger Duroc.

Of this lot, Eric obtained a record of 2.28 $\frac{1}{4}$  when four years old; Keene, Jim has a record of 2.19 $\frac{1}{4}$ ; as a three-year-old he trotted in 2.34, and as a four-year-old in 2.24 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Convoy has a record of 2.22 $\frac{1}{4}$ , and has trotted a two-mile trial in 4.45 $\frac{3}{4}$ ; Escort is a brother to Phil Thompson (2.16 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), and Longman is a thoroughbred.

## MAUD S.

50. Chestnut mare Maud S., foaled March 28, 1874, by Harold, dam Miss Russell, by Pilot, Jr., grandam Sally Russell (thoroughbred), by Boston.

Mr. Bonner says of the Queen that "Maud S. was purchased from the late W. H. Vanderbilt, on August 19, 1884, and since then she has reduced her record twice—2.09 $\frac{1}{4}$  on the 11th of November, 1884, at Lexington, and to 2.08 $\frac{3}{4}$  on the 30th of July, 1885, at Cleveland. She has also the fastest record ever made—2.13 $\frac{1}{2}$ —in a race against other horses, and Mr. Vanderbilt drove her and Aldine to a top road wagon a mile in public on Fleetwood Park in 2.15 $\frac{1}{2}$ . This is the fastest time ever made by any team of trotters, being one-quarter of a second faster than the best record of any team to a skeleton wagon with a professional driver.

## MARES.

33. Black mare Cloudlet (1880), by Homer, dam Rose Viley, by Ward's Flying Cloud.

34. Chestnut mare Daisy Darling (1875), by Kentucky Prince, dam the Smith mare, by Strideaway.

35. Gray mare Daybreak (1876), by Harold, dam Midnight, by Pilot, Jr.

36. Bay mare Duroc Cuyler (1878), by Messenger Duroc, dam Rosetta, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian.

37. Brown mare Duroc Star (1879), by Messenger Duroc, dam Mary Sanford, by the Plunket horse.

38. Brown mare Frill (1879), by Princes, dam Favorita, by Alexander's Abdallah.

39. Brown mare Garland (1878), by Cuyler, dam Bonnie Doon, by Aberdeen.

40. Black mare Gem (1879), by Dictator, dam by Blackwood.

41. Bay mare Good Will (1876), by Messenger Duroc, dam Antoinette, by Shepherd's Rattler.

42. Bay mare Halcyon (1879), by Cuyler, dam Cady Abdallah, by Alexander's Abdallah.

43. Brown mare Jessie Kirk (1867), by Clark Chief, dam by Capt. Walker.

44. Chestnut mare Lady Stout (1871), by Mambrino Patchen, dam Puss Prall, by Mark Time.

45. Chestnut Lady Winfield (1868), by Edward Everett, dam Eureka.

46. Bay mare Lucy Cuyler (1874), by Cuyler, dam by Alexander's Norman.

47. Bay mare Malice (1870), by Woodford, dam Malmaison, by Alexander's Abdallah.

48. Brown mare Manetta (1872), by Woodford Mambrino, dam Malmaison, by Alexander's Abdallah.

49. Chestnut mare Maud Macey (1871), by Joe Hooker, dam by Star Denmark.

51. Black mare May Bird (1868), by George Wilkes, dam Nonpareil, by Long Island Black Hawk.

52. Bay mare Wolsey (1863), by Whiteside's Black Hawk, dam by Dallas.

53. Chestnut mare Music (1867), by Middletown, dam by Roe's Fiddler.

54. Bay mare Preciosa (1881), by King Rene, dam Gossamer, by Princes.

55. Bay mare Pocahontas (1869), by Ethan Allen, dam Pocahontas, by Iron's Cadmus.

56. Black mare Risk (1877), by Startle, dam Essie, by New York Ledger.

57. Gray mare Russell (1880), by Harold, dam Miss Russell, by Pilot Jr.

58. Bay filly Mamie (1883), by Nuthourne, dam Lady Winfield, by Edward Everett.

59. Chestnut filly Sparta (1884), by Startle, dam Lady Winfield, by Edward Everett.

60. Bay filly Miss Majolica (1884), by Startle, dam Jessie Kirk, by Clark Chief.

61. Chestnut filly Caprice (1885), by Startle, dam Maud Macey, by Joe Hooker.

The above is a grand lot of mares. How good they really are can only be realized by a study of their breeding in the catalogue, and as for speed, the following have trotted over Mr. Bonner's track in the time named: Lucy Cuyler, 2.15 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Mannaetta, 2.16 $\frac{1}{4}$ ; Maud Macey, 2.16 $\frac{3}{4}$ ; Pocahontas, 2.17 $\frac{3}{4}$ ; Molsey, 2.18 $\frac{1}{4}$ ; May Bird, Daisy Darling and Music, 2.18 $\frac{3}{4}$ ; Malice, 2.19 $\frac{3}{4}$ , and Daybreak, 2.25 $\frac{1}{2}$ , while many of them have public records better than "thirty."

## HOW THE NEWS WAS RECEIVED IN KENTUCKY.

(Louisville Post.)

"Well, King Alfonso is dead," said the *Post* to Colonel Tom Lewis yesterday afternoon, meeting him on the street.

"Dead!" exclaimed the Colonel, "you don't say so! I'm awfully sorry to hear that. King Alfonso has always been a great favorite of mine, and I had rather heard of any other death." And the Colonel looked very sad.

"Why do you take so much interest in him? I asked.

"Why," exclaimed the Colonel, "I have followed his line for years, and I always found there was money in it. I'll tell you blood will tell."

"What do you mean? You have been following the line of the King of Spain? I don't understand how the death of the King of Spain can affect you."

"The King of Spain, the d—l," said the Colonel in disgust; what do I care for the King of Spain. I thought you meant the great sire King Alfonso, the father of Fonso, who won the Derby."

## FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

And suppose that the corner grocery can give you as good a supply from which to choose your fruits and vegetables as the great central depot of Brown & Wells' Stalls Nos. 30 and 31, California Market. It is well known that the best of everything—fish, flesh and fruits—is sent to the California Market. This is the great central depot for first-class articles. All outside markets and stores have to take second-class goods. At the California Market are arrayed in tempting profusion all articles desirable for either hotel, restaurant, boarding-house or private kitchen. The first, best and largest are there. There is something to pick from. There are always viands there that, until you see them, you did not know were in season. No such variety can be found on outside stands or in suburban markets. This is particularly the case at the stand of Brown & Wells. Asparagus, rich and succulent; celery, white and crisp; peas, fresh and sweet cauliflower, luscious and tender; beans, sweet potatoes, toothsome corn, berries, fruits and all remaining vegetables array themselves in tantalizing display and fill the market basket with home comfort and dining-room joy. Oh, it is glorious to have such a stock to select from.



## POETS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING.

## BEFORE THE BALL.

I can see you soon advancing  
Through the ball-room and the dancing,  
Where the social stars are prancing  
To a soft, voluptuous air;  
I can see the smiles of greeting,  
See eyes kindle in the meeting  
With your own, that seem entreating,  
Lady fair.

Ah! too well I know how snaring  
Are your glances to the daring.  
Just last August I was swearing  
No one could with you compare;  
Yet I did not call you cruel  
When you jilted me, my jewel;  
No, I calmly took my gruel!  
Lady fair.

## LOVE'S ARITHMETIC.

She was one and I was one  
Strolling o'er the heather,  
Yet before the year was done  
We were one together.  
Love's a queer arithmetician—  
In the rule of his addition  
He lays down the proposition  
One and one make one.

She and I, alas, are two,  
Since, unwisely mated,  
Having nothing else to do,  
We were separated.  
Now, 'twould seem that by this action  
Each was made a simple fraction  
Yet 'tis held in love's subtraction  
One from one leaves two.

## A PASSING PERFUME.

Along the lake the soft wind sighs  
And languorous the perfumes rise  
From myriad lilies, snowy white,  
Who close their chalice at sight  
Of evening, as the sun glow flies.  
The fragrant zephyr lives and dies,  
No evidence before the eyes  
Save but the wavelets dark and light  
Along the lake.

Thus passes off before our eyes  
One as a friend we'd highly prize,  
A smiling face, a glance so bright,  
An instant seen, the crowds unite—  
Now gone; 'tis thus the south wind plies  
Along the lake.

## IN A BAY-WINDOW

Ah, yes, there's a change in the weather,  
And it looks a little like snow;  
Though in this recess it seems summer,  
And around us warm red roses blow.

There is scarcely a theme we've not touched on—  
Secluded, but talking at large—  
From the latest lyric of Stedman  
To the very last freak of Lafarge.

And now we have come to the weather:  
As you say, there's a feeling of snow;  
But do you not think it was warmer  
In this window one winter ago?

Whose picture, that one near the curtain—  
Tait? Titian? I really don't know;  
I am thinking, instead, of the picture  
Seen there where these jacqueminots blow.

Just the same sweet profusion of roses,  
A lady, a silken divan,  
A vase—was it wedgewood or minton?—  
And a gentleman holding a fan.

Was the talk then of art and the weather?  
None could say, for their voices were low;  
But 'twere safe to conjecture that neither  
For the morrow prophesied snow.

Must I look at that thing on the easel?  
Very bad, but a good Borguereau.  
Ah! you plainly prefer a strange picture  
To mine, whose each detail you know.

You think 'tis unwise to recall things?  
Unwise! It is wrong, on my life;  
The weather's so different this winter—  
You are married, and I—have a wife.

Around us the same crimson curtains,  
All scarlet the jacqueminots glow;  
But the season is colder than last one;  
In the air there is certainly snow.

## SPLASHES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Little Boy—"Pa, is the Golden Rule made of solid gold?" Pa—"No, it's simply washed with gold, and very thin at that."

Little Jack—"My mamma's new fan is hand-painted." Little Dick—"Pooh! who cares? Our whole fence is."—*Exchange*.

"Blood relations mean near relations," said Widow Coshannigan to her boy. "Well, then, you must be the bloodiest relation I've got."

Sunday School Teacher—"Why did the children of Israel sprinkle blood on the door posts?" Pupil—"Please mam, they wanted to paint the town red."

Father—"Why, sonny, what makes you ask so many foolish questions? I wasn't so big a donkey at your age." Son—"No, pa, but you've growed a heap since."—*Troy Times*.

"Come, now, Bertie, kiss your little sister and make up with her," said mamma to her ten-year-old boy. "What! the Pawnee Chief bow low to pale-face Cry Baby! Mother, you ask too much."—*Tidbits*.

New York School Teacher—"Which is the highest mountain in our State?" Boy—"Sing Sing." Teacher—"Why?" Boy—"Father went up a year ago and hasn't come down yet."—*Beacon*.

Teacher observing a blot on urchin's book, asks "What is that?" Little boy—"Sure, and I think it's a tear, sir." Teacher—"How could a tear be black?" Boy—"I think wan o' the colored boys dropped it."

At dessert time a magnificent cake is placed upon the table, to the unconcealed delight of the young tyrant of the household. "Oh," he cries in rapture, "give me some of that cake—plenty of it—too much of it, please!"

Mamma—"Do you know the ten commandments, my dear?" Little Bessie—"Yes, mamma." Mamma—"Well, repeat them." Bessie—"I can't, mamma; I don't know them by heart. I only know them when I see them."

Exuberant Aunt—"What a hearty, active little fellow Fred is! I'll get him a present for Christmas over which he'll be jolly, I'm sure." Anxious Mother—"For goodness sake, Elmira, don't get him a tool chest."—*Philadelphia Call*.

Mamie—"Sal, a turkey isn't like any other bird, is it?" Sally—"Why isn't it?" Mamie—"Because it hasn't any nose." Sally—"Why, of course a turkey has a nose. Don't you remember the Pope's nose that Tom tried to get away from Willie Christmas night?"

Little brother, whose sister is playing cards with a gentleman: "Mr. Smiler, does Minnie play cards well?" Mr. Smiler—"Yes, very well indeed." Little brother—"Then you had better look out; mamma said if she played her cards well she'd catch you."—*Exchange*.

Three toddlers were seated around a pictorial Bible on a wet Sunday afternoon turning and criticising the plates until that of Jacob's dream demanded instant and earnest attention. The artist had portrayed Jacob asleep at the foot of a flight of steps reaching to the imaginary heaven on which were angels with orthodox wings, etc. "Wonder, Belle, why the bootiful angels want wings when there are stairs for them to walk on?" "Don't know; but say, praps 'tis moulting season and they can't fly!"

She was a maid of many charms,  
As lovely as the rose;  
She held her poodle in her arms  
And fondly kissed his nose.

Her lover lying at her feet,  
Was envious as could be,  
And said "Oh, give a kiss as sweet  
As that, my love, to me."

She stooped and kissed him on the lips,  
Then sprang he to his feet;  
She, blushing to her finger tips,  
Inquired, "Well, was it sweet?"

He wiped his mouth, picked up his cane,  
And then prepared to jog,  
Remarking, "Sweet? well, to be plain,  
It kind o' tastes of dog."



## WALLETS.

Story of a brute, in one chapter: "I do wish you would throw away that cigar—you are filling my eyes with smoke." "Why don't you shut your eyes, then?"

She—"Going to the reception?" He—"No." She—"Why not?" He—"No clothes." She—"Neither have I." He—"Well, you can go that way; I can't."

"Why, there goes the daisy from Van Ness Avenue without her eye glasses; she'll catch her death o' cold, sure." It does beat nature how careless our girls are, some times.

Mrs. Smith—"I fear I'm failing fast." Mrs. Jones—"Nonsense! I only hope I shall look as well when I am of your age." Mrs. Smith (*sotto voce*)—"When she's of my age! The hateful old thing!"

On the veranda: "I wish I was in hell!" exclaimed a guest, one day, in the presence of his wife, who, by the way, has the reputation of making it very warm for her husband, occasionally, on this side of the river.

"That old thing, giving her age as thirty!—why, I have heard her give her age at that for fifteen years." "Yes, but you must remember that the dear old creature don't say one thing to-day and another to-morrow—that's not her way."

"How do you like your new boarding-house, Crimsonbeak?" said a friend to that individual when they met on the train. "First rate!" answered Crimsonbeak. "Any life down there?" "Lots of it; but it's all confined to the cheese."

"And so you like the yarns we sea-dogs spin?" asked the gallant young yachtsman. "I dote on them," the young lady responded. "And what shall I tell you of the doings of us salts?" he tenderly asked. "Oh, tell me how you luff!" she innocently answered.

"Does the shining steel blade which I hold in my hand cause excruciating pain?" inquired the barber. "What?" "I asked if the razor hurt you?" "Is it a razor?" "Of course it is. Why?" "I thought it was a saw, but, if you are sure it is a razor, go ahead."

"I shall not go to Monterey this summer," she said; "still I shall enjoy myself, you know, and let distance lend enchantment to the view." All the same, Miss Flora, the coming season will eclipse even that of last year, splendid and brilliant though it was in birds of rare and magnificent plumage.

"I was surprised to see you come out of the club-house with that disreputable old tramp, Colonel. Did you invite him to drink?" "No, certainly not," replied the colonel, straightening up; "but I felt sorry for the poor old chap, and when he asked me to take something I hadn't the heart to refuse."

"Ah, Mrs. Crimsonbeak," said young Miss Fussenfeather, after conversing with that lady's husband at the musicale the other evening. "I've found your husband out at last." That's not a difficult thing to do," replied Mrs. Crimsonbeak, indifferently. "Come around to the house any time of night and you'll always find him out."

"I was rich once and drank wine," said a reformer from the Bay, as he poured out a stiff drink of gin. "When was that?" demanded the bartender. "A good while ago," he replied, wiping away a tear. "Well, what are you crying about?" "I am crying to think what a fool I was to drink wine when I might just as well have had gin."

"Somebody's afire," said the man with the red nose, as he sniffed the odor of the burning woolen. All the smoking car passengers looked themselves over and said: "That's so." "Wonder who it is?" said the little man in the big, cold-looking silk hat. The tall man with the five-cent cigar never said a word. He knew what was burning.

They were walking on the beach, and as Claude held her little hand he murmured, "I love to be with you, Claribel; it seems so bright, and I feel so much fresher." "Do you, dear? I should not think that possible." And then he dropped her hand and turned sadly away, his sighs keeping time to the surges as they lashed themselves to foam on the pebbly beach.

"Ah, yes," said an old fellow, "when I was a young man like you I admired a pretty girl as much as any one, and, if I do say it, was very popular with the young ladies; but accumulating years and a wife and family have taught me——" Here he hesitated. "Well, what have accumulating years and a wife and family taught you?" "Caution, my boy, caution."

"There goes a hale and hearty-looking old man," said Mrs. Catchhim to her pretty daughter at the club-house, as a handsome elderly man passed and bowed. "Yes, mamma, so I see." "Don't you think he's a fine specimen of green old age, daughter?" continued the mother, following the old gentleman with her eyes. "Yes, mamma, I do, and about the greenest old age I ever saw. Why, the old fool asked me last night to marry him."

Once in a while amateur artists venture upon very delicate ground. A lady not far from Monterey, who is clever with the brush, not long ago painted a tapestry of Tannhauser and Venus. "Well, my dear," she said to a female friend, "how do you like it? Do you think I have got Venus Venusy enough?" "Well, I don't know what you think, of course," was the reply; "but if she were any more Venusy—with severity—"you couldn't show it."

"Hubby, I've just been reading how Daniel Webster improved his memory." "How was it, my dear?" "Well, you see, every night when he came home he told his wife everything he had done during the day, whom he had met, what he had said, everything he could think of. By and by he got so he could remember everything." "Well?" "Nothing, hubby, only I thought maybe you would like to improve your memory that way." "Darling, I haven't touched a drop since morning."

First Dude—"Been away?" Second Dude—"Yes; trying to get over a little disappointment, you know." First Dude—"Ah! what has happened, my deah fellah?" Second Dude—"I proposed to Miss A. the other evening and she laughed at me—actually laughed, you know. I don't know, you know. Cawn't guess, you know; but the way she looked at my clothes, you know, I think it must have been them, you know. Bad fit, most likely, you know. I'll nevah, nevah patronize that tailor again, you know; nevah!"

It was during Lent: A young lady of San Francisco who had been a constant attendant at the opera, and who is known to be quite a devout Catholic—when lyric temptations are not too divine—was reproached by a severer sister upon her "capriciousness," and happily rejoined: "An eminent theologian once declared that 'music is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy; for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrows and the fascination of evil thoughts.' There, now!" The young lady was correct; but she was too good a Catholic to present her authority—which was Martin Luther.

## NEW EFFECTS IN SEALING WAX.

There have of late been some new and very pretty effects produced by the amalgamation of a variety of tints in wax, and a variegated seal is now the proper caper. These effects are produced by dropping a little of one color on another of contrasting hue, such as a pale pink on a garnet. If the top is rubbed with the finger, and then allowed to run when it is warmed before making the impression, a veined effect, as of marble, may be produced. Some people take a white or very light wax, let it blaze a moment, and then make their seal without rubbing around; and it will be delicately blurred with black.

The latest shades are a light lilac, a rich yellow brown, a light red, orange and the bronze hues. The spangled wax is also a new conceit; it comes in green, fire, green bronze and steel gray bronzes. Another effect is arrived at by clear waxes; these latter give a translucent or semi-translucent seal on the paper.

SEA-NEED.



## WHERE SOME OF 'EM WILL SUMMER.

It is yet too early to inform the readers of the WAVE just exactly when and where all of the people of San Francisco will summer. There are those who leave the metropolis early in the spring and return late in the fall which is the case with most of those who own summer homes. Such movements as are already on our list are as follows:

Mrs. Judge Hall is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York.  
Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Bancroft will summer in San Rafael.  
Mrs. Fair and daughters will spend a month or two at Santa Cruz.  
Mrs. Michael Castle left San Francisco a few days ago for Europe.  
Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph B. Spence will tarry a few months in the East.  
Miss Grace Whitaker is at the Tilden Seminary, West Lebanon, N. H.  
Mrs. Stanley and Miss Garber are sojourning at the Napa Soda Springs.  
Mrs. Adam Grant and Mrs. Joseph Austn left here for Europe a few days ago.

Miss Virginia Yeatman departed for the Eastern States a month or more ago.

Mrs. C. L. Martel and the Misses Martel will pass the summer at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sharon and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Janin are doing Japan.

Mrs. Joseph D. Redding has been for a long time visiting friends in New Jersey.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Hill will spend a portion of the season at Del Monte.

Mrs. A. G. Hawes and daughter are enjoying a trip to the Sandwich Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Burke will give Menlo the go by for "Ould Ireland."

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Dick will pass their summer on their estate in Scotland.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wetherbee are already enjoying their chalet at Fruitvale.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas and their daughters will again risk a season at Saucelito.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Adams have already taken up their summer abode at Fair Oaks.

Colonel and Mrs. J. P. Jackson will spend the summer, as usual, at Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles MacDermot and family are at the Hotel Normandy, Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy L. Davis have been enjoying themselves in the East for some time.

Mrs. A. E. Head and daughter will spend the summer among the high-toners of London.

Colonel and Mrs. J. D. Fry went East in March, and the Colonel is at present in Europe.

Mrs. Walter Dean, who is at present in Europe, will probably remain there until the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Walker will spend a portion of the summer in the New England States.

The Misses Nellie and Minnie Corbitt are at their beautiful summer home near San Mateo.

Mrs. R. H. Hooker will go to Del Monte next month, to remain until after the Fourth of July.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mills and family are at their pretty place in Napa Valley, near Oak Knoll.

Miss Luning has decided upon a sojourn at Santa Barbara, which is again becoming a favorite resort.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter McGavin leave on a visit to relatives in England and Scotland in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ward, the Carolans, and the Pratts depart for Europe during the present month.

Mrs. Senator Jones, Mrs. Senator Stanford and Miss Felton will remain in Washington during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Girvin, and Mr. and Mrs. Sonntag will summer at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone and family, who have been at the Palace during the winter, have already opened out at Oak Knoll, one of the prettiest places in the State.

The Schmiedells, accompanied by Mrs. Peters and daughter, will spend a part of the summer at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Bandmann, Miss Tony Bandmann and Miss Carrie Platt will spend the summer in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Estee and their daughter have been at their summer home near Napa for several weeks.

Miss Mollie Torbert also went East in March, on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Fearon, who is at present residing on Staten Island.

Colonel and Mrs. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Tim Hopkins, the Athertons and the Adamses all have summer places at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. James Robinson are already at their summer home at Redwood, where they will entertain a good deal, as usual.

Mrs. A. H. Wilcox and daughters will divide their time during the coming season at Del Monte, and at various places in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Crocker leave in a few weeks for New York, and will take up their residence for a short time at the Grand Central Hotel, where their son is now stopping.

Mrs. Geo. Hearst will remain in Washington, where she has taken a fine house, and where she entertains handsomely and has a retinue of followers. When in New York Mrs. Hearst resides at the Brunswick.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker will probably divide their time during the coming season between New York and Saratoga. Mr. Crocker is a member of the New York Riding Academy, where Miss Hattie Crocker takes equestrian exercises daily.

Mrs. Ben C. Truman will divide her time between New York and Narragansett Pier. Some months ago, when Major Truman, accompanied by his wife and daughter, went East, the trio were entertained at their old home in Los Angeles, of which the *Herald* of that city, next day, said: "On the arrival of the train from the North yesterday, Major Ben C. Truman, his wife and their daughter, Miss Georgie, were met at the Depot Hotel by a number of relatives and friends, and treated to one of those exquisite lunches of which mine host Reinhart possesses the secret. Immediately afterwards they took the Southern Pacific train for New Orleans. There they propose to spend some three weeks, going thence to New York. Major Truman goes East on business of the Southern Pacific. The many friends of Mrs. Truman, who is a social favorite all over Southern California, and whose queenly beauty is the least of her attractions, will be glad to learn that she is in perfect health and anticipative of the pleasures of the winter season in New Orleans and New York. One of the things that makes Major Truman enduringly popular in Los Angeles and Southern California is the care which he always takes to voice trumpet-tongued the claims of his old home. General E. E. Hewitt proposed *bon voyage* to these old time Angeleños, and almost before the beakers were quaffed they were *en route* to the Crescent City."

A bright-eyed little girl of nine years was on board the Sunset train. She had never before been beyond the limits of her Monterey home, and manifested unusual interest in all she saw. The wide plains and the prairie-dogs interested her, but she was most anxious to see a genuine specimen of that Western product—a cowboy. The train was waiting at a station in Texas when the longed-for cowboy appeared. He was a typical specimen—wide sombrero, leather breeches, red flannel shirt, a belt filled with knives and pistols, and a desperate-looking character generally. "There is a cowboy for you," whispered a gentleman to the little girl. "What! that?" she asked in unfeigned surprise and evident disappointment. "Why, I always thought a cowboy was part boy and part cow!"

Fannie is a little girl who has a big wax doll as a companion. A few days ago a new sister came to her house, and after a few days she went over to a neighbour's. "Well, Fannie," said the lady, "where's your wax doll?" "Oh," she answered, turning up her nose, "I don't have nothin' to do with wax babies any more. We've got a meat baby at our house now, and that takes up all my time."

Little girl from San Francisco—"Our family is a more aristocratic family than yours." Little girl from Monterey—"No, it isn't. My mother can boast of her forefathers for the last two centuries." Little girl from Chicago—"Oh, that is nothing. My mother can boast of four husbands in the last two years."



## PACIFIC GROVE.

THE BEST PLACE TO TAKE FAMILIES FOR A VACATION.

[From the Salinas Weekly Index, May 6th.]

PACIFIC GROVE May 3, 1886.

*Editor Index.*—There has been a great deal said and written about the sea-side resorts that abound along our coast; but I thought, after all that has been said, a few facts from a resident of eight years might be read with interest by those who are yet undecided where they will go. Eight years ago this month I came to Pacific Grove. Then there were only eight cottages, and some forty or fifty tents for families to live in. Three years later—in the spring of 1881—the property having passed to the hands of the Pacific Improvement Company, I was employed to act as Superintendent of the Grove. At that time there had been built six additional cottages, and a few private tent added. Prices of lots were then reduced, purchasers became plentiful, and building commenced. I have sold for the company for residence purposes, nearly 1,500 lots. This is exclusive of lots for business purposes. We now have over 200 cottages and as many tents, for the accommodation of the people who throng the place each season. The company has had built the largest single dining-room on the coast, seating capacity 450, which is under the able management of Mr. Louis Schaefe, who will spare no pains to make his patrons satisfied. The company has an abundance of rooms and tents for those who may need accommodations. The moral and prudential management is under the control of the Pacific Grove Retreat Association, Dr. F. F. Jewell, D. D., President; Dr. T. H. Sinix, D. D., Secretary. I want to say to parents and all interested, that out of all the resorts on the coast, Pacific Grove is the only place where you can say as a fact that you are entirely clear of all the objectionable things that are usually found where large crowds of people congregate. No whisky, wines or cider are sold; no dancing or carousing, or roughness of any description is allowed; all places of public assemblies and public parlors close at 10 P. M.; persons are not permitted to go carousing and strolling through the grounds at all hours of the night to the discomfort of others. We have a night watchman whose duty is to see that all is quiet and safe during the night. During my residence of eight years here we have never had to make an arrest. Ladies and children come here unattended by husband or father, and occupy tents with as much safety as if they were in their own homes. Everything in the way of provisions can be obtained at the different stores on the grounds. Religious services are held each Sunday in a commodious building erected for that purpose. The public gatherings at the Grove for the summer will be as follows:

The camp-meeting will commence June 10th, and hold for ten days. The meeting will be under the direction of the Rev. W. Denuett, D. D., Presiding Elder of San Francisco District.

The Chatauqua Assembly will convene June 28th, and close July 9th.

The Midsummer Reunion will commence about July 12th, and close about the 17th, at which lectures will be given by gentlemen upon subjects never before presented at the Grove. The California Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church will hold its session at the Grove, commencing about September 9th, and lasting one week.

There are now under way six new buildings for business purposes, where one may buy so much or as little as he chooses of any article usually found in other towns—except intoxicating drinks. The livery facilities are equal to any seaside resort on the coast. We have a well regulated Fire Department, yet we have never had a fire to call them into active service. For safety of person and property it has no equal on this coast.

I have visited nearly 140 different towns west of the Rocky Mountains, in both winter and summer, and for climate, beauty of scenery, and all that goes to make a place pleasant to live, Pacific Grove is far in advance of them all. During the winter of 1879 the family of A. C. McDougal and my own were the only residents of the Grove; the past winter there have been more than fifty families residing here, and a large number are making preparations to come. We have them from New York, Colorado, Kansas, Dakota, and almost all parts; and when we get the new lodging house which is confidently expected to be built between this and next winter by the Pacific Improvement Company, we will have facilities for taking care of large numbers of winter visitors in the most comfortable manner. Some time since as man who had heard that the present rules and regulations in regard to the moral and religious government of the place would soon come to an end, asked one of our good brothers who has been closely identified with the place from the commencement, when the time would come. His answer was that it would not end until Judgment Day; and I earnestly hope that the good work begun and so nobly carried forward by a band of Christian people may not end until Judgment Day, and that there may be one place on the coast where families can go to spend a few weeks or months, and have all the advantages of religious services and Sunday school with perfect peace and safety.

Yours, very respectfully,

J. O. JOHNSON,  
Supt. Pacific Grove Retreat.

A small boy in a fashionable church in San Francisco heard the hymn beginning, "The Consecrated Cross I'd Bear," and in the momentary quiet which followed, the perplexed youth turned to his father and asked in an earnest whisper, "Say, pa, where do they keep the consecrated cross-eyed bear?"

## EXHIBITION OF FURS.

We wish to call attention to the advertisement of Messrs. H. Liebes & Co., Nos. 111, 113, 115 and 117 Montgomery St. near Sutter, opposite the Occidental Hotel, dealers in sealskin sacques, sealskin dolmans, sealskin mantillas, rich fur rugs, rare skins and other novelties in furs. We do this for the particular information of tourists and excursionists, and to show them that they may purchase all things in the fur line at at least forty per cent. lower than they can get the same line of first-class goods in the East. Messrs. H. Liebes & Co. have their own vessels and men employed in trading and hunting, and are so situated, geographically, as to obtain the furs of the world in greater varieties and at lower rates than any other firm in the same business anywhere else in the world.

Tourists visiting here from the East should make it a point to call and see the beautiful stock, even if they do not care about purchasing, as the store of Messrs. Liebes & Co. is regarded in San Francisco as second to no other exhibition or museum upon the Pacific Coast. The proprietors and assistants take great pleasure in showing their goods and explaining the history of the fur-bearing animals of the Northern Pacific waters.

## REMEMBER THAT

Nebuchadnezzar was the father of salad eaters,

Mustard improves a lobster, but ruins a chicken salad.

Mustard, like vinegar, should be used by a miserly hand.

Brandy and whisky drinkers are no judges of fine wines—to them one vintage is as good as another.

Nature is a great physician. Don't be afraid to trust her; she looks carefully after the interests of her patients' stomachs.

Let an invalid have whatever he calls for to eat; it is not he who craves it, but Nature, and she will not permit him to eat to excess.

In the progress of civilization the frying-pan disappeared with the advent of the gridiron; which in turn has been superseded by the wire-broiler.

A few spoonfuls of soup, possessing body, taken on an empty stomach, gives it tone and prepares it to receive acceptably more substantial fare.

A bottle of claret to be served at dinner should, for an hour or two previous, stand on the hearth-rug at a nicely-calculated distance from the fire.

The Arab in the desert dividing his last handful of dried dates and his few remaining drops of water with a wandering brother, represents the highest type of hospitality.

A dyspeptic has no right to dine among civilized beings. He should take a sea-voyage or go into the wilderness and live for a while, like John the Baptist, on locusts and wild honey.

No claret, not crowned by unsunned years in a cool wine vault, is worthy of praise; its natural acid should be resolved and its imperial dye softened by and made richer in color with each revolving season.

## HOTEL DEL MONTE COMPLIMENTED.

Among the many tourists from the East, through the State of California, during the month of April, was a party composed of N. M. Pusey, one of Iowa's celebrated railroad attorneys, and wife; Miss Kate Pusey a distinguished vocalist, and daughter of ex-Congressman W. H. Pusey, of Iowa, and Miss Mollie Larimer, of Pennsylvania. After having visited the various places of interest in the State, and about leaving San Francisco on their return trip, Mr. Pusey was asked what he saw in California that pleased him most. His reply was:—"I saw much that was pleasing and interesting, but 'Del Monte' pleased me so much that I can talk of nothing else but its charming grounds and excellent management. Del Monte alone is sufficient to attract any tourist to the Golden State." While at Del Monte, Miss Kate Pusey surprised the guests with her wonderful vocal powers.

## CAPITOLA.

The season at Capitola, Santa Cruz county, opened on the first day of May, under very favorable auspices. Over two thousand persons were present, and it was very complimentary to Messrs. Cahoon and Son, the new managers and proprietors of this popular Sea-side resort, to hear the many expressions of surprise, at the greatly improved appearance of the place.

Capitola will, in the future, be kept open the year round, and cannot help but receive liberal patronage.

It is now one of the best managed resorts on the Coast, and, so far as natural attractions are concerned, is surpassed by none.



# DEL MONTE WAVE.

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DEL MONTE PUBLISHING CO.

MONTEREY, CAL. - - - MAY, 1886

ENTERED AT THE MONTEREY POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Matthew Arnold, who is at present travelling on the Continent, making researches on educational matters for his government, writes to a Boston friend that he will make a visit to America this spring, not, however, on a lecturing tour, though possibly he may be induced to lecture only in Boston, New York and Philadelphia. He expects to arrive in May, and return in August.

Lieutenant Greely has for his own occupancy a comfortable house in G street, Washington. It is expected that he will be retired with a good rank. He will never be fit for active service again, his eyes being affected and his whole constitution undermined by his Arctic hardships. He is spoken of as a pleasant, soft-voiced kind of man, with something grave, almost melancholy, in his look and manner, altogether unspoiled by adulation, and generally liked.

"The habit of parting the hair in the middle, in England," says Bronson Howard, "is so nearly universal that it is considered quite the thing—feminine thing, I mean—for women to part theirs a little on one side. The Prince of Wales cannot part his hair in the middle, because, like myself, he has none on the top of his head. This style of wearing the hair is quite becoming to some men, as George William Curtis, for instance. Fechter, as Hamlet, parted his hair in the middle; King Lear is always thus represented; Schiller always wore his hair in this style. Tennyson, Longfellow, Carlyle, Walt Whitman, Ed. Stedman and Taine are notable examples of this fashion."

No tourist ever leaves San Francisco without visiting Taber's famous Photograph Gallery, No. 8 Montgomery street. The reputation of this establishment is known all over the world. The exquisite work it turns out has been admired in almost every clime nature has produced. It is admitted that for accuracy, artistic posing of the subject and elaborate finish these photographs have no equal. An album of Taber's views of Pacific Coast scenery and objects of interest, interspersed with pictures of the eminent men and women who have been photographed at this great gallery, would constitute one of the most interesting books which could be placed on a reception parlor table to amuse the guests. Those who wish to obtain satisfactory photographs should go to Taber.

Archbishop Gibbons, the coming American cardinal, is described by a Baltimore correspondent of the Tribune, as a man of slender physique and low stature, who has a pale, thin face lighted up by a pair of bright blue eyes. He is, perhaps, the least imposing in appearance of all the members of the American Catholic hierarchy. In the matter of dress the Archbishop is rather careless, often appearing on the street in clothes that even an apologist would acknowledge to be rusty. He has a fondness for the old-fashioned slouch hat which all the dignity of his rank cannot overcome. His manner of living is of the simplest kind. His residence, in Charles street, near Mulberry, is furnished with a simplicity bordering on severity. His own rooms are the barest in the house. He is very fond of walking, sometimes going on foot the entire length of Charles street—several miles. The Archbishop is the kindest and most accessible of men. His very appearance invites confidence and affection—it is so benevolent and fatherly. He looks more like the gentle, big-hearted country clergymen of the Dr. Primrose type than a prince of the Roman Catholic church.

## CALIFORNIA'S TWO FAMOUS WATERING PLACES.

SEA-BATHING ALL THE YEAR AROUND—THE BEAUTIFUL GROVES, FINE DRIVES, ETC.

[Correspondence Buffalo Courier.]

SAN FRANCISCO, February 27.—The two most famous seaside resorts of California at the present day are undoubtedly Monterey and Santa Cruz, situated on opposite sides of the great semi-circular bay of Monterey, about 125 miles south of San Francisco. The distance across the bay from Monterey to Santa Cruz is thirty-four miles, and on a clear day it is quite possible to see one place from the other.

### ONE OF THE FINEST TRIPS

on this coast is that by way of the Southern Pacific Railroad to Santa Cruz and Monterey. This is the only railroad running to both of these points, but there is "nothing slow about it" for all of that. "The Daisy train" on this road, which leaves San Francisco at 3:30 p. m., is the fastest train in California, and one of the swiftest in America, making the run from San Francisco to Monterey—125 miles—in three hours and a half. The ride through the

### BEAUTIFUL SANTA CLARA VALLEY,

which I think the most beautiful valley in the State, is, at this season of the year, especially delightful to the tourists from the frozen Atlantic States. For many miles the railroad passes through a natural park, formed by long stretches of plain interspersed with rich green hill all studded with graceful white and live oak trees, with occasional groups of native shrubs, the whole forming a most picturesque landscape. To this scene of natural beauty man's art has lent a liberal helping hand in many places, and as the train passes through the suburban villages of San Mateo, Belmont, Redwood, Menlo Park and Santa Clara, and the thriving city of San Jose, the third city in size, and said to be the handsomest in the State. The eye is continually delighted with views of beautiful groves and avenues of stately trees, orchards in bloom, and flowers in profusion, while here and there may be seen portions of the elegant country residences and buildings of many wealthy San Franciscans. The theme is so attractive, as in memory I again pass through this charming valley, that I could linger much longer to expatiate upon the beauties beheld, but I must keep up with the daisy train which is rushing rapidly towards Santa Cruz and is very soon gliding along the magnificent beach on the water front at that place, where we arrive in time to take a nice supper at the Pacific Ocean House.

### SANTA CRUZ

is the most popular of all the seaside resorts of the Pacific coast, that is, it is visited by more people each year than any of the others. The beach here is as fine as any on the coast, and is close to the town. The hotels and bath-houses are all open the year round, and even at this season of the year bathing in the surf is delightful. I speak from experience, having tried it myself. Just think of this as you shiver around your hot fires in "the city of zephyrs." Ocean bathing in February! In picturesqueness of location the little city of Santa Cruz has no superior. Leaving the city and mounting the hills in any direction, the scene changes and enlarges every few yards, and from any fair eminence looking out to sea and up and down the coast we can feast our eyes on green tree-dotted slopes, clustering orchards and white farm-houses, while directly below us lies the little city, looking like some New England town washed ashore on this distant coast. There are many delightful drives about Santa Cruz, one of seven miles long, the beach being especially interesting and full of natural wonders and beauties. But no one should visit Santa Cruz without also going to the Big Tree grove, about eight or nine miles distant, a very pretty drive among the giant redwoods of the forest, which here make their only sally down to the coast for over a hundred miles either north or south. The feeling of rest, seclusion and contentment which comes over one when deep in the midst of these

### MONARCHS OF THE FOREST

is as peculiar as it is delightful. There is an abundance of small game in the vicinity of Santa Cruz—the fishing in the numerous trout streams is also said to be excellent, while the beach is daily thronged with searchers after the many curious specimens of sea-moss, star fish and beautiful abalone shells for which this place is famous. The weather at Santa Cruz strongly resembles one of those perfect days in June which we sometimes, though rarely, enjoy in the East; not that every day is just like these, for it does rain here once in a while in the winter, but where we may have a dozen such charming days in a season at home, a Santa Cruz winter would not be thanked for a hundred of them. All through the winter the hills are emerald green, and the trees are a shade darker, being almost all evergreens; while blossoming shrubs abound, but we can not always stay—on paper—at Santa Cruz,



and, to avoid going to the waste-paper basket, this letter must now take the train for

#### MONTEREY,

and the world-renowned "Hotel del Monte," where we will arrived in two and a half hours time, after traversing a very pleasant section of country which, as it is quite hilly, is dotted with little lakes, while the hills are thickly studded with the gorgeous wild flowers for which this State is famous. Wild ducks are here seen in abundance, and the sportsman moves uneasily in his seat as he passes them by the thousands within easy gun shot.

Among the more striking of the old landmarks are the large old adobe Government house, now deserted, and old Fort Fremont on the hill overlooking the town, with a cross planted at the base of the hill showing where Father Junipero landed on June 3, 1770. The old log block-house and barracks of the fort still remain in pretty fair preservation, but the grounds around the fort are converted into a barley field, and the only warlike appearances remaining are the clearly-perceptible formation of the earthworks, with one old cannon, dated "1722," lying beside its broken carriage on the commanding corner of the redoubt.

The old Carmelite Mission Church, over a hundred years old, which is located about four miles from Monterey, is not the least of the attractions here. This church is held in great veneration by the inhabitants, and religious services are held therein once a year, although it is in a sad state of ruin and most of its ornamentation and religious paintings have been removed to the Catholic Church in the village, which, although more recent, is by no means of youthful or modern appearance, being copied after the old missions as much as possible.

Within the church-yard adjacent to the old Carmelo Mission, rest in peace the remains of fifteen of the old Spanish and Mexican Governors of this province and State. Here also is the tomb of the church's great apostle, Fra. Junipero Serra, who died in 1784. Carmel Mission is a shrine at which all pilgrims may bow and find pleasure and profit in so doing. But I am forgetting the famous

#### HOTEL DEL MONTE,

which is the present great attraction of the place, and which has given it the name of "The Queen of American Watering Places,"—

Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,  
Were worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

About six years ago the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, which owns a large tract of land in the vicinity of Monterey—the terminus of its Northern division—discovering the remarkable natural beauties of the grove where this hotel is now located, conceived the idea of a large hotel with elaborate grounds, and, out here, to think is to execute, as was strikingly illustrated in this matter. An army of men was at once put to work, and within eighty days from the first effort the magnificent hotel was ready for the reception of guests. It is a building 385 feet in length, 115 broad, with wings, and three stories high, surmounted with handsome towers. It is a model of neatness within, and contains rooms to accommodate with comfort 500 guests.

Do not, I implore you, suspect me of a desire to give this establishment a little free advertising if I make use of a few adjectives in describing the unequaled beauty of the grounds surrounding it, for I have no special favors, retrospective or prospective, to thus recompense; and were it not for the fear of incurring such suspicion I would dwell at much greater length upon this admirably kept resort of fashionable Californians.

The door yard of the Hotel del Monte is limited to 126 acres, and it is the most attractive door yard that I ever expect to visit. Nature endowed it with prodigal liberality, and man has supplemented nature's efforts with an equally prodigal expenditure of art. The greatest of all the beauties is the magnificent grove of grand old cypress, redwood and oak trees. Then about fifty men all the year round are constantly engaged in beautifying avenues, gardens, shrubbery and lawns. There are tennis courts, croquet grounds, bowling alleys, billiard rooms, roller rink and bath rooms free to all guests.

The grounds run down to the beach, where, there is a large glass-roofed bathing pavilion, with over 200 bathing rooms. The beach is as fine as that at Long Branch, and the sand is of the same extreme whiteness.

The weather at Monterey is perfect, especially during the winter months. From January to December there is really no winter or summer weather. It partakes more of that delightful interlude known in the East as Indian summer. No California tourist should fail to visit Monterey, and I venture to assert that it will be a delightful memory to all who do so. L. F. D.

#### IT'S SO HENGLISH, Y' KNOW.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Miss Champignon (to Harvard man, who is calling on her)—How do you occupy your leisure, Mr. Omega? Mr. Omega—Oh, when things are jolly dull, and there is absolutely nothing to do, I make a call, don't you know!

Miss Birdie—"Did you meet young Mr. Du Bois at the picnic, Gussie?" Miss Gussie—"Oh, yes. He wore my hat with the ribbons tied under his chin, and fanned himself in such a preposterous way. He was too comical for anything. He's delightful company." Miss Birdie—"Lovely!"

Overheard at the Horse Show: "What pretty ponies!" Attendant—"Yas, but they can't git no prize." "Why not?" "Judge says they've got too much hair on 'em." "What's that got to do with it?" "Taint English, yer know."

Solid Father (to fast son)—"Harry, won't you stay at home this evening?" Fast Son—"Why?" S. F.—"Well, I kinder thought I'd like to get acquainted with you." F. S. (sympathetically)—"Don't do it, Guv, don't. I'd hate to cut you, and I'd have to do it inside a week."

First Dude—"Ah, Chawley, my dear boy, what a wattle pace you are goin' this mornin'." Second Dude—"Aw, yes, Fitznoodle, my dear fellow. Don't detain me. I'm hard at work. This is the busiest season of the year to me." "By Jove, Chawley, what are you doin'?" "I'm dodgin' my creditors."

Young Highcollar—Beastly weathaw, this, Miss Symphony, by Jove! Miss Symphony (tired)—You ought not to decry the weather, no matter how bad it may be, Mr. Highcollar. If it were not for the weather you would be at a loss for something to talk about. Now take me to mamma.

Alphonse has just been rescued from drowning by a young man: "Ah, my dear young fellah, so grateful! Here's a dime for you." "What? Only a dime for saving your life?" "Ya'as, dear boy. It would be immodest to give you more. One must pretend, you know, that he doesn't think too much of himself."

It just suited him: "Hello, Cholly! That's a jolly nice ulster you have on, doncher know?" "Aw, weally, you flatah me, old chappie." "No, not at all. I say, where did you get it?" "Aw, you won't give me away, eh?" "Naw; pawn me honor." "Aw, well, it belongs to my sistah, you know."

Cholly (trying to be funny; time, 11 p. m.)—"I say, Aurelia, tell me what is the difference between that clock and me." Aurelia (artlessly)—"You tell me." Cholly—"Because it is not fast and I—ha! ha! See the point?" Aurelia (as before)—"Oh! yes; but there is another difference. The clock is not going and you—he! he! See the point?"

"Adolphus, my dear fellah, why are you nursing your arm in that way?" "It's a boil, Cyril. I'm deuced lucky, now, don't you think?" "I can't see why." "The Earl of Salisbury has one on precisely the same spot. It's so English, you know." "By Jove, Adolphus, but I envy you."

Two of a kind: First creature—"Well, aw, you know, I suppose, my country is the home of liberty and all that sort of thing, but yours is the only one where they make clothes fit to wear." Second creature—"Well, aw, you know, I should put it just the other way, by Jove; my country is free enough, but I never got any decent bags except in London!" First do—"London! Aren't you an Englishman?" Second do—"No; aren't you?" Tablean.

First Washington Swell—You weren't at Mrs. Bradley Livermore's ball last night, Chappie, old boy? Second Washington Swell—No. Have a pleasant time? First Washington Swell—Ya'as. Had a jolly row at the supper table on the rush for terrapin, but I got all I could eat, and a couple of quart bottles under my coat. First Dude—"Deah! Deah! What could have been the matter?" Second Dude—Come along, Chappie, and I'll open 'em up.



## THE TWIN CITIES OF SANTA CLARA COUNTY.

San Jose has been called the "Beautifnl City," and indeed it deserved the appellation. It is well and solidly built—perhaps the most solidly built of any city in California; its streets are clean and well kept; its surroundings are picturesque. Its streets all run at right angles, are broad and level, and well watered. It is particularly noted for its beautiful drives and avenues; on many of them the trees form an arch over the driveway; and the houses are embowered in a dense growth of plants and shrubbery.

San Jose is near the geographical as well as the commercial center of the State, and is on the direct line of all the great transcontinental railroads. Passengers and freight by the Southern Pacific route will all pass through here, and the same by the Central Pacific, reach this city as quickly as they do San Francisco. In other words, freights by the Southern route, in either direction, are a little cheaper than to or from San Francisco, while by the Central Pacific they are identically the same. Though in a valley, San Jose is not hemmed in by mountains. The Southern Pacific Railroad runs out to the south on nearly a dead level, though a natural pass through the counties of San Benito and Monterey, and in a few weeks the last spike will be driven connecting it with the road from the south, and thus avoiding a slight detour now necessary. From here northward this road follows the western line of the San Francisco Bay. The Central Pacific runs daily trains on the east side of the bay and out through the Livermore pass to Stockton, Sacramento, and further points on, making also connections with San Francisco. Besides these roads the South Pacific Coast Road (Narrow Gauge) connects it with Santa Crnz, on the ocean beach, thirty miles southwest, and following the easterly shore of the bay, unites it to San Francisco on the north-east. Sites snitable for manufacturing purposes can be secured at nominal figures directly upon the line of either of these roads, so that manufactured products can be loaded from the factory upon the car, and shipped without change by either the Central Pacific or Southern routes to the East, and to most of the Pacific Coast States and Territories, and to all of them as soon as a slight gap is spanned on the California and Oregon Railroad, and connection is made with the Northern Pacific Railroad. The Pacific Ocean is as a means of connecting it with Oregon and the adjacent territories. The Narrow Gauge Railroad taps the Coast Range Mountains, thirteen miles distant, containing unlimited forests, supplying lumber and fuel, tan-bark and quarries of lime and stone. Four-foot wood is laid down here at about five dollars a cord, while coal is but a trifle higher than in San Francisco. Water is abundant and pure, and can be had at small expense.

The city proper covers an area of about a mile and a half square, and lies between the Coyote and Gnadalupe rivers, though the suburbs, which are accessible by street cars, reach well out on the east, and on the west along the famous "Alameda" to Santa Clara, three miles distant.

It has more than forty miles of level and graded streets, for the most part lined with shade and ornamental trees. Its water supply is abundant and comes from two sources; artesian wells, and from mountain streams, the latter being tapped high up in the hills, and the water brought to the city in pipes, in quantities sufficient for all present and future necessities.

San Jose is lighted with six four-thousand-candle power electric lights, placed upon a tower 200 feet high, erected over two intersecting streets, and lights placed upon five wooden masts 150 feet high, five lights to each mast. In addition to this there are several single lights placed in various parts of the city. There is also a gas company which furnishes an excellent article at reasonable rates. The Fire Department is a mixed one paid and volunteer. It is excellently manned and equipped. Four daily papers, and three weeklies are sustained. All the religious denominations are represented, and there are twelve church edifices, many of them are handsome and commodious. Public buildings are superior; the Court house is considered a model of architecture, and was erected at a cost of \$200,000; the private residences as a class are also tasteful and substantial. There are three banks in successful operation. The town supports one first-class theatre and a number of public halls. There are several public squares in the center of the town; and a few miles out

over a delightful road, the city maintains a park of 400 acres, on which there are mineral springs, and which is a very popular resort. In the matter of schools and colleges this city is pre-eminent in this and adjacent States.

The educational facilities offered in this vicinity are unsurpassed on the Pacific Coast. The public school system of San Jose is probably as nearly perfect as any other city of its size in the Union. There are five public school buildings, which cost from \$14,000 to \$25,000 each. The number of children enrolled in the public schools for the year ending June 30, 1883, were two thousand five hundred and eighty-seven. Aside from these there are the University of the Pacific, a beautiful structure erected at a cost of \$60,000, located midway between Santa Clara and San Jose, on the line of street cars. At present there are about thirty students of both sexes, in attendance. It is regarded as among the first institutions for learning on the Pacific Coast. The College of Notre Dame, under the auspices of the Catholic sisters, is centrally located in the city, occupying some ten acres of ground, and with buildings and improvements valued at nearly half a million dollars. They have a very large number of scholars, from all parts of the Coast.

The State Normal School is located at San Jose. The building is of brick, and cost \$150,000. Washington Square, in which the building is situated, contains 27 acres. The square was given to the State by the City of San Jose. Improvements are being made on the Square continually. The School is very ably conducted, with full corps of teachers. The regular attendance is about 500 scholars.

In addition to the above San Jose has a good Business College and a number of Boarding and Private schools, which are well conducted and have a good attendance. The situation of the city, between two streams, provides unexcelled facilities for natural drainage and a perfect system of sewerage has been adopted. A main sewer of a most substantial character has been constructed at a cost of over \$100,000. Its terminus is the tide water at Alviso, which is 80 feet below the level of San Jose. More than two miles of it is of substantial masonry, oval shaped, and its dimension three by four and a half feet. It will endure for ages, and its capacity will be ample when the city shall have increased a hundred fold. The city is entirely free from debt of any character, and the charter provides that no expense shall be incurred unless there is money in the Treasury to meet it.

The fast growing city of Santa Clara, San Jose's twin sister, was one of the earliest seats of civilization on the Pacific Coast. It is growing rapidly, and now has a population of about 6,000. Several important manufacturing industries are located in it, or in its neighborhood, and more will soon be found there. Its citizens are quite wealthy, and have beautiful and pleasant homes. It is united with Santa Clara by the far-famed Alameda, planted more than a hundred years ago, and which has been the admiration of all who have ever visited the valley. Two lines of street cars run along it from San Jose to this city. The trip is made over the Alameda, one of the most beautiful carriage drives in the State, giant oaks interlacing their branches and forming a canopy of unrivaled beauty, while many of the residences on either side of the road are palatial in their style of architecture and surrounded with extensive grounds, gay with gorgeous tropical flowers, swaying vines and sparkling fountains. The business portion of the town is neatly laid out, and is adorned with several handsome business blocks together with many commodious stores of smaller dimensions. The Santa Clara "Messenger," ably represents the weekly press of the State. Amongst the industrial establishments are the Santa Clara tannery, which gives steady employment to fifty men, and is complete in every particular—the buildings and improvements having cost \$30,000. The Santa Clara cheese factory has a coast reputation, the brand commanding a fancy price because of the uniform excellence of the article manufactured. The narrow-gauge and Southern Pacific railroads pass through Santa Clara and connect with San Francisco in two hours' time. This city is noted for its educational establishments—the Santa Clara College, the University of the Pacific, and the St. Mary's Academy.

The college of Santa Clara is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, who are the successors of the Franciscan Fathers, the pioneers of civilization on this coast. On the 19th of March, 1851, Santa Clara College was established in the old mission buildings, for the purpose of affording to all who might desire it a liberal and Christian education. The founder was Rev. John Nobili. In the first year the number of students was sixteen; the second, thirty-two; the third, sixty-six; and when the college was incorporated, on the 28th of April, 1855, the number of students enrolled was one hundred and two. They were principally Americans, but there were some from Chili, Peru, Mexico, Sonora, Canada, New Zealand, Australia, England, France, Algeria and Italy, and a few natives of California. Degrees and academical honors were conferred, and the College exercised all the rights and privileges of any literary institution in the United States. The laboratory is well supplied with every requisite. There is a stock of more than five hundred reagents. In the electric



cal department there is a plate electrical machine of great size and power, the plate being three feet five inches in diameter. There is also a Leyden battery of gallon jars, and a Bunsen's galvanic battery of seventy cups. There are also some of the most recent inventions; as, for instance, Runkorf's coil for converting magneto-galvanic electricity into static; Faraday's magneto-electric machine, Duboscq's telescope, and his most modern arrangements for the production of the electric light. There are more than one hundred and ten pieces of apparatus for electrical and galvanic experiments only, sixty-nine for optics, sixty-two for caloric, fifty-two for pneumatic, twenty-five for hydraulics, and twenty-eight for mechanics. The mineralogical museum is well supplied with specimens, and the geological collection are of first-class value. The theatre is formed out of the gymnasium. The stage is of most capacious dimensions; the machinery is really worthy of a first-class theatre anywhere. There is a collection of 450 instruments and machines, pertaining to mechanics, hydraulics, pneumatics, acoustics, heat, electricity, magnetism, optics, meteorology, astronomy, etc., all of which are successfully used in the class-room. This very complete and costly apparatus, mostly manufactured to order in Paris, is constantly receiving important additions of the latest inventions, to keep pace with the progress of science. The museum contains a collection of four thousand specimens of mineralogy, conchology, fossils, petrifications, volcanic matters, natural curiosities, and other instructive objects from various parts of the world. Two large buildings are to be erected in the course of a few years, the cost of which will probably exceed \$200,000.

The University of the Pacific is the oldest Protestant institution of learning in California. It was founded in 1851, on Santa Clara street, as a preparatory school. For many years the University experienced the vicissitudes incident to such an enterprise in a new State sparsely peopled. Though it has been presided over by many of the most eminent ministers of the Methodist Church—such as Drs. M. C. Briggs, Jesse T. Peck, Edward Bannister, T. H. Sinex and A. S. Gibbons, before the present head, and these have generally been sustained by an able Faculty—the embarrassments arising from limited funds and patronage were so great at first that for years its friends sometimes despaired of its success. In 1871, under the agency of Dr. Baker, a new site was purchased midway between San Clara and San Jose. A new and commodious building was erected, and the institution removed to its present location. In 1872, an endowment of \$40,000 was pledged. Over three-fourths of this has been paid in, and is securely invested. Within the past four or five years the patronage and income have nearly doubled, and at the present time there is a loud call for more room to meet the growing membership. The full course of study is equal to that pursued in the best institutions of the Eastern States, including the usual courses in ancient and modern languages, mathematics, the natural sciences, history, literature, social and civil science, mental and moral science and christian evidences. In addition there is an Art Department of much promise and a Conservatory of Music, which, under the popular management of Professor King, is fairly working a revolution in the musical taste and attainments, not only of its pupils, but of the public at large. The Commercial Department gives all necessary training to fit its graduates for the practical business transactions of life.

#### IT IS WELL TO KNOW THAT

Only an indifferent wine should be frozen.  
The carving-knife is mightier than the sword.  
A good digestion is more to be desired than great riches.  
It is brutal to drench an oyster with vinegar or pepper-sauce.  
He is a fool who indulges to excess either in eating or drinking.  
Peace at a dinner-table assists digestion, angry words stir up bile.  
The tinkle of the dinner-bell is a pleasanter sound than the blare of the trumpet.

Praise your housekeeper for her successful dishes, and regard leniently her failures.

No one really likes the taste of whiskey. Persons drink it because of the effect it produces.

None but full-bodied, sweet wines will bear being iced; that is, surrounded by ice in a cooler:

Sauces were invented to hide the unsavoriness of food that has experienced the ravages of time.

A good dinner is always worthy of being commended; but it is not necessary to find fault with an indifferent one.

Wine pleases the palate by its flavor, gratifies the eye by its color, and delights the sense of smell by its bouquet.

Never accept the invitation of a man to take "pot luck" with him. He degrades the name of dinner, and, also, insults you.

A drop or two of lemon-juice and a dash of cayenne on an oyster may be tolerated; but it is best eaten directly from the shell, flavored with its own juice.

#### WOMEN AS BUSINESS MANAGERS.

[From the Chicago Herald.]

"Any number of ladies keep their check-books," said Cashier Osborne, of the Merchants' Loan and Trust, "and check against their bank deposits for household and personal expenses, just as their husbands do in their business. It is very convenient for ladies to do this, as they can go shopping and make extensive purchases without bothering the stores of their husbands with bills, and without carrying currency around with them. Some ladies are given a regular allowance by their husbands, in some cases I know of, running as high as \$20,000 a year. The wife of one of our richest merchants takes entire charge of the household, the grounds, the stable, everything. She watches the domestic end of their affairs as close as her husband does the business end. She issues her checks to pay the servants, the stablemen, the harness repairer, the carriage maker, the grocer, the butcher and everybody. She even takes charge of all home improvements and pays the painter, the boss stonemason, the decorator, the carpenter and so on. Such a woman is a great help to a man who has many irons in the fire and a great business on his hands. Many men who are not wealthy make deposits to their wife's credit and we handle their checks. In fact, there has been a sort of craze among Chicago ladies for bank accounts and check-books. It is a good thing, too.

#### THE STATESMAN ABROAD.

[Washington Letter in the Cleveland Leader.]

Mr. Florence, the actor, was asked by a friend when he was here last week what kind of a play his new one, "The Governor," was. He replied: "Well, you know the Governor is one of the worst liars in existence. He is a stupendous liar—a sort of a combination of the Baron Munchausen, Gil Blas and Tom Ochiltree. And, by the way, speaking of Tom Ochiltree" he went on, "let me tell you of a story he told me once, which has never gotten into the newspapers. It was in Paris during the Empire. Tom Ochiltree was then less known than he is now, but his faculty for brilliant imagination and big stories was, if anything, brighter and fresher. I met him one day near the Madelaine, walking through the streets as though he owned Paris; He was glad to see me and I asked him where he was stopping. He puffed out his cheeks, straightened up and cocked his eye, as he replied in the coolest manner imaginable:

"Down at the Tuileries."

"No?" said I.

"Yes," said Tom, with a swagger. "The fact is, Napoleon is busy, and Eugenie is lonesome. I take her out nights to the theatres and parties, you know. Nap. likes it, and I'm having a regular Texas time.

#### BYRON SPRINGS.

There are few people in our midst who are aware that there is only a few hours ride from San Francisco, and only three miles by stage from a railway station, a resort that ranks as a sanitarium, and a place to regain health, higher, really, than any other springs in California. It has been the custom of sufferers to make long trips at great expense to visit places whose waters are not wonderful for their efficacy, while there are more healing waters closer at home.

We know it to be a fact, that hundreds of people have been cured of many complaints at the Byron Springs, and that no person has ever visited them that has not felt relief in two or three days; and in our next issue, we shall present abundant proofs of what we now briefly say.

#### DIABOLICAL SUGGESTIONS.

[Texas Siftings.]

Kosciusko Murphy is an amateur writer of plays. He wrote a very sad tragedy, and it was brought out by some local amateurs, but the public expressed their disapprobation very plainly. Murphy was very indignant.

"The Austin public are a set of fools," he exclaimed.

"I'll tell you how you can get even with them," said Gillhooly.

"How?"

"They laughed at your tragedy; now you write a comedy and see if that don't take the laugh out of them. Make them feel bad. Write a comedy."

Little Pauline had been reprov'd for misconduct, and was sitting on a small chair by the window, looking very disconsolate. "Halloo!" said papa, chancing to come in as two big tears were about ready to fall. "Look at Pauline! Why, what is going to happen?" "It has happened," said Pauline, solemnly.—*Harper's Bazar*.



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The Restaurant at this Popular Seaside Resort is in Charge of

**L. SCHAUFLE,**

An Experienced and Well-known Hotel Manager, and will be conducted in a First-Class Manner, and perfect satisfaction will be guaranteed in every particular.

**RATES.**

BOARD PER WEEK,	- - - - -	\$7 00
THREE MEAL TICKETS,	- - - - -	1 00
SINGLE MEAL TICKETS,	- - - - -	50

For further particulars address

**L. SCHAUFLE,**  
MONTEREY, CAL.**BAY VIEW HOUSE,**

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The attention of Travelers is directed to this pleasant hotel. On account of its delightful location, commanding a charming view of the bay, and spacious play-grounds for children, it is a desirable boarding-place for Tourists. The rooms are newly furnished, and the table receives special attention.

BOARD AND LODGING PER WEEK,	- - - - -	\$8 00
BOARD AND LODGING PER DAY,	- - - - -	1 50

Free bus to and from all trains.

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The skillful and accurate dispensing of medicines shall always be our chief work. For this we are educated, have made it a long study, and can assure the careful attention which this responsible work requires. Physicians' Prescriptions and Family Receipts a specialty.

To "Del Monte" and "Pacific Grove" visitors: Our large and well-selected stock, including a comprehensive assortment of everything usually found in a well appointed drug and stationery store merits your attention.

We study to please, and are confident we can supply you with everything you want in our line economically and satisfactorily.

Trusting to see all the readers of the DEL MONTE WAVE at our store shortly, we are,

Very Truly Yours,

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Fancy Goods, Fine Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes

Also a full line of Bandages, Brushes, and Chest Protectors.

Arctic Soda Fountain, and Mineral Water. Siphons

filled to order. Stationery Department, comprising

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and Lovell's Libraries regularly on sale.

A full assortment of Artists' Paints,

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Glasses Spectacles, Etc., Etc.

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Pharmacist.

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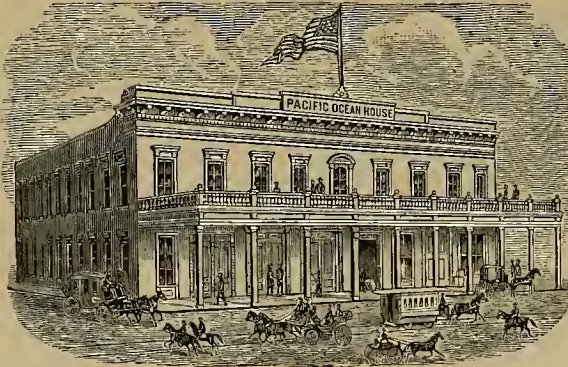
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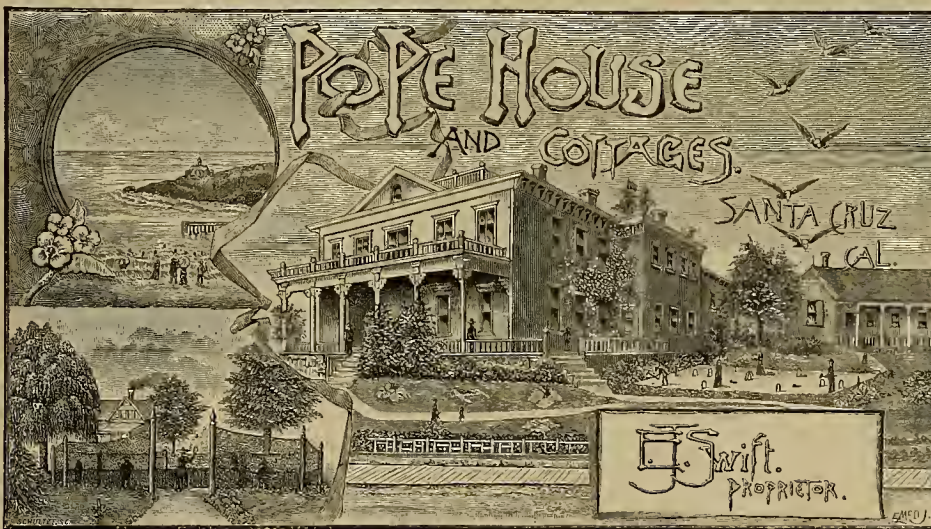
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**WEEK-DAY**

**EXCURSION**

**SAN FRANCISCO** — **TO MONTEREY**

*"THE QUEEN OF AMERICAN WATERING PLACES."*

Under the Auspices of the STATE COMMITTEE, YOUNG  
MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,  
HENRY J. McCOY, Gen. Sec.

Thursday, June 17, 1886 **17** Bunker Hill Day

Round Trip Tickets will be sold for this Special Occasion at the following  
extremely low rates:

SAN FRANCISCO AND RETURN .....	\$2.00
SANTA CRUZ AND RETURN.....	\$1.75
SAN JOSE AND RETURN .....	\$1.50

Tickets for sale June 14th, 15th, and 16th at the Southern Pacific  
Passenger office, corner of Market and New Montgomery, (opposite  
the Palace Hotel.) Corner of Fourth and Townsend; also at the  
Young Mens' Christian Association Rooms, Sutter street, San Fran-  
cisco, and in Oakland. At the ticket office at San Jose, and by Mr.  
Henry French, of San Jose.

Never before has there been such a grand opportunity offered to  
the public to visit the World Renowned Hotel del Monte, the Historic  
town of Monterey, and Pacific Grove Retreat, the Peerless Sea Side  
Resort of the Pacific Coast.

## Pacific Grove Retreat

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**At Monterey.**

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## Announcement for the Summer of '86

**R**ELIGIOUS ENCAMPMENT Under the Auspices  
of the California Conference of the Methodist  
Episcopal Church.

June 13th, to June 23rd.

Rev. Wesley Dennett D. D. Presiding Elder, San Fran-  
cisco District, Minister in charge.

**Y**OUNG MENS' CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION  
DAY Under the Auspices of the State Committee,  
Henry J. McCoy General Secretary.

Thursday June 17th,

Mr. Henry French, of the San Jose Association in  
charge of the exercises of the day.

See extremely low excursion rates, announced elsewhere  
for this day only.

**M**IDSUMMER RE-UNION.

July 12th, to July 16th.

Rev. F. F. Jewell, D. D. President Pacific Grove  
Retreat Association. Minister in charge.

**S**UMMER SCHOOL OF SCIENCE Under the  
Direction of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific  
Circle (Pacific Coast Branch.) Rev. C. C. Stratton D. D.  
President, Mrs. M. H. Field, Secretary. Sessions.

June 28th, to July 9th.

**G**RAND MUSICAL CONVENTION, Under the  
direction of Mr. A. M. Benham,  
July 5th, 6th and 7th.

Mr. Benham will be accompanied by his famous choir of  
twenty-five admirably trained singers.

**S**SESSIONS of the California Annual Conference of the  
Methodist Episcopal Church,

September 9th,

And to continue in session for one week.

Full particular in reference to any of the above announcements  
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EXTRA QUALITIES OF COFFEES, Ground fresh daily, and absolutely pure. CHOICE TEAS, English Breakfast, Congou, Superfine Souchong, Mandarin Oolong, and Fine Japan Teas. The celebrated Caravan Tea.

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Wine Department Replete with the Choicest Selections.

Dr. The most renowned brands of Imported Champagne.

Choice French Clarets, Burgundies and Sauternes. Old Ports and Sherries, Hock and Moselle Wines.

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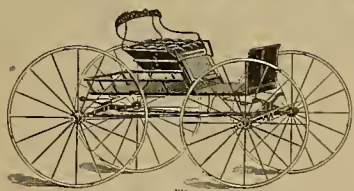
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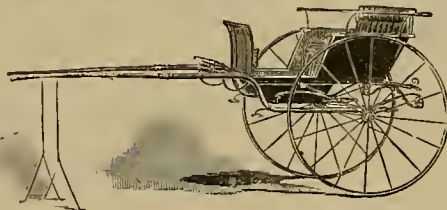
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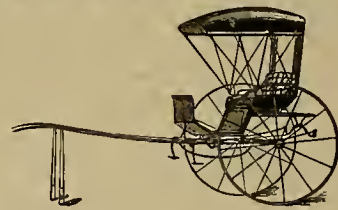
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No. 99.—1½ in. Axle, Leather Dash, Shafts, 100.00



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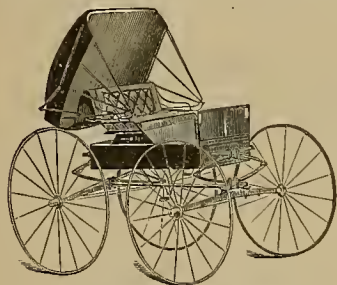
A very handsome Ladies' Cart.

Price.....\$80.00



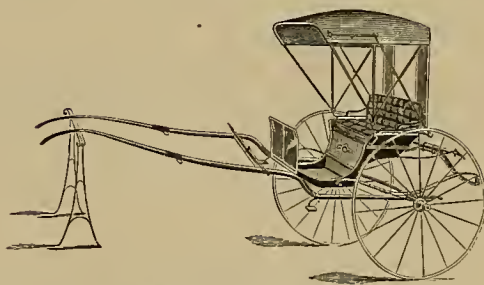
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Price ..... \$130.00  
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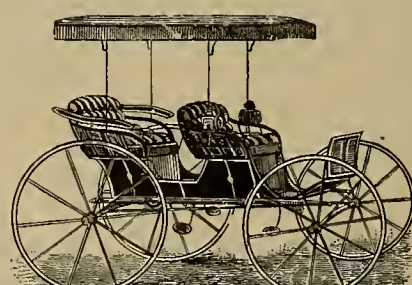
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# DEL MONTE WAVE.

Vol. I. No. 6.

Monterey, California, June, 1886.

10 Cents.

## SOCIETY NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Janin have returned from Japan.  
Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs are at Calistoga for the summer.  
Miss Tevis will spend most of the summer at Monterey, as usual.  
Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis will soon go to Sisson's for the summer.  
Mrs. Mark Hopkins will spend the summer at Great Barrington, Mass.  
Mrs. Jones, of the Palace, who has been visiting in Boston, has returned.  
Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Coleman have gone east and will remain all summer.  
Miss Flora Carroll, of Sacramento, has been visiting Miss Jennie Hooker.  
Mrs. Adam Grant and Mrs. Joseph Austin left here for Europe a few days ago.  
Miss Virginia Yeatman departed for the Eastern States a month or more ago.  
Harry Gillig was last seen in London carrying a cane as big as a hitching post.  
Mrs. C. L. Martel and the Misses Martel will pass the summer at Menlo Park.  
Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Hill will spend a portion of the season at Del Monte.  
Mrs. A. G. Hawes and daughter are enjoying a trip to the Sandwich Islands.  
Mr. and Mrs. William Ward, the Carolans and the Pratts have gone to Europe.  
Mrs. J. M. Fillmore and daughter left for New York on Saturday the 31st ult.  
Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding will again pass a summer at Napa Soda Springs.  
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Burke have given Menlo the go by for "Ould Ireland."  
Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Dick are passing the summer on their estate in Scotland.  
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wetherbee are already enjoying their chalet at Fruitvale.  
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas and their daughters will spend the season at Saucelito.  
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Adams have already taken up their summer abode at Fair Oaks.  
Colonel and Mrs. J. P. Jackson will spend the summer, as usual, at Napa Soda Springs.  
Mr. and Mrs. Walter McGavin are on a visit to relatives in England and Scotland.  
Mr. and Mrs. Percy L. Davis have been enjoying themselves in the East for some time.  
Mrs. A. E. Head and daughter will spend the summer among the high-toners of London.  
Mrs. Calhoun and daughter, of New York are spending a month or two at the Occidental.  
Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Mills will soon leave New York for their summer place at Milbræ.  
Mrs. Walter Dean, who is at present in Europe, will probably remain there until the fall.  
Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and family will go to Del Monte in a few days to spend the summer.  
The prettiest girl in Santa Clara was at Del Monte last week; don't all guess at once, now.  
Mr. and Mrs. George Hageman and Miss Lillie Hageman are at the Sierra Madre Villa.  
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Walker will spend a portion of the summer in the New England States.  
The Misses Nellie and Minnie Corbitt are at their beautiful summer home near San Mateo.  
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Maxwell and daughter, of Los Angeles, are at the Palace for a few weeks.  
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mills and family are at their pretty place in Napa Valley, near Oak Knoll.  
Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Slawson and son, of Los Angeles, have been spending a few days at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. James Phelan, Mr. J. D. Phelan, and Miss Phelan will pass the summer at Del Monte.

Mrs. Miller, of San Jose, and Mrs. Juneso and daughter, of Alameda, were at Del Monte last week.

Mrs. Harrington, of Colusa, left on the 31st ult., accompanied by her youngest daughter, for Boston.

Mrs. General Barnes will divide her time between Cambridge, Mass., and the Highlands of the Hudson.

Mr. and Mrs. Con O'Connor and the Misses Maud and Lillie O'Connor, will go to Santa Cruz in a few weeks.

The Schmiedells, accompanied by Mrs. Peters and daughter, will spend a part of the summer at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Bandmann, Miss Tony Bandmann and Miss Carrie Platt will spend the summer in Europe.

Mrs. J. N. Sisson, of Sisson's, near Shasta, and Mrs. A. Peacock, of Yreka, were at Del Monte on the 12th ultimo.

Our friend P. A. Finigan, accompanied by his beautiful and accomplished young wife, was a guest at Del Monte last week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. West, and Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Palmer, of San Francisco, have been enjoying the fine May weather hereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Sheldon, of San Francisco, were at Del Monte a number of days last month. Also the Misses E. and C. McGarey.

Miss Andrews, of Cincinnati, Miss Smith, of St. Joseph, and Miss Nutt, of Pittsburg, were the three graces from the East a few days ago.

Mrs. W. Frank Goad and Miss Ella Goad departed for the East last month. They will visit Europe also, and expect to be away about eight months.

Mrs. A. H. Wilcox and daughters will divide their time during the coming season at Del Monte and at various places in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker and Miss May Miller have returned, after passing three weeks in the Yosemite Valley and at the Mariposa Big Trees.

George B. Duvall, Consul-General from Peru, and one of the most popular fellows of the Bohemian Club, came down with J. D. Phelan a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Hunt, of San Francisco, were guests at Del Monte during the latter part of May. Also Thomas Brown and the Misses M. and L. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, who, with their daughter, were contemplating a trip to this coast and a sojourn for the summer, have changed their programme on account of the late accident to Mr. Crocker, and will not come.

Among those who arrived here on the 14th were Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Dickinson, of Denver; Mrs. John Adams and Mary M. Holbrook, of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Carpenter, of St. Louis; and J. A. Halderman, of Washington.

Mr. James Horsburgh departed on the 20th ult. for a week's visit to the Yosemite Valley, and was accompanied by a party of friends from New York, comprising Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Ormiston, Miss M. F. McCormack, Miss I. McCormack, Miss Edgar, and Dr. Crumble.

Among others who were at Del Monte on the 13th were Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Chandler, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Allen, Mrs. H. E. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. F. Haskell, and Miss Addison of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. R. Grant of Jersey City, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Bartholomew, and Mrs. J. M. Jarvis, of Kansas City; Mrs. J. F. Case, of Racine, Wis.; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hornback, of Omaha, and Mrs. A. Weyl and daughter, of St. Louis.

The long-expected wedding of Miss Dora Miller, daughter of the late Senator John F. Miller, and Lieutenant Richardson Clover, U. S. N., took place on the 19th ult. at the residence of the bride's mother, in Washington, D. C. The bride wore a rich toilet of white silk, en train. Rev. Dr. Clover, father of the groom, performed the ceremony, in the presence of a few intimate friends, among whom were Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford, General Beale, Mr. Truxton Beale, and others. A wedding breakfast was served after the ceremony, and in the afternoon the young couple went to New York, where they remained a few days. They then returned to Washington, and on June 9th will sail for Europe, accompanied by Mrs. John F. Miller.



## PACIFIC GROVE.

THE BEST PLACE TO TAKE FAMILIES FOR A VACATION.

[From the Salinas Weekly Index, May 6th.]

PACIFIC GROVE May 3, 1886.

*Editor Index:*—There has been a great deal said and written about the sea-side resorts that abound along our coast; but I thought, after all that has been said, a few facts from a resident of eight years might be read with interest by those who are yet undecided where they will go. Eight years ago this month I came to Pacific Grove. Then there were only eight cottages, and some forty or fifty tents for families to live in. Three years later—in the spring of 1881—the property having passed to the hands of the Pacific Improvement Company, I was employed to act as Superintendent of the Grove. At that time there had been built six additional cottages, and a few private tents added. Prices of lots were then reduced, purchasers became plentiful, and building commenced. I have sold for the company, for residence purposes, nearly 1,500 lots. This is exclusive of lots for business purposes. We now have over 200 cottages and as many tents, for the accommodation of the people who throng the place each season. The company has had built the largest single dining-room on the coast, seating capacity 450, which is under the able management of Mr. Louis Shaufele, who will spare no pains to make his patrons satisfied. The company has an abundance of rooms and tents for those who may need accommodations. The moral and prudential management is under the control of the Pacific Grove Retreat Association, Dr. F. F. Jewell, D. D., President; Dr. T. H. Sinix, D. D., Secretary. I want to say to parents and all interested, that, out of all the resorts on the coast, Pacific Grove is the only place where you can say as a fact that you are entirely clear of all the objectionable things that are usually found where large crowds of people congregate. No whisky, wines or cider are sold; no dancing or carousing, or roughness of any description is allowed; all places of public assemblies and public parlors close at 10 P. M.; persons are not permitted to go carousing and strolling through the grounds at all hours of the night to the discomfort of others. We have a night watchman whose duty is to see that all is quiet and safe during the night. During my residence of eight years here we have never had to make an arrest. Ladies and children come here unattended by husband or father, and occupy tents with as much safety as if they were in their own homes. Everything in the way of provisions can be obtained at the different stores on the grounds. Religious services are held each Sunday in a commodious building erected for that purpose. The public gatherings at the Grove for the summer will be as follows:

The camp-meeting will commence June 10th, and hold for ten days. The meeting will be under the direction of the Rev. W. Dennett, D. D., Presiding Elder of San Francisco District.

The Chatauqua Assembly will convene June 28th, and close July 9th.

The Midsummer Reunion will commence about July 12th, and close about the 17th, at which lectures will be given by gentlemen upon subjects never before presented at the Grove. The California Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church will hold its session at the Grove, commencing about September 9th, and lasting one week.

There are now under way six new buildings for business purposes, where one may buy so much or as little as he chooses of any article usually found in other towns—except intoxicating drinks. The livery facilities are equal to any seaside resort on the coast. We have a well regulated Fire Department, yet we have never had a fire to call it into active service. For safety of person and property it has no equal on this coast.

I have visited nearly 140 different towns west of the Rocky Mountains, in both winter and summer, and for climate, beauty of scenery, and all that goes to make a place pleasant to live in, Pacific Grove is far in advance of them all. During the winter of 1879 the family of A. C. McDougal and my own were the only residents of the Grove; the past winter there have been more than fifty families residing here, and a large number are making preparations to come. We have them from New York, Colorado, Kansas, Dakota, and almost all parts; and when we get the new lodging house, which is confidently expected to be built between this and next winter by the Pacific Improvement Company, we will have facilities for taking care of large numbers of winter visitors in the most comfortable manner. Some time since a man who had heard that the present rules and regulations in regard to the moral and religious government of the place would soon come to an end, asked one of our good brothers who has been closely identified with the place from the commencement, when the time would come. His answer was that it would not end until Judgment Day; and I earnestly hope that the good work begun and so nobly carried forward by a band of Christian people may not end until Judgment Day, and that there may be one place on the coast where families can go to spend a few weeks or months, and have all the advantages of religious services and Sunday school with perfect peace and safety.

Yours, very respectfully,

J. O. JOHNSON,  
Supt. Pacific Grove Retreat.

## WILSON'S MAN DUVALL.

SKETCH OF THE NEW WASHINGTON "DUCKY" OF WHITE HOUSE CEREMONIALS.

As Colonel Wilson, the new Marshal of the District of Columbia, is not very "fly" in society matters, he has called in an assistant—First Lieutenant Duvall, of the Fourth Artillery. Duvall is what they call a "coburger" in the navy—that is, an officer who always succeeds in getting a soft detail and never serves with his regiment. He graduated from West Point in 1869, and during the sixteen years he has been in the army he has not been with his company more than three or more. Six years he spent at Hyatt's Military Academy in Pennsylvania, as an instructor; then he was three years at West Point Military Academy on duty; then he was at the Artillery School at Fort Monroe, and he is now in the War Department in Washington on special duty and has charge of the officers' mutual insurance, or something of that sort, which gives him plenty of time to look after social matters at the White House and escort Miss Cleveland.

He likes it, of course, and is admirably adapted to the duty of first gentleman in waiting at court, as he can dance beautifully, knows everybody and always remembers everybody's name which is a gift that makes a man very valuable on ceremonial occasions. "Ducky" Duvall, the officers call him, has a wife who is of great assistance to Miss Cleveland, as she is a very accomplished lady and perfectly familiar with Washington ways. Her family, like that of her husband, are Marylanders, and there is a very tragic story connected with her early life. Her mother was a Mrs. Rose Greenough, and during the Buchanan administration was a great belle in Washington. Her sympathies were with the South and early in the war she was arrested and confined in the old Capitol Prison for giving information to the enemy. It appears that a young officer, who was on duty at the War Department and was in a way to know all that was going on there, became infatuated with the pretty widow, and, for love rather than treason, kept her informed of the operations of the Union Army and the plans of Secretary Stanton and General McClellan by some means that were never discovered. Mrs. Greenough was able to furnish this information to the rebels at Richmond, and for several months, although Secretary Stanton knew there was a leak somewhere, he was not able to detect the traitor. Finally, Allan Pinkerton was sent for, and as a result of his investigations the young officer was dismissed from the army and Mrs. Greenough was locked up.

She was released after a year's imprisonment and went to Baltimore, and there raised funds to charter and equip a blockade runner, which was loaded with flour, medicines and other supplies. The vessel started ostensibly for Brazil, with Mrs. Greenough as a passenger, but was captured off Charleston while trying to run the blockade. The captian reported that in a storm off Cape Hatteras Mrs. Greenough ventured on deck and was carried overboard by a wave that swept the ship.

## A VICTIM OF MONOPOLY.

[Denver Tribune.]

He was a seedy man, with a black eye, a nose pushed to the left, an unkempt beard and a breath the perfume from which showed a careful compounding of codfish, onions, coal oil and recent whisky. When he walked he limped and used a cane, but he seemed little inclined to promenade just at the moment. He stood upon Sixteenth street during the noon hour and eagerly watched the Denver throng hurrying by to dinner. Once or twice he darted toward some hungry man, but each time the intended victim was too wary. When the throng returned more leisurely and with the looks of satisfaction which follow a duty well performed he was more successful and finally caught a benevolent-looking individual by the sleeve.

"Say, pard!" he hoarsely whispered, "would you hev no objection to listening to a tale of woe for a few minutes?" The benevolent-looking gentleman tacily consented and the man with the bad eye and simoon-like breath drew him into a doorway.

"I'm a man what has seen better days," he began, standing close and breathing in the benevolent gentleman's face.

"So have I—oh Lord, give me air!" said the other, gasping and trying to get out upon the street again, but the inspector of pleasanter weather blocked the way.

"Listen to me stranger," he said; "I'm a victim of monopoly. Look at me and you'll see one who has been oppressed by capital; and, to cut a long story short, I need help." The stranger thrust his thumb and forefinger into his vest pocket and a gleam of sunshine struggled from beneath the black eye of the victim of monopoly. The stranger withdrew the digits and placed a clove in his mouth. "How did you get such an eye as that?" he asked. "How did you get in such a condition, anyway? What struck you? A locomotive?" "No, no," sadly replied the man. "I am one of the victims of the Rock Springs outrage." With a withering look the benevolent individual pushed by and was once more in the free air. He was still pale and he leaned over a sewer opening for relief. The victim of capital gazed sadly after him and then sank upon the stairs in a rage. "Just my cussed luck!" he said. "Why didn't I say Mollie Maguires?"



## YOSEMITE AND BIG TREES.

HOW TO MAKE THE ROUND TRIP FROM THIS CITY IN FOUR DAYS—ALL STAGE TRAVEL BY DAYLIGHT, AND ALL POINTS SEEN AND VISITED—A TOURIST GIVES NOTES FROM HIS JOURNAL—THE GLORIES OF YOSEMITE.

Time cards, distance tables, and running schedules, though carefully and correctly arranged, and to the old traveler as clear as the sun at noonday, are sphinx-like problems for many people who turn to them for information. You may cover the sides of a car with time tables giving the name of every station and the moment of arrival at and departure from each, and still there will be passengers who will ask the conductor when the train will reach Blankville, and what is the name of the last town passed. There are many tourists here, and many more on the way. They all want to visit the Yosemite Valley and see the Mariposa Big Trees, and numbers who are pressed for time are anxious to know the shortest period in which they can see these world-renowned wonders in detail, and get back to this city. One time table tells them one thing, and another something else. They are puzzled, bewildered, confused. When they turn to their friends for light the fog thickens, and at last they conclude that the only way to find out is to start out on the trip and learn from experience. This was what happened to my wife and myself, and to those tourists, who, like ourselves, cannot quite make it out. I will give the result of our investigation.

## A PLAIN STATEMENT.

We left this city at 3:30 P. M., by the Southern Pacific express, and reached Berenda, 178 miles from San Francisco, at 11:13 P. M. the same evening. At this point our sleeper was quietly side-tracked, and we slept undisturbed until morning. At 6 A. M. the sleeper was attached to the train leaving for Raymond, the present terminus of the Yosemite Valley Railroad. Breakfasted at Raymond at 7:30, and at eight o'clock started by stage for Clark's, distant 34 miles. The stage accommodations are first-class, and the dinner at Grant's Station excellent. The road is a gradual ascent, and the scenery varied and beautiful through the entire 34 miles.

We reached Clark's at 4:30 P. M., and ended our first day with a good supper. Clark's is situated on a gentle slope, reaching down to the south branch of the Merced River. The buildings are large, and the rooms neat and comfortable. I should say they will easily accommodate 156 to 200 persons. The table leaves no room for fault-finding, and the proprietors know how to make everybody feel at home.

## OFF FOR THE VALLEY.

At six o'clock in the morning of the second day, after a good, warm breakfast, we took our seats in the stage for the Yosemite Valley, twenty-six miles distant. We were now fairly climbing the west slope of the Sierras, and before noon had attained an elevation of 6,400 feet. The ascent is by a good mountain grade, and the entire distance is a panorama of scenes, which, for wide expanse and rare beauty, are only to be found in the Sierra Nevada mountains.

By 11:30, as suddenly as the uprising of a drop curtain, Yosemite Valley burst upon our gaze, and from Inspiration point we looked upon a piece of nature's work, so grandly beautiful that description is impossible. No pen or brush ever has or ever will place before the mind's eye a picture of the Yosemite Valley that will not fall far, very far, short of the real, when the valley itself is seen. Read the hundreds of volumes that have been written about the Yosemite Valley, pass in review the innumerable paintings of its scenes, then go and see for yourself, and you will say: "I expected much; my ideal picture was bright and beautiful and majestic and awe-inspiring, but it was far below the original."

As we stood at Inspiration point, a lady said: "I shall never again see anything so beautiful, unless I am so fortunate as to reach heaven."

The descent to the green level below was soon made, and we rode up the valley past El Capitan, through the mist of Bridal Veil, close to the base of Cathedral Spires, and on by and near other wonders, stopping a little after noon at Cook's Hotel, nearly opposite Yosemite falls.

## LOOKING AROUND.

After dinner we ordered horses and started upward for Glacier point. The wide and secure trail zigzags up almost perpendicular for over 3,000 feet. I cannot stop to describe the varied and many beautiful views opening at different stages of the ascent. Our horses climbed slowly but steadily for two hours, and then we stood on the jutting brow of Glacier point. A thousand yards below lay Mirror Lake; to our right, like great silver cords, glistened Nevada and Vernal falls. In front towered Half Dome, and beyond it, Cloud's Rest, reaching 2,000 feet above where we stood; to our left Yosemite falls, and below all the dark green valley, with the Merced river winding through it. But I have said no one can describe the scene.

The descent was made, and the hotel reached before dark. Thus ended our second day.

[As soon as the snow melts so that the stage can run between Chinkapin station and Glacier point—say ten days hence—the four-day tourist will have the latter half of his second day to spend in the valley, and on the morning of the third day go up to Glacier point, where, after remaining an hour or so, he will take the stage for Clark's.]

## OFF TO THE BIG TREES.

At six A. M. on the morning of our third day we left the valley for Clark's, where we arrived for dinner. At two P. M. we started by stage for the Big Tree grove, distance eight miles. In company with three stage loads of passengers we drove through the grove of mammoth wonders, and returned to Clark's before dark. No tourist will fail to see these trees. They have no known parallel.

The fourth day we left Clark's at five o'clock A. M., and, after an exhilarating drive, mostly down hill, over a fine grade, we at eleven o'clock took our seats

## IN THE PULLMAN SLEEPER

At Raymond, which, connecting at Berenda with the train for San Francisco, landed us in the city at 7:40 P. M. of the fourth day.

If our brother and sister tourists have read thus far, they will see that we made the trip from this city to the Yosemite and Big Trees and home again in four days, visiting and seeing all that was to be visited and seen, traveling altogether by daylight from the moment of leaving the sleeping car. What we did any one can do who is pressed for time, but yet would enjoy the pleasure of seeing the greatest natural wonders of the world. This is the short time record. Those not in haste will, of course, remain over one or more days in the valley.

San Francisco, May 13, 1886.

TOURIST.

## IMPRESSIONS OF WORTH.

A NEW YORK WOMAN WHO DOES NOT WORSHIP THE CELEBRATED PARISIAN.

[New York Mail and Express.]

A few days ago a writer happened to meet a very stylish woman, whose acquaintance he had the honor to enjoy, and supposing, in his gross ignorance, that he was saying something highly appropriate, suggested that the gown she wore must be one of Worth's finest creations.

"Worth!"

It is impossible to convey the accent of fine scorn in which she said this.

The reporter, like the laureate, knew that "some one had blundered," but he didn't suspect that it was himself until his fair friend told him.

"Pray, let me enlighten you," she said, pityingly. "I suppose you think Worth is the greatest dressmaker in the world."

The reporter candidly admitted that he had supposed that to be draped by Worth was the ultimate height of elegance.

"Now you are quite mistaken my friend," said his companion. "In Paris and London and Vienna you hear all the time, 'Worth makes for Americans,' and you may go to the finest balls at the Palace of the Elyse or in the Faubourg St. Germain, and you wouldn't find a single frock of Worth's. The assertion that he makes for the Americans means simply that he makes for the trade. You never heard of Sarah Bernhardt or Judic or Croziet in her prime being dressed by Worth. That, you see, settles it. These women employ the most artistic dressmakers, and they go to Felix, to Pingat, to Corbey, and to artists like them. Worth's dresses are not known in Paris, except on the backs of Americans and a few English."

"But," timidly inquired the reporter, "was not Worth at one time the costumer of the Empress Eugenie?"

"I believe he was; but that was long ago, and she left him some years before her exile."

"One hears a great deal about Worth, though," the reporter ventured modestly.

"Of course," said his friend. "He has, no doubt, the largest clientele of any dressmaker in the world. But that proves that he supplies the trade. If you go to a handsome ball in any large city in this country, you will find from one to a dozen Worth costumes—all genuine Worths, too. He has virtually an enormous manufactory for frocks, and he turns them out by the hundred. Nine out of ten American women going to Paris bring away something—a gown, a wrap, a confection of some kind—from Worth's, and the rich ones delude themselves, not only into buying numerous splendid things, but leave orders for a yearly supply."

"Don't the most stylish women in New York wear Worth's gowns?" asked the reporter.

"No, indeed, they don't," replied his enlightened friend. "A few years ago they did, before Worth got to making things in such vast quantities; but now the really best dressed women in New York never think of going to him. He dresses more women in Cincinnati or St. Louis or Chicago than he does in New York. He has an immense trade in the West, I am told."



## LETTER FROM LOS ANGELES.

LOS ANGELES, May 28, 1886.

EDITOR WAVE:—If there are two places in the world that completely excel all others in beauty and general attractiveness, it is Del Monte and this city and surroundings, which latter include Pasadena, Long Beach and Santa Monica. A great lack in this city is a first class hotel; at Long Beach there is a good house; a handsome hotel is being built at Santa Monica, while the "Raymond" at Pasadena, is nearly completed, and will be ready for guests in the fall.

This city is the greatest railroad place in the State, and its immense growth and prosperity is in great part owing to that fact. And, in this connection, I am able to present you with some interesting facts, as follows:

In 1871-2 Hon. B. D. Wilson, now dead, was a member of the Senate, and Hon. T. D. Mott was a member of the Assembly. The great fight of that session was the bill to repeal the five per cent. subsidy law. After a hard fight, Messrs. Mott and Wilson had Los Angeles county exempt, by a majority of one or two votes, and, as particular friends of Governor Stanford, these two gentlemen wrote the letter which follows, and which is interesting on account of the great fight which took place afterward between Los Angeles and the friends of the San Diego railroad scheme. If the subsidy which was given to this county had not been voted, the railroad first built would have undoubtedly passed through the Mojave desert; the San Fernando Tunnel would not have been built for many years, if ever, and the city's progress would have been retarded:

HON. LELAND STANFORD:

LOS ANGELES, May 5, 1872.

DEAR SIR:—Our personal relations are of such a character that we have deemed it proper to advise you in advance of a movement, which, if carefully attended to, may redound, not only to your benefit, but may be also of material service to our county. It is needless to add, that as far as we are concerned, regardless of what others may say, we consider you are entitled to all the aid that our section may be able to command as a proper tribute to the great efforts you have displayed in furtherance of the prosperity and material progress of the Pacific Coast.

We expect to call a meeting of the taxpaying citizens of the county in a few days, for the purpose of selecting from amongst them an executive committee, giving the said committee full power to meet the representatives of any railroad company that may visit our place, for the purpose of agreeing upon some plan whereby we may have a railroad running through our county, or at least to our city.

We apprise you of the movements soon to take place here, that you may, if you deem it proper, take steps so as to act in harmony with our citizens, and in that manner subserve the public benefit to be derived from our mutual undertaking.

With the greatest assurance of our co-operation in any move which may promote the best interest of the county, and your own, and hoping you may find it convenient to pay us a visit soon, we remain

Yours sincerely,

T. D. MOTT,  
B. D. WILSON.

I will not close this letter without referring to our Postmaster, Mr. Green who, without regard to party, is almost unanimously endorsed by the people—Democrats and Republicans alike vying with each other in his behalf. So extremely popular is Mr. Green, who was appointed February, 1885, vice Col. I. R. Dunkelberger, term expired, that no movement of force or numbers has ever been set in motion against him, and it is doubted, even if there had been, if the President would have felt like touching what may have been regarded as a very pretty test case under his obligations to carry out the principles of civil service reform. The Post-office is too small for the enormous business that it has to take care of, but there is a good deal of satisfaction in knowing that we have got as good a man at the head of our postal affairs here as there is in the United States.

D. D.

## STATE SABBATH SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

The California State Sabbath School Association will hold its Eighteenth Annual Convention at San Jose, June 8th, 9th and 10th. Rev. James A. Worden, D. D., of Philadelphia, is engaged to be present, and will take a leading part on the programme.

The Convention promises to be of special interest, and will be largely attended.

The committee have made very satisfactory arrangements with the Southern Pacific Company, whereby delegates will be given the benefit of a round trip rate. For circulars, apply to George C. McConnell, Secretary, 757 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

## PARAISO SPRINGS.

EDITOR WAVE:—At Soledad just now the iron horse is pawing the dust of the valley, impatient to be free for a longer run down the Coast, and from the appearance of things he will very soon have more rein; this is indicated by a broad swath cut in the half grown grain, into which multitudes of brawny armed men with stout shovels are crowding; by an endless supply of ties, rails and timbers, and a general air of stir and excitement; but we must part company here with the "metallic quadruped," and try flesh and blood, not so rapid a locomotion, perhaps, but quite as exciting; and I am glad for one that nature has located these natural springs of hers not only in the most beautiful and picturesque of her rocky fastnesses, but generally a few miles away from the great thoroughfare. A seven mile stage ride is a delightful variety, especially this one to Paraiso.

The day is just such an one as the clerk of the weather (when he spreads himself) can produce in California in April. The scum of creation is washed from the mountain sides, their faces are as clean as a newly scoured school boy's. Acres and acres of flowers; "none of yer gaudy colors nuther," as the Hollister girl said, "jist plain red and yaller;" lakes and seas of flowers, with shores of oak and cypress away to the foothills. Then the mountains! (Santa Lucia Range.) The mountains decked in living green and gold, splashes of purple and violet; then sober grey, up up their rugged sides. And white flossy clouds, (broken fragments of the late storm) trailing their embroidered skirts along the tree tops; then cerulean blue beyond, such as no artist ever dreamed of copying. The brief but luscious note of the lark as he mounts up from his grassy hiding place, and the sweet voice of the linnet are wafted up to you on a breeze of a thousand odors.

But Paraiso is reached at last, a valley cleft in the mountain side; you do not wonder that the padres of a hundred years ago disputed the ownership of this delightful resort with the grizzlies, calling it Paraiso!—Paradise! Nor that they occasionally dismissed the cares of the valley, and came up here into a purer atmosphere, for repose and meditation.

I am rather a poor hand to gather cold statistics, and cannot at present give you the sulphate, chloride and carbonates in due form and proportion of these soda and sulphur springs, but I know I came out of the bath several times feeling like a "boiled angel," as a graphic writer has said. The question is not "What will these waters cure?" but what will they not cure? In the words of a high authority, they are even "quite efficacious in cleansing our sins."

I may not be able to give you the lodging capacity of the hotel and cottages. It is large, but the hospitality that meets you at every turn is larger. Around the great fireplace in the hotel office, if the evening demands a fire, you may smoke your pipe, and swap lies with a neighbor; or if you be fond of a moonlight ramble, there is the "Lovers' Walk" surrounded with the most convenient shrubbery in the world for flirting.

If you be fond of music, and the "light fantastic," hie away to the "music hall;" there are charmers there to dance *with*, and exquisite music to dance *by*.

Would you chase the wild deer? Shoulder a rifle, and meander up "Glen Romie" up to the summit of the Santa Lucia Mountains; and though you miss a shot, the view will repay you a thousandfold. Would you snatch the speckled beauty from one of the finest streams in the State? The headquarters of the Arroyo Seco, not far away, will furnish you all the sport your heart could wish.

So much for some of the attractions of Paraiso, but no one who has been there and enjoyed as royal a time as I did, could for a moment forget the presiding genius of the place, Capt. Foster, and his genial son, Mr. Ed. Foster; it would be small praise for me to mention their wholesouled way of entertaining, their anxiety to make things pleasant for their guests, etc. etc., for that is known all over the country.

I cannot close my letter without reference to a gentleman who does much, very much, to entertain strangers who visit Paraiso, Mr. C. T. Romie of Soledad, (for whom "Glen Romie" was named.) His home is anywhere from the old Soledad Mission to the upper Arroyo Seco, wherever night finds him in attending to his large business, (if there be a house) he finds a welcome. His accent is decidedly Spanish, his face is like the tan, from constant exposure to the sun, his heart is large, so is his purse, and he doesn't keep the strings of either drawn too tightly. He knows the country from one end to the other, its resources, its pleasure resorts, its streams, flowers and plants, and he *does know* how to entertain royally; and, moreover, he has a disinterested way of doing you a service, that is as rare as it is admirable.

I left Paraiso Springs reluctantly, but with a wish and intention to return soon and renew the pleasant associations I had formed in my short stay.

E. McD. J.

I tell you, Bromley, nothing is ever lost by politeness." "I beg to differ with you, Mr. Darringer. There is something I lose through politeness every morning." "What is that, Bromley?" "My seat in the street car."



## SOMETHING ABOUT SALINAS.

[E. S. H. in Ranch, Field and Fireside.]

\* \* \* \* \* A few weeks ago we were in the Salinas Valley. The valley and the hills had been painted an emerald hue. The sky was never fairer; bright flowers bloomed in the yard of many pretty Salinas homes, while the sound of singing birds and humming bees, the vision of hopeful, happy faces animated the scene.

The valley is one vast field of growing grain, of dark color, which portends a bountiful harvest. If it is not blighted by some unforeseen calamity, the largest crop ever produced by the Salinas Valley will be harvested this year. The people feel good over the outlook, but have not recovered from feeling mean over the misfortunes of the past year. In the vernacular of the age: "Times have been dull." They are still dull with a slight improvement, but bound to be exceptionally good after harvest, provided, of course, that produce can be sold at anything like reasonable prices. But there is another cause which will accelerate prosperity, and contribute greatly to the development and wealth of the country. Within the past two weeks work has commenced on the Southern Pacific Company's line from Soledad through Monterey, San Louis Obispo, Santa Barbara and Ventura counties to Newhall or Santa Monica, connecting with the overland line, enabling the Southern Pacific Company to bring their passengers to San Francisco without using the C. P. road, and placing Salinas on an overland route. A large scope of country in the southern part of Monterey county, heretofore of little value, because of its remoteness from shipping points, will soon be valuable; and Salinas, being the metropolis of the county, will be benefited.

In Salinas, the editors of the local papers were found quietly pursuing the routine of daily work. They are courteous and affable gentlemen, as indeed all newspaper men are. We missed Leigh, late of the *Democrat* (who has recently been promoted to Receiver of the Land Office,) and wondered if he missed the excellent trout fishing which is to be found in southern Monterey county. Thos. Harris and J. W. Leigh, Jr. are making a very readable paper out of the *Democrat*. Ex-Senator W. J. Hill, of the *Index*, bears his honors modestly. He is at present Mayor of Salinas, and publishes one of the leading interior papers. Harry Lind, proprietor of the Abbott House, is the same genial host as of yore, and keeps one of the best appointed hotels in the State. The traveling public will find first-class accommodations at this house.

We noticed many desirable features of Salinas, which are reserved for a future and more extensive article.

## SOME PECULIAR PEOPLE.

THE JOYS OF BEAUTIFUL AND ORNAMENTAL HOUSEKEEPING.

[Chicago News.]

Mrs. Doremus is a very neat housekeeper. She keeps her home so neat that you feel ashamed to be comfortable in it. It seems sacrilegious to appear at ease when everything about you looks so prim and stiff and cold and clean. You feel that you ought to have on your dress-coat which is too tight between the shoulders, and your shirt that chokes, and your collar that chafes. You know it would be the rankest vandalism to move one of those chairs, which seem to have been placed with a square and compass precisely where they are most uninviting, but there is evil in man, and you would like to pile all the furniture in the middle of the room and climb upon the heap and fiddle over Mrs. Doremus' grief. Mrs. Doremus has a husband and some little old men and women that she calls children. But you don't see any of these when you enter her house. The children are out in the woodshed, enjoying themselves in a subdued way. The house is too neat for them. Everybody, excepting Mr. Doremus and the little Doremuses, admire Mrs. Doremus' neat house—everybody that doesn't have to live and move and have his being in it.

Mr. Doremus is a slouch—so his wife says. He likes to drag a big chair up to the fire and put his feet on the stove and blow tobacco smoke in among the lace curtains and things. Everybody likes Doremus—he is such a good-natured, comfortable fellow—but all censure him for staying at home so little. He is off at the club six nights in the week, and is only sorry that church lets out so soon on the seventh. Once in a while he stays at home all day Sunday and behaves himself very well until he forgets where he is and leaves his chair standing in the middle of the room where he last used it. Then Mrs. Doremus says something about it, and Doremus goes out to the barn and lies on the hay and puts his feet on the rafters and enjoys himself. If you wish to make friends with Doremus and excite all his fraternal sympathy, just intimate to him that your wife is a neat, a very neat housekeeper. He will rise and bless you and call you brother and give you advice about which club to join.

The outlook is said to be quite promising for the tourist travel to Alaska during the coming summer.

## VISIT TO SANTA CRUZ, CAL., AND THE GROVE AT FELTON.

[Elmira (N. Y.) Advertiser.]

Down before you on the shining sands see what tiny wavelets sport along the foamy shore, now up, now down, now like a shield flashing in the sun; 'tis the pulse of the grand old ocean at Santa Cruz. Beautiful are its banks of roses of every hue, its bowers of flowers. Beautiful along the cliff, where at your feet the rolling ocean moans. What wonder that thy lovely beach is thronged throughout the summer by seekers of health and pleasure. A week's sojourn at this popular resort, under the courteous and kind care so conducive to comfort and pleasure of the host and hostess of the well-kept Pacific Ocean House, E. J. Swift and wife, put us all in the best mood and condition. The rain falls here between October and May, with a very equable climate, rarely below 32 degrees, nor above 86 degrees, with a mean temperature in summer of 65 degrees and in winter of 52 degrees, free from debilitating heat or pinching cold. Nowhere on the Pacific coast, in the same area, can be found as large a variety of forest trees. Here are oaks, laurel, pine, cedar, cypress, redwood and spruce.

The gigantic big trees at Felton are only six miles away. This grove has countless trees from eight to twelve feet in diameter, and many much larger. General Fremont, whose head towers far, far toward the heavens, piercing the very clouds with its branches, with forty feet broken by the storm and hurled to the earth, still stands in its majestic height 300 feet. The base of this tree is hollow from the ground fifteen feet up, and has been worked and chiseled out into a large room with two windows and a door, in which a family of four persons kept house.

The Three Sisters stand near by, not so large or tall, but very graceful and sublime in appearance.

Junco also keeps them company, and well deserves its name for size, measuring twenty-two feet in diameter.

The Giant stands further south, and is indeed a giant and father of the forest, measuring in circumference eighty-four feet, the bark being two feet thick, and requires the second look to reach the top.

## MISS BARLOW'S ADVENTURE.

[Paris Dispatch to the London Daily Telegraph.]

A trial has just taken place before the Correctional Tribunal at Marseilles, which revealed a series of extraordinary adventures on the part of a young Englishwoman named Barlow. Miss Barlow, according to the evidence, was about to be married to an engineer, but, before the day of the wedding could be fixed, her intended husband had to start for Manila, where he had just received an appointment. His sudden departure seems to have partially unlinked the reason of Miss Barlow, who, taking from home a sum of nearly £500, went to Marseilles for the purpose of following her lover. At Marseilles she was met by a kind of cosmopolitan nondescript called Stevens, who, in the capacity of "guide and interpreter," enticed Miss Barlow to remain at Marseilles in order to see the sights of the place. While visiting the Crystal Palace there she had a fall, which fractured one of her limbs. She was taken to her hotel and there nursed by Stevens, who used her bank notes rather freely, spending nearly £5 on a dinner for the two. The young woman's friends having intervened, Stevens was charged with breach of trust and complicity in the concealment of Miss Barlow from her family. He was acquitted and the young woman was restored to her relations.

## SHIPPING AT TACOMA.

[Tacoma Ledger, May 14.]

The shipping for the port of Tacoma seems to be upon the increase daily. At present there are seven large-sized ships at the dock of the Tacoma Mill Company awaiting to be loaded with lumber for California and foreign ports, and within the next twelve hours there are expected to arrive at the mill company's wharf four others which were in Port Townsend, yesterday, en route for Tacoma. Last evening at the coal bunkers there were three ships loading with Carbon Hill coal, one of which was towed to sea during the night by the steamer Mogul, and within a day two ships are expected to arrive to load South Prairie coal for San Francisco. The demand, as is clearly shown by the marine intelligence at this port, is greatly increasing in California and the foreign ports for Puget Sound coal and lumber. The mines are busy shipping about 1000 tons of coal each day to this city, and cutting large quantities of lumber in order to supply this demand.

The Tacoma Ledger of May 14th says: A new hotel register was opened at The Tacoma on Monday. The old one began its career on June 25, 1884, and at the close of Sunday last 10,601 names had been enrolled upon the book.



## AN OPINION OF DEL MONTE.

The following letter, which we copy from the Faribault Democrat, was written by Major W. H. Dike, lately at Del Monte, to his wife in Faribault, Minn :

HOTEL DEL MONTE, Monterey, Cal., Feb. 16th, 1886.

*My Dear Wife.*—You may not be able, at your distance from here, to fully understand why I am making such a long stay at this place, so I will give you the reason. I must frankly confess it by far exceeds any place I have ever seen, and I am fully borne out in this by people whom I meet here every day from all parts of the world. There are now staying here about 250 people; some of them have made two or three trips around the world and, like myself, confess they never saw the like before. The accommodations are all strictly first-class. The bread, the milk, the cheese, the butter and the water are all supplied from the company's own grounds. I have to-day taken a ride over a circuit of seventeen miles, on a beautiful macadamized road, without ever being for more than ten minutes off the company's grounds. And such a ride! such changes of scenery! now riding through groves of pines, oaks, and many other kinds of trees, and ever and anon skirting the beach in full view of old ocean. As I write the air is balmy; and the refreshing breeze comes in laden with the pure ozone from the ocean, invigorating the system, and putting new life into all who are so fortunate as to be within its beneficial influence. On my return home to-day I was presented with fresh strawberries and blackberries grown in the open air in a cañon close by the Hotel Del Monte. Besides this, the grounds are laid out with all the taste that a skillful landscape gardener possesses; trees, shrubs and plants from the Torrid zone, and those also from the Temperate appear to do well. There is no exception to this rule, for we have the most delicate plants growing side by side with the cacti from the sandy wastes of Arizona; and they, like the people who are at present staying here, appear to be in perfect accord, and each and every one happy and contented.

I have been here now quite long enough to form an opinion; and that opinion, honestly expressed, is that I never in my life saw people who each and every one seemed so earnest in their endeavor to make each other happy. This, coupled with the thousand and one charms of the place, rivet you to the spot and make you loth to leave it. The company have on the grounds lawn tennis, croquet, bowling alleys, shuffle boards, swings, a skating rink, a lake with boats, beautiful walks through embowered groves—and all this free to the guests.

We have also a spacious office or lobby, with a large open fireplace wherein large logs of wood are burned whenever occasion requires it. Here in this cosy apartment is situated Wells, Fargo & Co's express office, a post office, a telegraph office, and a news-stand wherein are sold books, candies and all the California daily and evening papers. We have two mails per day, except on Sunday. As I have mentioned the Sabbath, I will say we have in the village adjoining the hotel a Catholic, a Presbyterian, an Episcopal and a Methodist church. A coach conveys all who wish to attend Divine service. We have also in the summer season large swimming baths, each fifty feet square, differing in temperature, and varying in depth from 3 feet, 6 inches to 6 feet 6 inches, the water being warmed to a delightful temperature as it comes in from the ocean. There is connected with this establishment a swimming teacher, who is always in the water whenever his services are requested, to teach or instruct all. But to those who prefer surf-bathing, there are life-lines, and a raft anchored out in the bay, where old and young sport and play in the clear blue water of Monterey Bay, the beach of which is a level white sand. No wines or liquors are sold in the house, but a bar is connected with the bowling-alley. The stables are connected by telephone with the house, and here are carriages of all descriptions, from the saddle horse to the four-in-hand, all presided over by a master spirit in horsemanship, who has under his charge a small army of drivers and attendants, all working in perfect harmony with the rest of this famous resort, and making a grand combination.

Here in this charming seaside resort, where all is "peace on earth, and good-will to men," the days are passed pleasantly, and when evening comes, the house is brilliantly illuminated with gas made on the premises,—the ladies' billiard parlor, the great parlor with its splendid mirrors and grand piano, the ball room, where on Saturday evenings, to the strains of Ballenberg's band, they trip it on the light fantastic toe, or engage in such other occupations or pastimes as are most congenial, and thus this happy family pass the merry time between the rising and setting of the sun, and oftentimes into the wee sma' hours.

With such a picture as I have drawn, do you wonder at the universal verdict being "Perfection in each and every department?"

Since writing the above, I have decided to stay here until the last of March, so that any letters sent from you to me up to the 20th of March will surely reach me here. When I say letters, I mean all mail matter.

Your affectionate husband,

W. H. DIKE.

## A PROFITABLE CUSTOM.

(Stranger to Washington bartender)—Do many statesmen come here to drink?

Bartender—No, but we catch a good many Congressmen.

## AN ODD BIT ABOUT TREES.

NUTS ALREADY CRACKED; OR THE TREE PUZZLE, WITH ANSWERS APPENDED

(Philadelphia Weekly Times.)

The "tree puzzle" that follows is one of the most ingenious trifles of the kind now current:

1. What's the social tree,
2. And the dancing tree,
3. And the tree that is nearest the sea?
4. And the dandiest tree,
5. And the kissable tree,
6. And the tree where ships may be.
7. What's the tell-tale tree,
8. And the traitor's tree,
9. And the tree that's warmest clad?
10. The languishing tree,
11. The chronologist's tree,
12. And the tree that makes one sad?
13. What's the emulous tree,
14. The industrious tree,
15. And the tree that will never stand still?
16. The unhealthiest tree,
17. The Egyptian-plague tree,
18. And the tree neither up nor down hill?
19. The contemptible tree,
20. The most yielding tree,
21. And the tree that bears a curse?
22. The reddish brown tree,
23. The reddish blue tree,
24. And the tree like an Irish nurse?
25. What is the tree  
That makes each townsman flee?
26. And what round itself doth entwine?
27. What's the housewife's tree,
28. And the fisherman's tree;
29. What by cockneys is turned into wine?
30. What's the tree that got up,
31. And the tree that was lazy,
32. And the tree that guides ships to go forth?
33. The tree that's immortal,
34. The trees that are not,
35. And the tree whose wood faces the north?
36. The tree in a bottle,
37. The tree in a fog,
38. And what each must become ere he's old?
39. The tree of the people.
40. The traveler's tree,
41. And the sad tree when schoolmasters hold?
42. What's the tree that has passed through the  
fiery heat,
43. That half given to doctors when ill?
44. The tree that we offer to friends when we meet,
45. And the tree we may use as a quill.
46. What's the tree that in death will benight you,
47. And the tree that your wants will supply?
48. And the tree that to travel invites you,
49. And the tree that forbids you to die.

## ANSWERS.

- |                     |                   |                        |
|---------------------|-------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Pear.            | 18. Plane.        | 34. Dyewoods.          |
| 2. Tea.             | 19. Medlar.       | 35. Southernwood.      |
| 3. Hop.             | 20. India-rubber. | 36. Cork.              |
| 4. Beach.           | 21. Sago palm     | 37. Smoke-tree.        |
| 5. Spruce.          | 22. Fig.          | 38. Hazel.             |
| 6. Tulip.           | 23. Damson.       | 39. Elder.             |
| 7. Yew.             | 24. Chestnut.     | 40. Poplar.            |
| 8. Bay.             | 25. Lilac.        | 41. Wayfaring tree.    |
| 9. Peach.           | 26. Honeysuckle.  | 42. Birch.             |
| 10. Judas.          | 27. Citron.       | 43. Ash.               |
| 11. Fir.            | 28. Woodbine.     | 44. Coffee.            |
| 12. Pine.           | 29. Broom.        | 45. Palm.              |
| 13. Date.           | 30. Basswood.     | 46. Aspen.             |
| 14. Weeping-willow. | 31. Vine.         | 47. Deadly nightshade. |
| 15. Ivy.            | 32. Rose.         | 48. Breadfruit.        |
| 16. Spindle-tree.   | 33. Satinwood.    | 49. Orange.            |
| 17. Caper.          | 34. Aloe.         | 50. Olive.             |
| 18. Sycamore.       | 35. (H)elm.       |                        |
| 19. Locust.         | 36. Arbor-vine.   |                        |

## KISSING NO NOVELTY.

[London Truth.]

What nonsense is being written about kissing! One would really suppose that it is a new discovery. Because a few school girls and boys have occasionally played at a game of romps, and indulged in hunt-the-slipper, kiss-in-the-ring, and games of forfeits, we are asked to believe that orgies take place in Sunday schools wilder than at witches' Sabbaths. Kissing, allow me to inform these indignant searchers after mares' nests, is by no means a novelty. It has been practiced for many thousand years, and, within proper limits, is a very harmless amusement. It is a curious thing that negroes in a state of barbarism never kiss; and this, when I was a young man, was one of the reasons why I was glad that I had been born white.



## MRS. MORGAN.

Mrs. Morgan, whose famous art collection has been the talk of the country, was a modest, quiet, unassuming lady, and generous to the working classes about her. The publicity which has been given her name by the sensation mongers of the press was a thing that was specially abhorrent to her, as it is to those of her friends who knew her best and understood her most thoroughly. Mrs. Morgan's maiden name was Mary Jane Sexton, and she was born in New York at No. 28 Dey Street, where her father, Francis Sexton then lived. Mr. Sexton, continues the New York Times, was a native of Weilbraham, Mass., began his business life in Boston, but came here when comparatively young and engaged in the Canton trade at Broadway and Dey street. He failed in business a short time before his death. Mrs. Morgan's mother was a daughter of William Ross, a prosperous Scotchman, who was at the time the largest carriage manufacturer in the state. He lived at Broadway and Fulton street, and died there, leaving a large estate entailed to his grandchildren. Mrs. Morgan's grandmother was a daughter of Capt. Alexander Leslie who was lost at sea while in the British naval service. His widow married John Mills, a soldier in the Revolutionary war, with whom she became acquainted while acting as a nurse in a church which had temporarily been converted into a hospital. She was, with Mrs. Isabella Graham, long and prominently identified with the charitable and philanthropic work in the city. Mrs. Morgan's education was begun at Mme. Hallet's school, in the lower part of the city, where only French was spoken. It was continued at the Rev. Mr. Porter's school at Lawrenceville, N. Y., and finished at Dr. Schroeder's school at Flushing, Long Island, where, at seventeen years of age, she began teaching French and mathematics, continuing her studies at the same time. She afterward taught at his school in this city at Eighth and Macdougall streets. While engaged there Mr. Charles Morgan's daughter was one of her pupils, and there Mr. Morgan met her, courted her, and finally married her, Miss Sexton leaving school and returning to her mother's home on Bethune street some time before the marriage, which was at St. Bartholomew's Church, then situated in Lafayette place. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan lived for about a year at Commodore Kearney's house, Twenty-second street and Fourth avenue, during which time Mr. Morgan was building the house in Madison square, in which he died in 1879, and in which his widow resided till her death.

## STYLISH TO THE BACKBONE.

WHAT PARIS "FIGARO" THINKS OF THE AVERAGE AMERICAN GIRL.

Stylish to the backbone. Independent as independent can be, but very pure. Is devoted to pleasure, dress, spending money; shows her moral nature nude, just as it is so as to deceive nobody. Flirts all winter with this or that one and dismisses him in the spring, when she instantly catches another. Goes out alone. Travels alone. When the fancy strikes her she travels with a gentleman friend, or walks anywhere with him; puts boundless confidence in him; conjugal intimacy seems to exist between them. She lets him tell what he feels, talks of love from morning to night; but she never gives him permission to kiss so much as her hand. He may say anything; he shall do nothing. She is restless; she gives her heart and soul to amusement before she marries. After she marries she is a mother annually; is alone all day; hears all night nothing except patent machinery, unexplosive petroleum and chemical manure. She then will let her daughters enjoy the liberty she used without grave abuse. As nothing serious happened to her, why should Fannie, Mary, Jennie, be less strong and adroit than their mother? She originates French fashions. Parisian women detest her. Provincial women despise her. Men of all nations adore her, but will not marry her unless she has an immense fortune. Her hair is vermillion, paler than golden hair; her black eyes are bold and frank; she has a paetnt shape, which 'tis forbidden to counterfeit; spreads herself in a carriage as if it were a hammock—the natural and thoughtless posture of her passion for luxurious ease. When she walks she moves briskly, and throws every glance right and left; gives many of her thoughts to herself and few of them to anybody else. She is a wild plant put in a hot house.

## CAPITOLA.

The season at Capitola, Santa Cruz county, opened on the first day of May, under very favorable auspices. Over two thousand persons were present, and it was very complimentary to Messrs. Cahoon and Son, the new managers and proprietors of this popular Sea-side resort, to hear the many expressions of surprise at the greatly improved appearance of the place.

Capitola will, in the future, be kept open the year round, and cannot help but receive liberal patronage.

It is now one of the best managed resorts on the Coast, and, so far as natural attractions are concerned, is surpassed by none.

## PRETTY EYEBROWS.

A DASH OF ORIENTALISM NOW REGARDED AS HIGHLY ESSENTIAL.

[Boston Journal.]

The dash of Orientalism in costume and lace now turns the lady's attention to her eyelashes, which are worthless if not long and drooping. Indeed, so prevalent is the desire for this beautiful feature, that hair-dressers and ladies' artists have scores of customers under treatment for invigorating their stunted eyelashes and eyebrows. To be sure, for evening, a lady can manufacture a magnificent article with a crayon of Egyptian black or a common match if driven to an exigency, and on the streets a Brussels veil will cover a multitude of facial errors; but when it comes to an after-dinner reception or a lunch party, the genuine article or a very good counterfeit is necessary. To obtain these fringed curtains anoint the roots with a balsam made of two drachms of nitric oxide of mercury mixed with one of leaf lard. After an application wash the roots with a camel hair brush dipped in warm milk. Tiny scissors are used with which the lashes are carefully but slightly trimmed every other day. When once obtained refrain from rubbing or even touching the lids with the finger nails. There is more beauty in a pair of well kept brows and full sweeping eyelashes than people are aware of, and a very unattractive and lustreless eye assumes new beauty when it looks out from beneath elongated fringes. Instead of putting cologne water upon the handkerchief which has come to be considered a vulgarity among ladies of correct taste, the perfume is spent on the eyebrows and lobes of the ears. There are many dangerous and cunning devices for brightening the eyes, and it is a practice more largely indulged in than most people are aware of. Belladonna is still used, and many giddy young women, and some older ones too, will risk their sight to obtain that fascinating brilliancy by inserting a drop of bitter almonds, or placing a tumbler of water fumigated with prussic acid near the eye for a few moments. Some squeeze lemon juice on the sclerotic, others trip off to a party after a dram of French brandy or a teaspoonful of ether. A harmless recipe consists of loaf sugar saturated with camphor or cologne, and eaten just before entering the ball room.

## EXHIBITION OF FURS.

We wish to call attention to the advertisement of Messrs. H. Liebes & Co, Nos. 111, 113, 115 and 117 Montgomery St. near Suter, opposite the Occidental Hotel, dealers in sealskin sacques, sealskin dolmans, sealskin mantillas, rich fur rugs, rare skins and other novelties in furs. We do this for the particular information of tourists and excursionists, and to show them that they may purchase all things in the fur line at at least forty per cent. lower than they can get the same line of first-class goods in the East. Messrs. H. Liebes & Co. have their own vessels and men employed in trading and hunting, and are so situated, geographically, as to obtain the furs of the world in greater varieties and at lower rates than any other firm in the same business anywhere else in the world.

Tourists visiting here from the East should make it a point to call and see the beautiful stock, even if they do not care about purchasing, as the store of Messrs. Liebes & Co. is regarded in San Francisco as second to no other exhibition or museum upon the Pacific Coast. The proprietors and assistants take great pleasure in showing their goods and explaining the history of the fur-bearing animals of the Northern Pacific waters.

## MRS. TOWNSEND'S ELABORATE TOILETS.

[Washington Letter in the Chicago Inter-Ocean]

Speaking of dresses reminds me that the unanimous opinion is that Mrs. Richard Townsend, the daughter of Congressman W. L. Scott, of Pennsylvania, wears the handsomest toilets seen here this winter, and her wardrobe seems to be inexhaustible. She has been everywhere and has never worn the same dress twice, while each time the one she appears in seems more beautiful than the last, until the women wonder where she gets her dresses and how long she can keep these surprises up. Her last appearance was at the ball given by the English Legation, and one of the ladies present remarked that "she looked as if she had just stepped out of a dream," which was pretty strong, but not inappropriate. Her jewels were a band of unusually large solitaire diamonds, a similar band of rubies, and between the two three strings of very large pearls, altogether forming a broad collar about the throat. Her dress was one of the indescribable brocades, where yellow and white leave the impression of artistic harmony in colors.

## DR. LORYEA'S

New Hammam, 218 Post Street, between Dupont and Stockton, San Francisco, is the finest Turkish, Russian, Electric and Medicated bath-house in that city. Single bath, one dollar. Twelve tickets for ten dollars. Open day and night, Sundays included. \*



# DEL MONTE WAVE.

Published Every Month at One Dollar a Year, which includes Postage in delivery,

BY DEL MONTE PUBLISHING CO.,

AT MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO AGENCY,

ROOM NO. 220, LICK HOUSE.

ISAAC RUDISILL, Traveling Agent and Business Manager of the WAVE, is *alone* authorized to receive moneys for subscriptions and advertisements. All his transactions for the Paper will be honored by

DEL MONTE PUBLISHING CO.

MONTEREY, CAL. - - - JUNE, 1886

ENTERED AT THE MONTEREY POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

WE take pleasure in recommending the Del Monte cigar, which can be had only of Joe Spanier, Kearney street, between Geary and Post.

WE doubt if there is among all the California or imported mineral waters one which gives so much satisfaction as the Geyser soda. It is a delightful water, and undoubtedly efficacious in many ways.

AMONG the Bostonians who have been in our midst lately is Mr. Walter Raymond, whose new hotel at Pasadena bears his name, and will be thrown open to the public in October next.

WE invite particular attention to our line of advertisers, and to the advertisements themselves. We do not permit anything to appear in our advertising columns but of the most respectable character, as a brief glance will show, and we shall keep the WAVE to that grade.

SENATOR STANFORD has introduced a bill to grant the right and title of the United States to the Seal Rocks, and the right to the seals resorting thereon, to the city of San Francisco, in trust for the United States, on the condition that that city shall hold said rocks inalienable for all time, and shall commit to the Commissioners of Golden Gate Park the custody and care thereof.

A LATE Philadelphia paper says: "An inventory filed at the office of the Register of Wills yesterday values the personal estate of the late John McCullough, the actor, at \$37,747.49. Of this amount, \$3,457.49 is in cash. \$26,400 is invested in 240 shares of the Boatmen's Savings Bank, of St. Louis, Mo; \$2,000 in 200 shares of the American Exchange in Europe, and \$5,600 in three promissory notes. The actor's jewelry is valued at \$300."

READERS of the WAVE who may have occasion to visit Washington should bear in mind that the Ebbitt House is unqualifiedly the best first-class hotel in that city, and that its rates are somewhat lower than most of the others. It is the headquarters of army and navy people, and it is situated on two lines of street railroads, about midway between the Department buildings, and also midway between the Capitol and the White House. It is the favorite resort of all Californians who visit Washington, and who are looked after especially on that account.

THE Raymond Hotel at Pasadena, Los Angeles County, is a magnificent structure, and will supply a long standing want in Southern California. The Los Angeles *Herald* says: "Mr. Ennis Raymond, who has been supervising the erection of the great Raymond Hotel, has gone to New England to spend the summer. He will return in the fall and open up the great caravansary with C. H. Merrill, proprietor of the Crawford House, White Mountains, as landlord, and two carloads of pretty New England girls as waiters. No Chinese need apply. The Raymond and Whitcomb excursions will hereafter run direct to the Raymond as a terminus."

WE shall publish an extra large edition of the WAVE for July, and invite the attention of new advertisers to that fact. The WAVE has special advantages, one or two of which we enumerate: In the first place it is put in the hands of all tourists who visit Del Monte, and also sent to many of the fashionable patrons of that place who are at times elsewhere. It is also on sale for a month at the news stand at Del Monte, and on all the trains running between San Francisco and Monterey. It is the organ of the Northern Division of the Southern Pacific, and the country through which it passes, which includes the cities and towns of San Mateo, Menlo, Redwood, Santa Clara, San Jose, Gilroy, Santa Cruz, Pajaro, Watsonville, Castroville, Salinas, Paraiso, Soledad and Monterey. The libraries, club houses, hotels, rooms of the Christian Association, Turkish bath houses, and other prominent places of resort in San Francisco are kept supplied with copies of the WAVE during the whole of each month.

WHILE Monterey has always had the reputation, among old Californians, of being the healthiest and most delightful spot in their State, it is only since the completion of the "Hotel del Monte" (June 1880) that invalids and tourists could have the comforts, enjoyments and surroundings which refined and cultivated people desire, while availing themselves of its equable and salubrious climate. Since the opening of the "Hotel del Monte," Monterey has been visited by tens of thousands of tourists—from all parts of the United States and Europe—who heartily endorse all that is said in behalf of this now famous resort. There is probably no place upon the seashore in our State so replete with natural charms as Monterey. Its exquisite beauty and variety of scenery is diversified with ocean, bay, lake and streamlet; mountain, hill and valley, and groves of oak, cypress, spruce, pine and other trees. The mountain views are very beautiful, particularly the Gabilan and Santa Cruz spurs.

SOME days ago Senator Stanford received a dispatch announcing the arrest of three socialists in San Francisco who had endeavored to incite a riot; their object being to loot the residences of prominent capitalists in that city, among them those of Messrs. Stanford, Crocker and Flood, on Nob Hill. "I should hate to have a mob destroy my house," said Senator Stanford, "because it is very nicely furnished, and I take a great deal of pride in it. I sometimes think," continued the Senator, "that the rich men of the country are responsible in a great part for the present unrest and dissatisfaction that exists among the laboring classes. Capitalists do not seem to take the interest in their employees that they should, and laboring men feeling this are seduced by reckless and desperate socialists into committing acts of violence; this, of course, makes the capitalist hesitate to invest his money in new enterprises, and the laboring men suffer from lack of employment. The workingmen are right, but the ignorant portion are led astray by idle and worthless men, whose whole aim in life seems to be to ferment discord."

THERE are many Eastern valetudinarians, and others, who annually flee their inhospitable winter climes for places more congenial, who only hesitate about making the California trip on account of the longer distance and higher rates of transportation. These are they, of course, who are not aware of the reasonableness of terms at the Hotel del Monte—which is precisely, or about precisely, *half* what is charged in South Carolina and Florida, for always poorer and generally indifferent accommodations. Next to its equability of climate and elastic effects, and the multiplicity of other attractions which no other resort in the world affords, the tourist marvels at the terms for the *ne plus ultra* of hotel accommodations. Indeed, more wonder, from those who have traveled extensively, is elicited on account of the reasonableness of the hotel charges at Del Monte than from all other things. There is a certain advertised rate, that is strictly adhered to, which carries with it not only all, but more than all the term generally conveys; and, further, all patrons are treated the same. There are no specialties, and no partiality. The rich and the poor, the European, the Easterner and the Californian, all pay the same rate as advertised, and all share alike in the dispensations of the landlord throughout the house and grounds. To all of those Eastern people, then, whose sections of country are desolated by sharp and desolating winds, and are swathed many months with cold and uninviting snows, and who annually pack up and rush off wildly to the most accessible Southern resorts, heedless of accommodations and the rates thereof, we would call attention to this *particular item of terms*, and request them to figure and see how quickly the excess of transportation is counterbalanced by the difference in rates of board of the Florida caravansaries and the incomparable Hotel del Monte.



## MAJOR TRUMAN'S LAST PRODUCTION.

## SOME PRESS OPINIONS.

Major Ben C. Truman, the well-known journalist and author has just issued a "Hotel del Monte, A B C Primer," which is by far the most original, beautiful and unique *brochure* we have ever seen, and which may be had gratuitously by addressing Mr. Truman at his office, 4th and Townsend streets. The following are a few opinions of the press:

## A PRETTY CONCEIT.

[Daily Report.]

A felicitous advertisement of Hotel Del Monte has just appeared in the form of an illustrated primer poem. It is by that most versatile of writers, Major Ben C. Truman. The verses are happy and the typography superb. The printing and illustrations were designed by E. McD. Johnstone.

## AN ARTISTIC PRODUCTION.

[The Argonaut.]

Major Ben C. Truman has just issued a "Del Monte-Primer," which is really an artistic production. There are a number of stanzas—one for each letter in the alphabet—and every stanza has an initial letter and vignette, which are very well designed. Both verses and vignettes are droll. The booklet is handsomely printed, in fact, everything about it is bright and trim.

## TRUMAN'S A B C PRIMER.

[Los Angeles Daily Express.]

The Express has received, with compliments of the author, an extremely artistic *brochure* by Maj. Ben C. Truman—the "Hotel Del Monte A B C Primer." The charming resort at Monterey is "done up" in the Major's happiest style, which is ably supplemented by the facile pencil of E. McD. Johnstone. The pamphlet is a creditable production, and an interesting souvenir.

## ATTRACTIVE AND INTERESTING.

[S. F. News Letter.]

Major Ben C. Truman, "Poet Laureate to the Queen" (of American watering places) has just issued a primer of Hotel Del Monte. The production is alphabetical in form, each letter having a verse devoted to it. The printing and illustrating are elegant and unique, and are from designs by E. McD. Johnstone. Altogether the *brochure* is attractive in appearance and interesting in contents.

## A CHARMING PRIMER OF HOTEL DEL MONTE.

[Sacramento Record-Union.]

From Major Ben C. Truman, the author, we have a charming "Primer of Hotel Del Monte." It is a grotesquely but handsomely illustrated alphabetical list of stanza after the manner of the old A B C rhyme, on the beauties of that delightful resort Del Monte, Monterey county. The designs are by E. McD. Johnstone, and testify to his fine taste and great skill. There are tables of temperature at Del Monte attached, and a view of the grounds, bay and hotel.

## AWFULLY NEAT AND ATTRACTIVE.

[San Franciscan.]

Major Ben C. Truman, who now signs himself "Poet laureate to the Queen of American watering-places," issues an A B C Primer of the Hotel Del Monte, "for the education of the young folks and the edification of the older ones." The book is printed in green ink, on heavy paper. The designs and lettering are especially neat and attractive, and supplement the verses by making most ingenious use of the alphabet. The Del Monte may well be proud of such a neat advertisement.

## CAPITALLY SET FORTH.

[New Age.]

Major Ben C. Truman, who wears many laurels won in praise of the fair scenes of California, appears in a new role, one that suits his versatile humor well—"as poet laureate" to the Queen of watering places. The advantages in pictorial and gustatory ways, too numerous here to mention, are capitally set forth in very original and picturesque form in the "Hotel Del Monte A B C Primer"—for the education of the young folks and the edification of the older ones—which objects we doubt not will be charmingly accomplished.

## AN ELEGANT PUBLICATION.

[S. F. Spirit of the Times.]

Major B. C. Truman, one of the best known and most readable and entertaining of writers, enjoying as he does a National reputation, has compiled and published for the Southern Pacific Company an elegant little *brochure*, in pleasant rhyme, under what he calls the "Hotel Del Monte A B C Primer," in which is set forth in highly attractive illustrations the beauties and popularity of the loveliest of all watering places. The publication is an ornament to any drawing-room. The letter press is simply beautiful.

## REALLY A WORK OF ART.

[Monterey Argus.]

Through the kindness of H. R. Judah we have just received a copy of the "Del Monte A B C Primer," by Major Ben. C. Truman, "Poet Laureate" to the Queen (of American watering places.) Besides its merits as a rhyming panegyric of the varied charms of the Hotel Del Monte, it is of excellent designs and print—really a work of art—and well calculated to carry out the object of its inception—"For the education of the young folks and the edification of the older ones." E. McD. Johnstone, artist and designer.

## INGENIOUSLY WOVEN RHYMES.

[S. F. Hotel Gazette.]

The talented and genial Major Ben C. Truman, who manages the literary department of the Southern Pacific Railway Company, has written and superintended the publication of a beautiful souvenir of Monterey, called "The Hotel Del Monte A B C Primer," in which a number of witty and pleasing reflections on life at the "Queen of American Watering Places" are ingeniously woven into graceful rhymes. The work is profusely illustrated with finely finished drawings appropriate to the text. The verses, while unaffected, show the marks of a practiced pen. The whole reflects the highest credit on Major Truman's literary and artistic taste.

## MAJOR TRUMAN'S NEW BOOK.

[Los Angeles Daily Times.]

Major Ben C. Truman has printed a neat *brochure* of thirty pages entitled "Hotel Del Monte A B C Primer." Each letter of the alphabet has a whole page devoted to it exclusively, the initial letter being handsomely illustrated, the stanzas are engraved in a special text, of a semi-gothic character that is very pretty. The ink is green. The rhymes are meritorious, of which the following is a sample:

"A is for Atlas with the world on his back,  
Who trudges along like a tramp with his pack.  
He carries a million hotels without rest,  
And claims the 'Del Monte' is always the best.  
Like a gorgeous midsummer night's dream, is the same,  
Of fashion's attractions, the creme de la creme."

## A UNIQUE A B C OF SUMMER RECREATION.

[Oakland Tribune.]

Major Ben C. Truman has published one of the most novel and unique pamphlets of the season. It is an A B C guide to the surroundings of the Del Monte Hotel, at Monterey. Each page of the book has a full-length letter, in characteristic form, illustrating the beauties of the spot where the hotel is located, followed by appropriate rhymes detailing the advantages of the vicinity and the pleasures to be derived from a sojourn on this coast. The illustrations are by E. McD. Johnstone, and the verses by Major Ben C. Truman, "poet to the Queen of American watering places." The entire work is very handsomely executed, and reflects credit not only upon the originality of the author, but upon the skill of the designer as well. Grand plans of the different floors of the hotel, showing the location and arrangement of each room, occupy the last pages of the book, rendering it a valuable manual for those who desire to secure rooms in the hotel by telegraph or letter. This little work is not only novel but amusing, and will well repay the perusal of any summer traveler.

## THROUGH THICK AND THIN.

It is an old adage that "you can't squeeze blood out of a turnip," nor juice either out of many of those you find for sale. There is all the difference in the world in the nutrition one derives from good or from bad vegetables. You might eat a cart-load of the shriveled-up, dry, coarse and spongy kind, and you'd remain as thin as a rail, while good nutritive vegetables make one fat as well as healthy. This is why the stalls Nos. 30 and 31 California Market of Brown & Wells are so liberally patronized. Persons buying there once never go elsewhere thereafter, because they get there the worth of their money. At five o'clock in the morning may be seen the best people in the city, including all our hotels and boarding-houses, making their selections of green peas, string beans, onions, celery, asparagus, young sweet corn, radishes, cucumbers, lettuce, oranges, strawberries, cherries, and indeed the whole list of fruits and vegetables that make life worth living. Brown & Wells certainly understand this business, and are now reaping the rewards of their experience. Drop in and see them.

The Los Angeles *Herald*, of the 24th of May, contained the following: "Major George S. Patton and wife, will leave to-day on a visit to San Francisco. Miss Mary Thompson, who has been visiting the family of Col. George H. Smith in this city for some time past, will accompany them! Miss Thompson is a most charming young lady, and her return home will leave a void in Los Angeles society circles, which it will be almost impossible to fill. She leaves with the deep regret of a host of friends, whose only consolation lies in the fondly cherished hope that at some day in the not distant future, she may pay our city another visit."



## TWO BEAUTIFUL CITIES.

San Jose has been called the "Beautiful City," and indeed it deserved the appellation. It is well and solidly built—perhaps the most solidly built of any city in California; its streets are clean and well kept; its surroundings are picturesque. Its streets all run at right angles, are broad and level, and well watered. It is particularly noted for its beautiful drives and avenues; on many of them the trees form an arch over the driveway; and the houses are embowered in a dense growth of plants and shrubbery.

San Jose is near the geographical as well as the commercial center of the State, and is on the direct line of all the great transcontinental railroads. Passengers and freight by the Southern Pacific route will all pass through here, and the same by the Central Pacific, reach this city as quickly as they do San Francisco. In other words, freights by the Southern route, in either direction, are a little cheaper than to or from San Francisco, while by the Central Pacific they are identically the same. Though in a valley, San Jose is not hemmed in by mountains. The Southern Pacific Railroad runs out to the south on nearly a dead level, though a natural pass through the counties of San Benito and Monterey, and in a few weeks the last spike will be driven connecting it with the road from the south, and thus avoiding a slight detour now necessary. From here northward this road follows the western line of the San Francisco Bay. The Central Pacific runs daily trains on the east side of the bay and out through the Livermore pass to Stockton, Sacramento, and further points on, making also connections with San Francisco. Besides these roads the South Pacific Coast Road (Narrow Gauge) connects it with Santa Cruz, on the ocean beach, thirty miles southwest, and following the easterly shore of the bay, unites it to San Francisco on the northeast. Sites suitable for manufacturing purposes can be secured at nominal figures directly upon the line of either of these roads, so that manufactured products can be loaded from the factory upon the car, and shipped without change by either the Central Pacific or Southern routes to the East, and to most of the Pacific Coast States and Territories, and to all of them as soon as a slight gap is spanned on the California and Oregon Railroad, and connection is made with the Northern Pacific Railroad. The Pacific Ocean is as a means of connecting it with Oregon and the adjacent territories. The Narrow Gauge Railroad taps the Coast Range Mountains, thirteen miles distant, containing unlimited forests, supplying lumber and fuel, tan-bark and quarries of lime and stone. Four-foot wood is laid down here at about five dollars a cord, while coal is but a trifle higher than in San Francisco. Water is abundant and pure, and can be had at small expense.

The city proper covers an area of about a mile and a half square, and lies between the Coyote and Guadalupe rivers, though the suburbs, which are accessible by street cars, reach well out on the east, and on the west along the famous "Alameda" to Santa Clara, three miles distant.

It has more than forty miles of level and graded streets, for the most part lined with shade and ornamental trees. Its water supply is abundant and comes from two sources; artesian wells, and from mountain streams, the latter being tapped high up in the hills, and the water brought to the city in pipes, in quantities sufficient for all present and future necessities.

San Jose is lighted with six four-thousand-candle power electric lights, placed upon a tower 200 feet high, erected over two intersecting streets, and lights placed upon five wooden masts 150 feet high, five lights to each mast. In addition to this there are several single lights placed in various parts of the city. There is also a gas company which furnishes an excellent article at reasonable rates. The Fire Department is a mixed one paid and volunteer. It is excellently manned and equipped. Four daily papers, and three weeklies are sustained. All the religious denominations are represented, and there are twelve church edifices, many of them are handsome and commodious. Public buildings are superior; the Court house is considered a model of architecture, and was erected at a cost of \$200,000; the private residences as a class are also tasteful and substantial. There are three banks in successful operation. The town supports one first-class theatre and a number of public halls. There are several public squares in the center of the town; and a few miles out

over a delightful road, the city maintains a park of 400 acres, on which there are mineral springs, and which is a very popular resort. In the matter of schools and colleges this city is pre-eminent in this and adjacent States.

The educational facilities offered in this vicinity are unsurpassed on the Pacific Coast. The public school system of San Jose is probably as nearly perfect as any other city of its size in the Union. There are five public school buildings, which cost from \$14,000 to \$25,000 each. The number of children enrolled in the public schools for the year ending June 30, 1883, were two thousand five hundred and eighty-seven. Aside from these there are the University of the Pacific, a beautiful structure erected at a cost of \$60,000, located midway between Santa Clara and San Jose, on the line of street cars. At present there are about thirty students of both sexes, in attendance. It is regarded as among the first institutions for learning on the Pacific Coast. The College of Notre Dame, under the auspices of the Catholic sisters, is centrally located in the city, occupying some ten acres of ground, and with buildings and improvements valued at nearly half a million dollars. They have a very large number of scholars, from all parts of the Coast.

The State Normal School is located at San Jose. The building is of brick, and cost \$150,000. Washington Square, in which the building is situated, contains 27 acres. The square was given to the State by the City of San Jose. Improvements are being made on the Square continually. The School is very ably conducted, with full corps of teachers. The regular attendance is about 500 scholars.

In addition to the above San Jose has a good Business College and a number of Boarding and Private schools, which are well conducted and have a good attendance. The situation of the city, between two streams, provides unexcelled facilities for natural drainage and a perfect system of sewerage has been adopted. A main sewer of a most substantial character has been constructed at a cost of over \$100,000. Its terminus is the tide water at Alviso, which is 80 feet below the level of San Jose. More than two miles of it is of substantial masonry, oval shaped, and its dimension three by four and a half feet. It will endure for ages, and its capacity will be ample when the city shall have increased a hundred fold. The city is entirely free from debt of any character, and the charter provides that no expense shall be incurred unless there is money in the Treasury to meet it.

The fast growing city of Santa Clara, San Jose's twin sister, was one of the earliest seats of civilization on the Pacific Coast. It is growing rapidly, and now has a population of about 6,000. Several important manufacturing industries are located in it, or in its neighborhood, and more will soon be found there. Its citizens are quite wealthy, and have beautiful and pleasant homes. It is united with Santa Clara by the far-famed Alameda, planted more than a hundred years ago, and which has been the admiration of all who have ever visited the valley. Two lines of street cars run along it from San Jose to this city. The trip is made over the Alameda, one of the most beautiful carriage drives in the State, giant oaks interlacing their branches and forming a canopy of unrivaled beauty, while many of the residences on either side of the road are palatial in their style of architecture and surrounded with extensive grounds, gay with gorgeous tropical flowers, swaying vines and sparkling fountains. The business portion of the town is neatly laid out, and is adorned with several handsome business blocks together with many commodious stores of smaller dimensions. The Santa Clara "Messenger," ably represents the weekly press of the State. Amongst the industrial establishments are the Santa Clara tannery, which gives steady employment to fifty men, and is complete in every particular—the buildings and improvements having cost \$30,000. The Santa Clara cheese factory has a coast reputation, the brand commanding a fancy price because of the uniform excellence of the article manufactured. The narrow-gauge and Southern Pacific railroads pass through Santa Clara and connect with San Francisco in two hours' time. This city is noted for its educational establishments—the Santa Clara College, the University of the Pacific, and the St. Mary's Academy.

The college of Santa Clara is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, who are the successors of the Franciscan Fathers, the pioneers of civilization on this coast. On the 19th of March, 1851, Santa Clara College was established in the old mission buildings, for the purpose of affording to all who might desire it a liberal and Christian education. The founder was Rev. John Nobili. In the first year the number of students was sixteen; the second, thirty-two; the third, sixty-six; and when the college was incorporated, on the 28th of April, 1855, the number of students enrolled was one hundred and two. They were principally Americans, but there were some from Chili, Peru, Mexico, Sonora, Canada, New Zealand, Australia, England, France, Algeria and Italy, and a few natives of California. Degrees and academical honors were conferred, and the College exercised all the rights and privileges of any literary institution in the United States. The laboratory is well supplied with every requisite. There is a stock of more than five hundred reagents. In the electri-



cal department there is a plate electrical machine of great size and power, the plate being three feet five inches in diameter. There is also a Leyden battery of gallon jars, and a Bunsen's galvanic battery of seventy cups. There are also some of the most recent inventions; as, for instance, Runkorf's coil for converting magneto-galvanic electricity into static; Faraday's magneto-electric machine, Duboseq's telescope, and his most modern arrangements for the production of the electric light. There are more than one hundred and ten pieces of apparatus for electrical and galvanic experiments only, sixty-nine for optics, sixty-two for caloric, fifty-two for pneumatic, twenty-five for hydraulics, and twenty-eight for mechanics. The mineralogical museum is well supplied with specimens, and the geological collection are of first-class value. The theatre is formed out of the gymnasium. The stage is of most capacious dimensions; the machinery is really worthy of a first-class theatre anywhere. There is a collection of 450 instruments and machines, pertaining to mechanics, hydraulics, pneumatics, acoustics, heat, electricity, magnetism, optics, meteorology, astronomy, etc., all of which are successfully used in the class-room. This very complete and costly apparatus, mostly manufactured to order in Paris, is constantly receiving important additions of the latest inventions, to keep pace with the progress of science. The museum contains a collection of four thousand specimens of mineralogy, conchology, fossils, petrifications, volcanic matters, natural curiosities, and other instructive objects from various parts of the world. Two large buildings are to be erected in the course of a few years, the cost of which will probably exceed \$200,000.

The University of the Pacific is the oldest Protestant institution of learning in California. It was founded in 1851, on Santa Clara street, as a preparatory school. For many years the University experienced the vicissitudes incident to such an enterprise in a new State sparsely peopled. Though it has been presided over by many of the most eminent ministers of the Methodist Church—such as Drs. M. C. Briggs, Jesse T. Peck, Edward Bannister, T. H. Sinex and A. S. Gibbons, before the present head, and these have generally been sustained by an able Faculty—the embarrassments arising from limited funds and patronage were so great at first that for years its friends sometimes despaired of its success. In 1871, under the agency of Dr. Baker, a new site was purchased midway between San Clara and San Jose. A new and commodious building was erected, and the institution removed to its present location. In 1872, an endowment of \$40,000 was pledged. Over three-fourths of this has been paid in, and is securely invested. Within the past four or five years the patronage and income have nearly doubled, and at the present time there is a loud call for more room to meet the growing membership. The full course of study is equal to that pursued in the best institutions of the Eastern States, including the usual courses in ancient and modern languages, mathematics, the natural sciences, history, literature, social and civil science, mental and moral science and christian evidences. In addition there is an Art Department of much promise and a Conservatory of Music, which, under the popular management of Professor King, is fairly working a revolution in the musical taste and attainments, not only of its pupils, but of the public at large. The Commercial Department gives all necessary training to fit its graduates for the practical business transactions of life.

#### ANOTHER COMPLIMENT.

Among the many tourists from the East, through the State of California, during the month of April, was a party composed of N. M. Pusey, one of Iowa's celebrated railroad attorneys, and wife; Miss Kate Pusey a distinguished vocalist, and daughter of ex-Congressman W. H. Pusey, of Iowa, and Miss Mollie Larimer, of Pennsylvania. After having visited the various places of interest in the State, and about leaving San Francisco on their return trip, Mr. Pusey was asked what he saw in California that pleased him most. His reply was:—"I saw much that was pleasing and interesting, but 'Del Monte' pleased me so much that I can talk of nothing else but its charming grounds and excellent management. Del Monte alone is sufficient to attract any tourist to the Golden State." While at Del Monte, Miss Kate Pusey surprised the guests with her wonderful vocal powers.

#### BYRON SPRINGS.

There are few people in our midst who are aware that there is only a few hours ride from San Francisco, and only three miles by stage from a railway station, a resort that ranks as a sanitarium, and a place to regain health higher, really, than any other springs in California. It has been the custom of sufferers to make long trips at great expense to visit places whose waters are not wonderful for their efficacy, while there are more healing waters closer at home.

We know it to be a fact, that hundreds of people have been cured of many complaints at the Byron Springs, and that no person has ever visited them that has not felt relief in two or three days; and in our next issue, we shall present abundant proofs of what we now briefly say.

## THE "FAMOUS"

# Crockery and Fancy Goods Co.

SUCCESSORS TO ACKERMAN BROS.

The Leading House on the Pacific Coast

## CROCKERY, GLASS AND PLATED WARE,

Cutlery, Lamp Stock, and House Furnishing Goods,

FANCY GOODS, STATUARY AND BRIC-A-BRAC.

PRICES ALWAYS THE LOWEST. IMPORTATIONS ALL DIRECT.

128 KEARNY ST. and 207 & 209 SUTTER ST.

## JAPANESE DAY AND NIGHT FIREWORKS

DISPLAYS MADE FOR PRIVATE PARTIES,

## SUMMER RESORTS

And Celebrations.

*The Acme of Japanese Pyrotechnic Skill and Ingenuity.*

Allegorical, Mythological and Grotesque objects floating through the air. The heavens alive with wild beasts, monsters, fish, beautiful birds, men and women, etc., etc. Address all communications to

CHAS. A. DOYLE,

Agent Japanese Fireworks Co., 625 Market St., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TELEPHONE 5020.

## WOMEN'S

# Co-Operative Printing Office

Mrs. L. G. Richmond & Son, Props.

420 to 430, Montgomery Street, SAN FRANCISCO.

COUNTRY ORDERS SOLICITED AND PROMPTLY FILLED.

RULING, BOOK-BINDING,

And all kinds of Printing executed in a Workmanlike manner.

DRINK  
CELEBRATED  
CEYSER SODA  
NATURAL MINERAL WATER.  
TRY. COMPARE  
IT HAS NO  
EQUAL.



## FASHIONABLE FABRICS.

THE POETICAL ATTRIBUTES OF A PIECE OF CLOTH.—SUGGESTIVE NAMES OF MATERIALS.

The study of fashion from the manufacturer's standpoint is more interesting than it possibly can be to the lady who admires a fabric simply because it is odd or beautiful, and buys it to gratify her feminine vanity. To her, to be becomingly or quaintly attired, is the acme of ambition. The merchant in making his selection of goods for a season is naturally influenced by the needs and tastes of his known patrons, and he gets what he hopes will be bought, venturing occasionally to introduce a striking novelty, at the risk of having to sell it far below value. Nor does the average merchant soar to the enchanted realm of creative genius, where the manufacturer is so often carried by the enthusiastic designer of artistic cloths, who, if he is a true artist, invests his various creations with all manner of charms, giving them appropriate names, reversing the olden day fashion of calling a man after his occupation and interweaving in weft and warp most beautiful idealistic fancies. It is by no means an easy task to work out a poetical conception in cloth, for to accomplish a satisfactory result the sympathy between the designer and the loom expert, or pattern weaver, must be complete. The introduction of the Jacquard looms in this country has led to the creation of a great many handsome materials, but, strange to say, only a few of the elegant and expensive figured fabrics are classed among the art materials which are noticeable in delicate tissues for their dainty beauty, and in heavier goods for their peculiar or exquisite texture, as well as their susceptibility of graceful arrangement in draperies.

Many readers know that the peculiar camel's hair serge, in high art coloring, introduced last season and accepted this year as a standard fabric, was christened after the Persian poet Khayyam, or the tent maker, because of the peculiar quality of the Khayyam cloth, which enables it, like tent covers, to resist rain and to throw off dust, but very few are aware of the fact that the designer reproduced in the material that "mystic swirl" which was never absent from the thought of Elihu Vedder, when executing the decorate designs to accompany Mr. Fitzgerald's quatrains, and in the peculiar flow and classical fall of the fabric, when allowed to arrange itself, one cannot fail to be reminded of the garments worn by Vedder's figures. Of course these Khayyam serges were the outgrowth of high art in Boston, and in a short time we are promised other poetical cloths from the same mills.

One of the newest fancies in fabrics is the Eglantine, a singular texture with evenly woven ground in one color, covered but not hidden, with a fine moss in another tone or hue. In some specimens there are heavy stripes of the moss, with lighter surface effects, and a little later on, goods with curious designs illustrated in moss, will be exhibited, and it is said that those intended for evening wear will have the moss illuminated with cut beads, which will create most charming effect in artificial light. In these materials for day wear is a specimen of goods with earth-colored ground covered with moss in its natural hue.

Something new, with embroidered figure, for side band or border trimming is called Bourdeu Eblis, and new robes of serge are braided and bordered with wooden beads. Plain nun's veilings are still popular; some are to be made up with the veilings, which are closely covered with squares of parti-color wool boucle.

An eccentric writer describes the new fabrics as having bobbins of wool, bunches of wool, splashes of raw silk more chaotic than bunches of wool, flecks and flakes and splashes and broadsides of raw silk, in mixtures, stripes, stripes on mixtures, checks, plaids, invisible checks, invisible plaids. Figures are mostly obscured by irregular mixtures of color and texture. There are checks impossible to trace, but if examined will enlarge into plaids, and again, plaids dissolve into mixtures. Stripes are apt to be bold, not solid but in clusters of heavy, disorderly lines, and yet there are blocks of quiet plush, with their colors and lines of division perfectly marked.

A model spring toilette is in moss-green plush and gold and green Eglantine cloth. The skirt is of the plush; it is made perfectly plain but rather full. The draperies are of moss cloth; the fullness is arranged in the new style, in cross and criss-cross folds and irregular plaits. The pointed corsage of moss cloth has folds of the material over the bust and a plastron of green and gold beads. Collar and cuffs are of plush edged with gold braid.

Another stylish toilette is in velvet and the irregular silk and wool check-plaid goods. The skirt is of brown velvet, richly embroidered about the lower edge in floral design. The vest, also of velvet, is embroidered in similar designs, but smaller in size than those on the

skirt. The overdrapery in the back of the woolen goods is arranged in pleats, folds and loops, while at the side the folds are carried down from the center and upturned, or folded over and joined into the side seam of the back drapery. The jacket, of plaited fabric, is cut open to disclose embroidered vest of velvet. The deep tab fronts of jacket are upturned and secured to jacket at waist line, and the back is in three box pleats. The cuffs and standing collar are of the brown velvet. This stylish dress can be produced in plain and figured etamine or in damasse and surah, making the skirt of the figured silk, also the vest, while the draperies and jacket can be of plain or self-colored surah.

## THE FEMALE FLIRT.

THE VARIOUS SORTS AND KINDS, AND SOME ADVICE TO ALL OF THEM.

[Harper's Bazar.]

There is probably no woman but possesses the latent capabilities of a flirt, if she chooses to develop and employ them, and is thrown with those worthy her time and notice. Now and then we meet the woman who believes that she makes a specialty of flirtation, that no other was ever so successful in this noble enterprise as she, who considers herself an adept, a genius in it, and that flirting is the chief end of men and women alike.

People speak of her as a "born flirt;" and she hugs the title and is flattered by the notoriety which should offend her, without reflecting that a flirt is one who lays herself out and spreads her net for the attentions of the other sex, for which very little capital of brains or beauty is necessary, as the natural gallantry of man rises to meet the demands upon it, and if a woman is willing to throw herself at his head, he is, in his turn, willing to become the target. There is, to be sure, the fastidious flirt, who condescends to exert herself only on occasions among the nobility of mankind; and there is the promiscuous flirt to whom all "is grist that comes to her mill," who bestirs herself equally for the antediluvian beau or his grandnephew, for the college professor or the college freshman, the millionaire or the pauper—anybody who can flatter her vanity by a passing attention. While the prey of the fastidious flirt must come within her reach without too much effort, the promiscuous flirt goes forth to seek hers with malice prepense. There is no misunderstanding her. She has no reserves that pique the imagination, but announces herself as unmistakably as a political candidate. It is not a question "who shall press her lily white hand," but rather who has not pressed that lily white hand during her career, and brushed the bloom off.

At the same time that species of flirting which may be simply folly or idleness, or empty-headedness in the single girl, wears more flagrant features when pursued by the married woman, and becomes an act of impropriety which is not tolerated in good society. The married flirt is stamped at once as of vulgar mind, morbid vanity and limited intelligence, since no really intelligent person would voluntarily continue in a cause so at variance with good taste and right feeling, which places her at the very least in a most questionable light, and assigns her husband no enviable position. Indeed, the very men who flirt with her in answer to her demands, hold no flattering opinion of her in their hearts, and she would be ill-pleased with their attentions, could she hear their comments upon her behavior among their intimates, and would feel that her conquests, as she sometimes calls the notice she extracts from them, were a hollow mockery.

## THE EBBITT,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

ARMY AND NAVY HEADQUARTERS.

Four Iron Fire Escapes, and the Finest and Most Commodious Elevator in the World.

TERMS: \$3 and \$4 Per Day.

THE EBBITT is on the corner of Fourteenth and F Streets, on both horse railroads, and is equidistant from the Capitol and White House.

C. C. WILLIARD, Proprietor.

## SIMON REINHART,

(Successor to H. A. CLAWSON.)

## DEPOT HOTEL,

Los Angeles, - - - - - California.

All Trains stop Thirty Minutes for Meals. A Lunch Counter connected at which Meals can be had at all hours. The finest and best furnished rooms in the city. The table the best in Los Angeles. Guests stopping at the Depot Hotel save all expense of transporting baggage. Street cars leave the front of the hotel every seven minutes for all parts of the city.

S. REINHART, Proprietor.



## TOURISTS AND EXCURSIONISTS

Visiting California should not fail to

VISIT  
**Santa Cruz**  
THE  
**Newport**  
OF THE  
PACIFIC.



And Stop at the

**Pacific  
Ocean  
House**

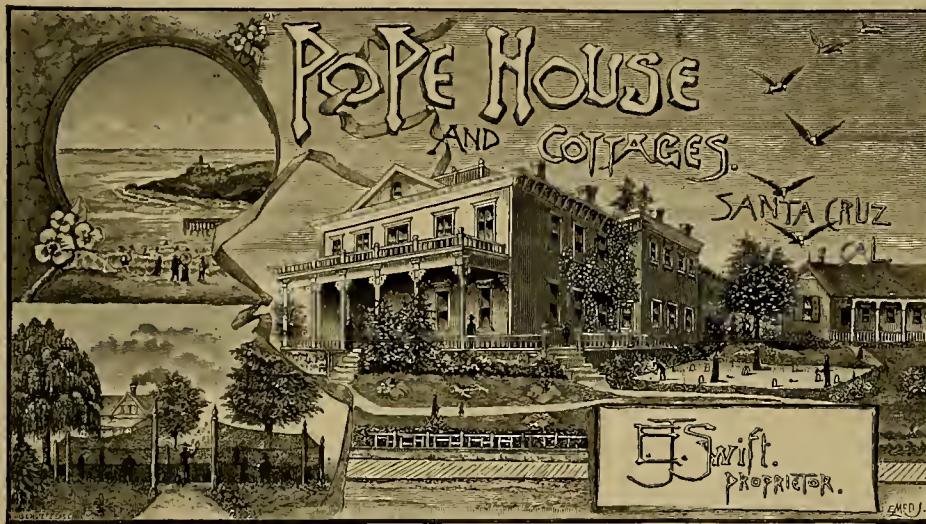
The Largest and  
Best Hotel in  
the City.

Street Cars pass the door every few minutes for the Beach—The Table is supplied with the Best the Market Affords.

**RATES:** \$2.00 AND \$2.50 PER DAY,  
\$10.00 AND \$12.00 PER WEEK.

Special Rates given to Families and Monthly Guests.

**E. J. SWIFT, Prop.**



## THE POPE HOUSE

Is the largest family boarding house, and is beautifully situated on the plateau overlooking the city. The buildings and grounds occupy six acres. A number of cottages have recently been erected on the grounds, and furnished same as the main building, for families and parties desiring more secluded and quiet accommodations. Croquet grounds, shuffle-boards, billiard parlor, swings, etc., for guests and their friends.

Santa Cruz is situated on Monterey bay, eighty miles south of San Francisco, in easy access by the Southern Pacific Railroad, the South Pacific Coast Railroad, and the Pacific Coast Steamship Co. Fare from San Francisco, by rail, \$3.50; by steamer, \$2.50. Two trains daily from Monterey to Santa Cruz, fare, \$2.00.

The climate is delightful in all seasons, and affords a greater contrast to that of the Atlantic States than any other place on the Pacific Coast.

For particulars address

**E. J. SWIFT, Prop.**

## BYRON SPRINGS

**NEW MANAGEMENT.**

**NEWLY FURNISHED.**

**OPEN WINTER AND SUMMER.**

68 Miles from San Francisco. Three Hours by Rail.

**HOT MUD BATHS, HOT SALT BATHS, HOT SULPHUR BATHS  
AND VARIOUS  
MINERAL WATERS.**

*A well-known Physician, of large practice, who recently visited Byron Springs, expressed himself as follows:*

"Its location, as regards distance (68 miles from San Francisco) and climate, makes the place especially desirable as a Winter Resort for Invalids, and in that respect has no equal on the Pacific Coast."

AT SANTA CRUZ.

[C. F. Walters.]

Along the beach at Santa Cruz  
I wandered one fair, dream-like day;  
And life all sadness seemed to lose  
Beside the Bay of Monterey.

The long, gray reach of sanded shore—  
The glinting of the sunlit bay—  
The breakers chanting evermore—  
The mountains stretching far away—

Their memory shall not pass away;  
I know my life can never lose  
The rapture of that perfect day  
Beside the sea at Santa Cruz.

And oft in dreams I tread the shore,  
In haunting dreams of night or day,  
And watch the lights that evermore  
Creep up the Bay of Monterey.

When mystic gates swing out for me,  
And I would put life's flower away,  
I'd be beside this sunlit sea  
And pass to heaven some dream-like day.

HEADING HIM OFF.

"Mr. Featherly," said Bobby at the dinner table,  
"what's an average?"

"An average?"

"Yes. Pa says you come to see sister twice a week on an average."

Featherly was very much amused, and after explaining to Bobby the meaning of the word, he said:

"I suppose you thought it was some kind of a carriage, Bobby?"

"I thought perhaps it might be a bicycle, but I knew it couldn't be a carriage, because ma says you're too mean to hire—"

"Bobby," interrupted his mother, "will you have another piece of pie?"

TACOMA'S BRIGHT FUTURE.

[Tacoma Ledger.]

Dr. Edwin A. Kilbourne, superintendent of the hospital for the insane at Elgin, Illinois, for the past fifteen years, was the guest of Dr. Waughop at Fort Steilacoom a few days, recently. During his stay he visited Tacoma, and was greatly astonished at the superior character of The Tacoma hotel which he thoroughly inspected, and at the rapid and substantial growth of this city. He was much pleased with the site selected for the erection of the new hospital, and beautiful grounds thereto adjacent. Upon his return east in the latter part of the week he stated that he could carry to his old friends in the east a most glowing account of the bright future in store for Tacoma, the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad on Puget Sound.

**J. L. COGSWELL,**

DENTIST,

Rilling Teeth, Plating, Gold and Porcelain Rilling a Specialty.

Public Speakers and Professionals, such as Clergymen, Lawyers, Singers, Theatrical people, and others, should call and advise with Dr. Cogswell if they require anything appertaining to his profession.

CHRONICLE BUILDING,

Rooms 5 and 6.

San Francisco.

**N. THORSON,**

**TAILOR**

**PHELAN BUILDING,**

Market, O'Farrell & Dupont Sts

ROOMS 1, 2 AND 3. TAKE THE ELEVATOR.



## ST. JAMES HOTEL,

### SAN JOSE, CAL.

TYLER BEACH, - - - - - Proprietor.

This Hotel is elegantly furnished, with all the Modern Improvements. The rooms are large, airy, and beautifully situated in front of St. James Park, next door to the Court House. No expense has been spared in making this a First-Class Hotel in every respect.

AMERICAN PLAN. RATES, \$1.50 to \$2.50 PER DAY.

SPECIAL PRICES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.

Coach and Carriage at Depot on Arrival of all Trains.

## Abbott House,

H. J. LIND, Proprietor.

Terms: \$2.00 Per Day.

Special Rates to Boarders.

SALINAS CITY, CAL.

Headquarters for Commercial Travelers.

Apartments specially fitted up as sample rooms.

Free Bus from all Trains.

## Pacific Grove

### Restaurant

SEASON OF 1886.

The Restaurant at this Popular Seaside Resort is in Charge of

**L. SCHAUFLE,**

An Experienced and Well-known Hotel Manager, and will be conducted in a First-Class Manner, and perfect satisfaction will be guaranteed in every particular.

### RATES.

BOARD PER WEEK,	- - - - -	\$7 00
THREE MEAL TICKETS,	- - - - -	1 00
SINGLE MEAL TICKETS,	- - - - -	50

For further particulars address

L. SCHAUFLE,  
MONTEREY, CAL.

## BAY VIEW HOUSE,

### MONTEREY, CAL.

The attention of Travelers is directed to this pleasant hotel. On account of its delightful location, commanding a charming view of the bay, and spacious play-grounds for children, it is a desirable boarding-place for tourists. The rooms are newly furnished, and the table receives special attention.

BOARD AND LODGING PER WEEK,	- - - - -	\$8 00
BOARD AND LODGING PER DAY,	- - - - -	1 50

Free bus to and from all trains.

L. SCHAUFLE, Proprietor.

## Monterey Pharmacy,

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## Pure Drugs,

CHEMICALS, &c.

HUMPHREY'S HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS.

Druggists' Sundries and Spectacles,

VIEWS OF DEL MONTE AND VICINITY.

Abalone Shell, and Gold Jewelry.

CALIFORNIA WOOD CANES.

A full and Complete Line of Stationery.

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Agency of all San Francisco Daily Papers

We are here and here to stay, and we do not propose to let you forget it.

When you are in want of anything in any of our various lines, you will find us prepared to supply the very best of its kind promptly, carefully, courteously, and at the lowest price consistent with the quality of the article.

The skillful and accurate dispensing of medicines shall always be our chief work. For this we are educated, have made it a long study, and can assure the careful attention which this responsible work requires. Physicians' Prescriptions and Family Receipts a specialty.

To "Del Monte" and "Pacific Grove" visitors: Our large and well-selected stock, including a comprehensive assortment of everything usually found in a well appointed drug and stationery store merits your attention.

We study to please, and are confident we can supply you with everything you want in our line economically and satisfactorily.

Trusting to see all the readers of the DEL MONTE WAVE at our store shortly, we are,

Very Truly Yours,

FRANCIS M. HILBY.

## CHESNUTWOOD'S

### Business College

Santa Cruz, Cal.,

Is the cheapest and best Business College on the Coast.

Pupils can enter at any time. No classes. Individual instruction given.

Our graduates are elegant penmen and are qualified to keep any set of books.

TERMS:—For a Six Months' Business Course, \$42

Good board and room \$16 per month.

For circulars containing full information, address the Principal,

J. A. CHESNUTWOOD,  
Box 43, Santa Cruz, Cal.

## W. P. L. WINHAM,

### REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENT

Salinas City,  
MONTEREY COUNTY.

Has upwards of Sixty Farms for sale, all of which are situated in Monterey County, California, varying in size from forty to twelve hundred acres each.

Also other large tracts for sale in lots to suit purchasers, consisting of Agricultural, Dairy, Stock farms, and lands adapted to the raising of vegetables, grapes and fruits of almost every kind. Complete lists and descriptions sent by mail upon application, and all correspondence promptly answered.

## Del Monte Drug Store,

Alvarado St., MONTEREY,

Is the place where you will always find a large and select stock of

## Pure Drugs and Chemicals,

Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumes, Druggist Sundries and

Fancy Goods, Fine Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes

Also a full line of Bandages, Brushes, and Chest Protectors.

Arctic Soda Fountain, and Mineral Water. Siphons

filled to order. Stationery Department, comprising

a full line of writing material. Seaside

and Lovell's Libraries regularly on sale.

A full assortment of Artists' Paints,

Brushes, Canvas, Etc., also Eye-

Glasses Spectacles, Etc., Etc.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded by a regularly licensed

Pharmacist.

Office of J. P. E. HEINTZ, M. D.,

At the Del Monte Drug Store.

## MUSICAL.

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TEACHER of PIANOFORTE

Also Teacher of Singing.

PUPIL OF G. B. GALVANI.

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WATCHMAKER,

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AND OPTICIAN.



# Excursion Announcement

## GRAND WEEK-DAY EXCURSION

SAN FRANCISCO — TO MONTEREY

"THE QUEEN OF AMERICAN WATERING PLACES."

Under the Auspices of the STATE COMMITTEE, YOUNG  
MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,  
HENRY J. McCOY, Chairman.

Thursday, June 17, 1886 **17** Bunker Hill Day

Round Trip Tickets will be sold for this Special Occasion at the following  
extremely low rates:

SAN FRANCISCO AND RETURN .....	\$2.00
SANTA CRUZ AND RETURN .....	\$1.75
SAN JOSE AND RETURN .....	\$1.50

Tickets for sale June 14th, 15th, and 16th at the Southern Pacific  
Passenger office, corner of Market and New Montgomery, (opposite  
the Palace Hotel.) Corner of Fourth and Townsend; also at the  
Young Mens' Christian Association Rooms, Sutter street, San Fran-  
cisco, and in Oakland. At the ticket office at San Jose, and by Mr.  
Henry French, of San Jose.

Never before has there been such a grand opportunity offered to  
the public to visit the World Renowned Hotel del Monte, the Historic  
town of Monterey, and Pacific Grove Retreat, the Peerless Sea Side  
Resort of the Pacific Coast.

# Pacific Grove Retreat

At Monterey.

## Announcement for the Summer of '86

RELIGIOUS ENCAMPMENT Under the Auspices  
of the California Conference of the Methodist  
Episcopal Church.

June 13th, to June 23rd.

Rev. Wesley Dennett D. D. Presiding Elder, San Fran-  
cisco District, Minister in charge.

YOUNG MENS' CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION  
DAY Under the Auspices of the State Committee,  
Henry J. McCoy General Secretary.

Thursday June 17th,

Mr. Henry French, of the San Jose Association in  
charge of the exercises of the day.

See extremely low excursion rates, announced elsewhere  
for this day only.

MIDSUMMER RE-UNION.

July 12th, to July 16th.

Rev. F. F. Jewell, D. D. President Pacific Grove  
Retreat Association. Minister in charge.

SUMMER SCHOOL OF SCIENCE Under the  
Direction of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific  
Circle (Pacific Coast Branch.) Rev. C. C. Stratton D. D.  
President, Mrs. M. H. Field, Secretary. Sessions.

June 28th, to July 9th.

GRAND MUSICAL CONVENTION, Under the  
direction of Mr. A. M. Benham,  
July 5th, 6th and 7th.

Mr. Benham will be accompanied by his famous choir of  
twenty-five admirably trained singers.

SESSIONS of the California Annual Conference of the  
Methodist Episcopal Church,

September 9th,

And to continue in session for one week.

Full particular in reference to any of the above announcements  
together with circulars and programmes, can be had by addressing

ISAAC RUDISILL,

Business Manager DEL MONTE WAVE, Room 220, Lick House, San  
Francisco, Cal.



Your Attention is Directed to the Famous Grocery Establishments of

# LEBENBAUM BROTHERS,

Successors to C. J. HAWLEY & CO.

THE LEADING IMPORTERS ON THE PACIFIC COAST OF

*Fine Groceries and Table Delicacies.*

Tea and Wine Merchants.

215 and 217 Sutter Street, adjoining Centre Market,

and at Polk Street, corner California,

SAN FRANCISCO.

This Firm enjoys a well deserved reputation for supplying the freshest goods, the best quality, and the most extensive variety to be found on this Coast. At the same time the vast extent of their trade makes it possible for them, by giving their Patrons the benefit of wholesale rates, to sell at lower prices than are to be obtained anywhere else. The principles of unqualified straightforwardness which characterize their dealings with the Public, have won for **LEBENBAUM BROTHERS** the implicit confidence of their patrons, comprising to a large extent the élite of the Coast who find it a convenience to be relieved, in a measure, from the worry of a minute personal control of their household arrangements.

**LEBENBAUM BROTHERS'** stores, both at 215 and 217 Sutter Street, a few doors up from that lively corner at Kearny and Sutter, and at the California Street corner of the Polk Street thoroughfare, are stocked with the choicest domestic and imported delicacies. Their arrangements for supplying exquisite Lunch Provisions in the most tasty baskets for Pick-nickers and Excursionists are unsurpassed, and the limit of our advertisement precludes the naming of all the Pâtés and Dainty Viands imported for this season. Suffice it to say that the excursionist may enjoy through the agency of this house, all the luxuries forming the delight of the sojourner at Brighton or Cowes, Boulogne and Trouville, or Helgoland and Ostend, in addition to the pick of Eastern dainties and the delicious gifts of our own California.

**EXTRA QUALITIES OF COFFEES**, Ground fresh daily, and absolutely pure. **CHOICE TEAS**, English Breakfast, Congou, Superfine Souchong, Mandarin Oolong, and Fine Japan Teas. The celebrated Caravan Tea.

**Daily Fresh Supplies of the Best Table Butter and Fresh Ranch Eggs.**

Wine Department Replete with the Choicest Selections.

Dr. The most renowned brands of Imported Champagne.

Choice French Clarets, Burgundies and Sauternes. Old Ports and Sherries, Hock and Moselle Wines.

Dr. Lubowsky's Celebrated Sanitary Tokay.

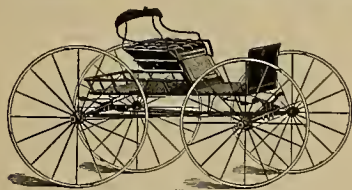
The best of California Wines. The Choicest Whiskies, Brandies and Cordials.

LEBENBAUM BROTHERS.

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and at Polk Street, corner California.  
WAREHOUSES—110 Post, and 219 Dupont Street, S. F.

Telephone No. 2001.

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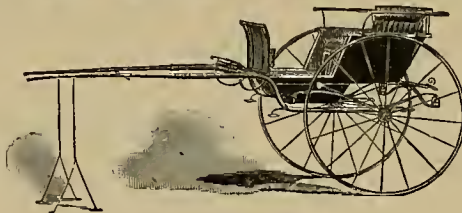


**T. I. Buckboard.**

Timken or Mulholland Springs.

No. 98.—1 in. Axle, Leather Dash, Shafts, \$95.00

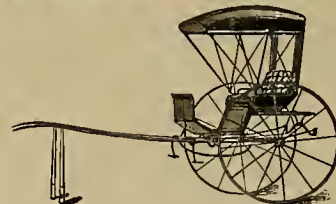
No. 99.—1½ in. Axle, Leather Dash, Shafts, 100 00



**No. 520.—Fisher Cart.**

A very handsome Ladies' Cart.

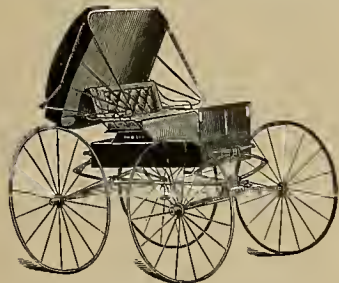
Price..... \$80.00



**No. 517 F.—San Leandro Phaeton.**

Price ..... \$130.00

“ without Top ..... 110.00



**Our California Standard.**

No. 501.—1 in. Axle, Piano Box, narrow or

full lazy-back, no top..... \$100

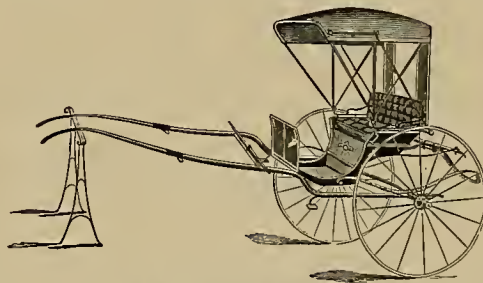
No. 502.—1 in. Axle, Piano Box with leather

quarter top..... 125

No. 503.—1 in. Axle, Piano Box, full leather

top, rubber side curtains..... 140

Pole extra, \$15; 1½ Axle, \$5.



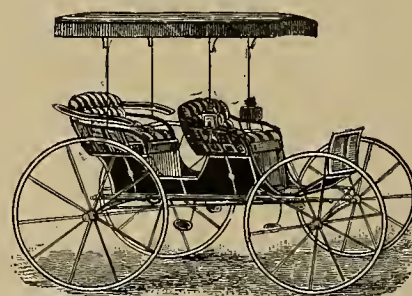
**No. 515 a.—Monterey Seaside Phaeton.**

A very Stylish Cart, and used extensively at the Sea-side.

Without Top ..... \$100

With Top .. 125

Brewster's Buggies from \$500.00 upwards.



**Lawrence Surrey.**

A very fine, Stylish Vehicle.

No. 246 A.—Canopy Top and Shafts..... \$350

1½ Steel Axles, Lamps and Fenders.

**We have the FINEST CARRIAGE REPOSITORY on the PACIFIC COAST.**

Take the Elevator and ride to the 4th and 5th Floors. We are agents for McCormick Mowers, Reapers and Twine Binders, Randolph Headers, David Bradley Manufacturing Co., J. B. BREWSTER & CO., and E. M. MILLER & CO'S Fine Buggies, and Jas. Cunningham, Son & Co's fine Carriages, Coupes, Cabriolets, Victorias, Landaus, and Hearses. Send for new Illustrated Catalogue. Address

**TRUMAN, ISHAM & HOOKER,**

421—427 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.



# DEL MONTE WAVE.

Vol. I. No. 7.

Monterey, California, July, 1886.

10 Cents.

## THE SEASON AT DEL MONTE.

Since the Hotel del Monte first opened its doors in June, 1881, it has never closed them for an hour; and from the first the hotel has been a perfect and magnificent success. It was at first intended to make it a fashionable summer resort exclusively; but the same minds that conceived and carried into execution the project for a delightful and fashionable summer resort, saw at once, or shortly after the "first season," that such a place, in such a section, and with such a climate, ought to become a Mecca for the Eastern winter wanderer, and arrangements were accordingly made for accommodating all persons who should come to this coast to escape the rigor of the average Eastern winter, and who wished to have blended with an incomparable climate, temporary residential conveniences of a first class character. As we have before stated, the hotel has been a perfect success from the first, and has never closed its doors. The winter season just passed has been a great one for Del Monte, hardly a day having been seen, from December to April, when there was a vacant room. But it is the summer season (which is now upon us) of which we at present speak. It is the sixth since the hotel has been opened, every one of which has been more successful and brilliant than its predecessor. June, July and August are the three months which seem to be most in favor with our California fashionables, and it is of those whom we at present speak, thus:

Rev. Frank Thompson, H. M. Denniston, Mrs. Denniston and Miss Denniston, of Mare Island, came down on June 1st, to Del Monte to spend a few days.

Miss Leach, of Oakland, also came down on June 1st to stay a short time.

Also, on June 1st, Miss W. K. Brown, Miss M. E. Mills and H. M. McKenney and wife, from San Francisco.

On the 2d of June, there arrived Mrs. B. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Y. Schenck, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Rice, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cheesborough, W. E. Brown, Miss E. B. Baker and Mrs. Geo. Uhl, from San Francisco, and Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wadsworth and two sons from Oakland.

Among the arrivals on the 3d were Mrs. W. H. Martin and son, Mrs. F. L. Adams and two sons, Miss Nina Adams and Miss Grace Eldridge.

On the 4th of June there came from San Francisco, Mrs. W. P. Morgan, two children and maid, Miss Morgan, Dr. C. B. Currier and wife, Miss Currier and Major B. C. Truman.

On the 5th Mrs. M. P. Jones, Miss Grace Jones and Miss Jarboe came down from San Francisco; also Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Williams, J. E. Seymour, S. C. Huuter, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Howe, Judge J. D. Thornton and Miss Virginia Thornton. There had also been at Del Monte for some time Mrs. Horace Davis and son, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Raum, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Parrott and Mr. and Mrs. George Hageman and Miss Lizzie Hageman. There were also at Del Monte on the 5th, Mrs. C. L. Rogers, and Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Camp, of Oakland, Mrs. P. Kelton and Mrs. L. A. Wilson, of Napa, Miss Shirley, Mrs. B. Stewart and A. B. Jackson, of San Diego, and Mrs. B. B. Benedict, of Alameda.

San Franciscans who came down to spend Sunday, the 6th, were as follows: E. Macauley, the Misses L. and H. Bollinger, Miss L. Reed, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Rodgers, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Collins, D. McDonald, Miss L. Macauley, Charles Whitney, Mrs. E. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Horsburg, J. Horsburg, Jr., J. B. Kirkland, H. E. Deane, Miss Deane, Miss Francis, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Miss Edith Taylor, M. E. Gonzales, W. H. Magee, P. T. Goodlove and E. S. Grant.

On the 8th there arrived Mrs. Paul Ocker, Miss Very and Mrs. W. G. Curtis, of San Francisco, and Mrs. J. Lyman, of San Jose. There were 210 people at the hotel at dinner on the 8th, and the dining room began to show up with a few familiar faces. It was not until about the middle of the month, however, that the old *habitués* came down in good-sized squads, and since then, things have been merry.

Among the arrivals on the 9th there were A. Della Casa, Miss M. F. Burns, Miss Shaw, M. A. Teal, Mrs. A. H. Clark, W. M. Field, I. C. Taber and wife and Mrs. Dr. Taber of San Francisco; General and Mrs. Kurtz and children, and Mrs. M. J. Jackson, of Mare Island; C. H. Sessions, of Los Angeles, and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Jennings and Miss Jennings, of Salt Lake. On the 10th there were, among others, Mrs. Will and

daughter, L. J. Hanchette and son, C. W. Kellogg and Col. J. P. Hoge, of San Francisco, and some parties from Red Bluff and Santa Clara.

On the 11th there were among the new comers G. W. Izer, W. E. Holloway, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Jenkins, Louis B. Parrott, F. B. Adams, Miss A. Koenig and P. R. Jarboe, of San Francisco, and Mr. and Mrs. R. Ricard, E. Ricard and Miss L. Ricard, of Berkeley.

Quite a large crowd of San Franciscans came down on the Daisy Train, on the 12th instant, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Wooster, James Elder, A. Hart, Miss Hooker, Miss B. A. Hooker, Miss F. B. Hooker, Miss J. L. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. F. V. Bell, W. H. Parker, A. W. Bradbury, P. F. Butler, M. H. Herr, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Dodge, the Misses Sutro, Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Crocker, J. M. Bowen, A. H. Bowen, W. H. Martin, Madame J. Modjeska and maid, W. W. Keefer, F. H. Gassoway and A. Banks; also, Dr. Pierce, of San Jose, Mrs. F. Winfield, of St. Helena, R. T. Frank and wife, U. S. A., and Mr. and Mrs. Aitken Brown and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Stowbridge, of Oakland.

On the 14th came Mrs. W. P. Morgan and family, Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and family, Miss Hanchette.

June 18th there arrived H. E. Hall, W. S. Newhall, G. A. Newhall, J. W. Watson, Mrs. J. M. Ver Mehr, Mrs. C. H. Simpkins, Miss Simpkins, H. K. Simpkins, A. Brugere and wife, Mrs. O'Meara, Miss O'Meara, of San Francisco.

There was a large crowd of regular Del Monteites came down on the 15th among whom were Mrs. E. J. Bowen and two daughters, Mrs. C. H. Simpkins and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Woods, son and daughter and maid, Mrs. M. P. Cheesman and Miss Cheesman, Mrs. Skae and Miss Skae, the Misses Huntington and Ellis, Mrs. Governor Pacheco, General J. F. Houghton and wife and Miss Houghton; Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Kimball and Mrs. Rudhead, Mrs. Edwards and Miss Edwards, Mrs. Reid and daughter, Mrs. M. S. Latham and son.

Among the San Franciscans who came after the 15th, and who are at Del Monte at present, are E. R. Cuthbert and wife, F. A. Craekbom and wife, Miss I. R. Smith, Mrs. J. Ruggles, Miss M. Row, A. Fair, F. Steiner, Mrs. John Skae, Miss Alice Skae, Mrs. L. H. Otis, Miss Otis, Rev. R. Waddell, A. H. Rutherford, D. B. Woolf, Mrs. E. Montgomery, N. Lynch, R. P. Dey, C. Gredia, C. O. Hooker, H. L. Dodge, Mrs. Whipple, Miss Whipple, Mrs. Grey, G. H. Whipple, A. Koenig, Mrs. L. J. Hanchett, Mrs. V. M. Hanchett, Mrs. E. J. Bowen and two daughters, Wm. Norris, Miss E. Ferrer, Mrs. W. S. Wood, W. P. Morgan, O. G. Hooker, A. Doble and wife, G. Carlisle and wife, Christian Fowelich, Jr, Miss McAllister, Miss Dexter, M. H. McAllister, John Spruance, wife, and daughter, E. B. Spaulding, H. R. Spaulding, I. H. Brooks, Miss Brooks, Miss Noble, C. H. Simpkins, Miss M. Kittle, S. M. Collins and wife, J. Ballard and wife, G. Hubley and wife, W. A. Keeler, Charles Crocker, Miss H. Crocker and maid, H. S. Crocker, F. Read, H. Whittier and wife, J. H. Goervey, Dr. W. J. Younger, five children and maid, Karl Formes and wife, Mrs. Klinkofstrous, Mrs. de Sedletzky and daughter, Miss de Koselkin, Miss Gaxiola, Mrs. Russell and daughter, J. Metcalf, Mrs. C. N. Shaw, child and maid, Mrs. M. T. Dempsey, Miss Luning, W. H. Taylor, wife and maid, Miss E. Taylor, Miss C. Taylor, Miss M. Taylor, Miss Carrie Taylor, W. H. Taylor, Jr., A. B. Taylor, J. F. Houghton.

## MONTEREY NOTES.

We are glad to note that the ancient town of Monterey is sharing in the prosperity of its distinguished neighbors. While Del Monte and Pacific Grove are constantly on the advance, Monterey also gives evidence of progress, especially in a business way. "The White House," which for some years was a neat little store, has grown to be one of the finest retail stores in the State. The business done by the proprietors Messrs. F. Gunzendorfer & Son is wonderful, and speaks well for its management. This store is largely patronized by the Del Monte and Pacific Grove people. Every body in and around Monterey, goes to the "White House" for dry goods.

The Monterey Pharmacy, a drug store, conducted by Mr. Francis M. Hilby, has been enlarged more than double within the past few months, and is fitted up in a most elegant style, and attracts the attention of the many visitors to Monterey.



*ENJOYING THEMSELVES IN THE EAST.*

Mrs. J. A. Fillmore and daughter are visiting friends in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Coleman and son are at present in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Wilson are also enjoying themselves in the Empire City.

Colonel and Mrs. Cutting and daughter are roaming over the Web-foot State.

Mrs. Geo. Hearst, who has a fine house in Washington, was in Boston, last week.

Mrs. William Ingraham Kip is visiting her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Vinney, in New York.

Mrs. C. F. Irvin, of El Dorado County, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. McClure, in New York.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze, who has gone East to place a son in Yale College, is at present in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Judge Boalt are taking time as pleasantly as they can between the hot days of the East.

Mrs. Robert F. Bunker will spend most of the summer among friends in the East, returning in the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson, Mr. A. S. Stetson and the Misses Sallie and Nellie Stetson are in New York.

Mrs. Jonathan Corning will divide her time this summer between Yellowstone Park and Manitoba Springs.

Mrs. Harrington, of Colusa, who left San Francisco about a month ago, is summering in New Hampshire.

Mrs. General Barnes, who has been spending some days in Massachusetts is now enjoying the beauties of the Hudson.

Albert Gallatin, Jr., of Sacramento, is roaming around in Eastern towns, accompanied by his sister, Miss Jennie Gallatin.

Mrs. Judge Hall, who has been at the Fifth Avenue Hotel for three months, is visiting her daughter at Clifton, near Philadelphia.

Mrs. Ben C. Truman and daughter are at the Crawford House, White Mountains, but will spend most of July at Lake Winnipissieogie, N. H.

Mrs. W. N. Dimond is passing the summer in the White Mountains, and will remain in the East until October, when she will return with her youngest daughter, leaving the eldest at school in Springfield, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Folger and Miss Folger, of Oakland, are spending the summer at their place in Nantucket, Mass. Folger says that if any of his friends visit him he will give them as good a fishing time as they ever had anywhere—which the fish they are blue.

*FAR, FAR AWAY.*

Mr. J. V. Coleman arrived in London a few days ago.

Judge Lorenzo Sawyer and family are spending the summer in Alaska.

Mrs. James Carolan left San Francisco for Europe on the 25th ultimo.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Janin sailed from New York for Europe last week.

Miss Stoneman, with some Los Angeles friends, are roaming in Alaska.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Richardson Clover and Mrs. Miller are in London.

Richard Tobin is strutting up and down the streets of London, looking as fine as silk.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hamilton and family left New York for Europe on June 15th.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle are enjoying themselves on Alaskan waters and lands.

Geo. A. Johnson left San Francisco on the 3d ultimo, for an extended trip through Europe.

The Misses Anthony left here for Australia on the steamer Mariposa, to be absent several months.

Mr. and Mrs. James Freeborn have gone to the Sandwich Islands, having been almost every where else in the world.

Charles F. MacDermot and family, who have been spending six months in Paris, are back again at the Langham, London.

Mrs. Adam Grant and Mrs. Joseph D. Austin are sight-seeing in Paris, and picking out some nice things for a young lady of San Francisco to wear.

*HERE, THERE AND ELSEWHERE.*

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bryant have returned from Byron Springs.

Mrs. S. W. Backus has been spending several weeks at Auburn.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Carroll and Miss Carroll are at Byron Springs.

The Misses Stare have been spending the month of June at Niles.

Mrs. Thomas Bailey will spend several weeks at Aetna Hot Springs.

Mrs. Pope and her daughter are summering at St. Helena, as usual.

Mrs. H. L. Dodge will sojourn a part of the season at Santa Barbara.

Miss Clara Luning and Miss Demsey are at Lake Tahoe and vicinity.

Mrs. Homer S. King and family are at the old homestead in Napa Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Donahue are summering at their Villa at San Rafael.

Judge L. D. McKissick and family are domiciled at a pretty spot near Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Le Breton will swell the list of pleasant people at Sausalito.

Mrs. John T. Albright and a party of friends have gone into camp at Felton.

Mrs. Dargie and sister, of Oakland, are staying a few weeks at Paraiso Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pinkham are the guests of Colonel and Mrs. Eyre, at Menlo.

Mrs. Creed Haymond, who has been visiting friends in Sacramento, has returned.

Colonel and Mrs. Smedburg have gone to their favorite Blythedale for the summer.

Mrs. Charles McLaughlin, accompanied by Miss Ives, has been doing the Yosemite.

Miss Julia Payton, of Santa Cruz, has been visiting Mrs. Hall McAllister at San Rafael.

The Misses Smoot, of Virginia, are visiting their uncle Col. D. L. Smoot, of San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Davis and family have gone to San Rafael to spend the summer.

Miss Nellie Weston, of Los Angeles, is the guest of Miss Louise Thomas, of Fruit Vale.

Mrs. James A. Johnson is visiting Mrs. McMullin, at her summer home, near Stockton.

Col. and Mrs. Fred. Crocker have taken up their residence at San Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvain Weill have given up housekeeping and returned to the Palace Hotel.

Captain and Mrs. J. C. Ainsworth, of Oakland, have returned from Highland Springs.

Mrs. Stone, of Oakland, left for the East a day or two ago on a visit to relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Summerell, Miss Rosa Blumenthal and H. M. Blumenthal are at Byron Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Gage, of Oakland, have been spending a few weeks at Highland Springs.

The Misses Bunker will spend some time on the Faren ranch, in the Santa Cruz mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Mills, of New York, are passing the summer at their place near Millbrae.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius O'Connor and family have been spending some time at Byron Springs.

Miss Sophie Smith will pass part of the summer with her sister, Mrs. Ned Hopkins, at Menlo Park.

Dr. and Mrs. Brigham left early in June for Lake Tahoe, one of the most delightful spots in the world.

Miss Flora Low, who has been visiting Mrs. Fred. Sharon at Belmont, has returned to San Francisco.

Mrs. Henry McLain, Martin and Mrs. Crittenden Thornton have been sojourning a short time at San Rafael.

Mrs. Major Whitney, after a pleasant visit to Miss Minnie Mizner, at Benicia, has returned to San Francisco.

Miss Nina Macondray, who has been visiting Mrs. Girvin at San Rafael, has returned to Menlo for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Spence, of San Jose, who have been tarrying at the Grand for a few days, have returned home.

Mrs. Dr. Gibbons and family have taken the new Harrison cottage at Old Sausalito, near the Pacific Club House.



Captain and Mrs. J. M. K. Davis, of the Presidio, who have been visiting the Big Trees and the Yosemite, have returned.

Mrs. Frank M. McCormick and Mrs. Clay Green are visiting their mother, Mrs. John O. Wheeler, in Los Angeles.

Mrs. E. B. Crocker, Mrs. R. Porter Ashe, Miss Lizzie Dillman and Miss Even have also been doing the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. S. W. Sperry and Miss Ethel Sperry, who have been sojourning some days at the Occidental, have returned to Stockton.

Mrs. S. Crooks and Mrs. Gonzales are at Moscow Cottage, Sonoma County, a very beautiful place on the Russian river.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Stubbs have been recreating among the wonders of the Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Grove of Trees.

Mrs. R. H. Follis and family, and Dr. and Mrs. Washington Ryer have taken up their abode at The Tamalpais, San Rafael.

Rev. and Mrs. John Hemphill, who now reside in Philadelphia, arrived in this city a day or two ago, and will visit a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Schmiedell, Mrs. Peters and the Misses Schmiedell and Peters, are again enjoying the beauties of Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Boggs, of Colusa, have been spending a week or more at the Palace, but have since gone to housekeeping in this city.

Mrs. Albert Jenks, wife of the artist, and her daughter, Mrs. Booth of San Francisco, spent the greater part of June in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parrott and Mrs. A. M. Parrott and Mr. and Mrs. De Guigne, and Miss Christine Parrott have all returned from the Yosemite.

Governor Stoneman, Tom Madden and W. H. Mills, commissioners, and Mr. and Mrs. Crank, of Los Angeles, have returned from the Yosemite.

The Misses Watsons and Miss N. B. West, of San Francisco, and Miss C. C. Jackson, of Oakland, left lately for Alaska. They expect to be absent about six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarke W. Crocker and the Misses Lizzie and Fannie Crocker, who have been spending the greater part of June in the Yosemite Valley, have returned.

Mrs. H. McLellan and daughter, Miss May McLellan, and Miss Louise Jones sailed from Los Angeles on the George W. Elder, on a summer trip to Alaska. The party will return in about six weeks.

Mrs. Frank Merrill, daughter of the late David S. Lacey, has lately returned from the East, after an absence of fourteen years. She was the first white child born in Clinton, now called East Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, who have been sight-seeing in Los Angeles and other portions of Southern California, have returned. Walter S. Maxwell saw to it, while the Chronicle man was in Los Angeles, that he should see all that was nice and pretty to be seen.

Mrs. Theresa Fair, who has been doing the Yosemite, accompanied by her two daughters, the Misses Tessie and Birdie Fair, and Miss Belle Smith, returned about the 12th of June and went to Santa Cruz.

A dispatch dated New York, June 5, says: "Despite reports to the contrary, Charles Crocker will leave New York for San Francisco June 10th. He will travel in a special car, which has been fitted up for him. Crocker's sole trouble now is from the bruise in his side. The least exertion fatigues him greatly and many of his friends think he is foolish to attempt the journey across the continent in his present condition. He intends spending several days in Utah. His horses will be shipped on this week." Mr. Crocker and family have already arrived in California, and will spend the 4th at Del Monte.

### THROUGH THICK AND THIN.

It is an old adage that "you can't squeeze blood out of a turnip," nor juice either out of many of those you find for sale. There is all the difference in the world in the nutrition one derives from good or from bad vegetables. You might eat a cart-load of the shriveled-up, dry, coarse and spongy kind, and you'd remain as thin as a rail, while good nutritive vegetables make one fat as well as healthy. This is why the stalls Nos. 30 and 31 California Market of BROWN & WELLS are so liberally patronized. Persons buying there once never go elsewhere thereafter, because they get there the worth of their money. At five o'clock in the morning may be seen the best people in the city, including all our hotels and boarding-houses, making their selections of green peas, string beans, onions, celery, asparagus, young sweet corn, radishes, cucumbers, lettuce, oranges, strawberries, cherries, and indeed the whole list of fruits and vegetables that make life worth living. Brown & Wells certainly understand this business, and are now reaping the rewards of their experience. Drop in and see them.

### LETTER FROM TACOMA.

EDITOR WAVE:—Compared with the Atlantic Coast, the Pacific has so few claims for public favor in the shape of summer resorts, that I feel I am doing your readers a favor in introducing a new one to them.

One almost instinctively associates this Northern Pacific Coast with hyperborean regions, but the record of the thermometer kept on the register of "The Tacoma" hotel, shows such an equable climate, that one can readily believe the fact that flowers bloom throughout the winter. The average temperature for February, the coldest month of the year, being 41 degrees above zero. The fact is, the region west of the Cascade Mountains, is dependent upon Idaho for its ice supply.

The mildness of the climate is accounted for by the flow of the Japan stream and the course of the trade winds of the Pacific acting upon this coast, as the Gulf stream in the Atlantic does upon that of England.

Tacoma is at the southern extremity of Puget Sound, a vast inland sea. The shore for two thousand miles is perfectly landlocked, and wholly unobstructed the year through, either by ice or lack of water. Tacoma is the western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad. From a hamlet of seven hundred people in 1880, it has grown to a city of eight thousand people in six years. Its public buildings and private residences are superior to those of many Eastern cities of ten times its age.

"The Tacoma" hotel, a second edition of the Del Monte, is built of brick and stone upon a bluff, overlooking the Sound, and commanding a glorious view of Puyallup Valley, the greatest hop growing region of the world, and the Cascade Mountains on the east, and of the Olympic Range on the west.

Mount Tacoma, the highest peak in the United States, is sixty miles away to the south-east. Towering up 14,444 feet, its summit covered with eternal snow, and its Glacial streams fertilizing the valleys in every direction from its base. Its vast Glaciers and vaster volcanic Craters, the magnificence of the timber through which the trail to it leads, the wild beauty of the lakes embedded in its foot hills, and its accessibility, form a tempting object of interest for tourists and lovers of nature.

The ascent to a height of 11,000 feet, far above the Glaciers is made with great ease, even by the ladies. 9,000 feet of this height is made on horseback, and numerous parties are made up every season, between July 1st and October 1st, for the ascent. Competent guides and good camping outfits are obtainable at the hotel.

The Tacoma is a favorite stopping place for Alaska tourists, not only from the East, but from San Francisco as well. Last season the late Senator Miller and family, Mrs. Grant, Miss Webster, Miss Fargo and Miss Eldrege, of San Rafael, Chauncey Taylor and Mr. W. W. Foot, of Oakland, and many other Californians made this their stopping place en route to and from Alaska. The hotel people do all in their power to make the place attractive. Out of doors the spacious lawn is available for lawn tennis, croquet, archery, etc. While indoors is a large parlor and concert hall superbly furnished, where from 11 o'clock A. M. until 1 P. M., a first-class San Francisco orchestra give a programme of choice operatic selections, classic music, etc. Evenings are given up to dancing and whist parties.

In every direction about Tacoma there are beautiful rides and drives; notably to the lakes, on the prairie back of the city, and up the Puyallup valley to the hop fields. While boating and yachting upon the bay are unsurpassed.

The hotel, built and equipped at an expense of \$250,000, is as comfortable as money can make it. But I cannot take more of your space to enumerate all the advantages of this place as a resort. I can only urge your readers to come and see.

TOURIST.

A fisherman says that he has frequently caught two fish on one hook in the waters of Long Island sound, one of the fish having seized hold of the other's tail. He thinks that certain fish have a habit of steering each other through strong currents in this manner. When taken out of the water exhaustion causes them to tighten their hold, and thus the angler is enabled to land them. It is apparent that the fish-season is upon us.

Mrs. Peterby was reading to her little son about the North Pole and the Esquimaux. "The Esquimaux are not remarkable for neatness and cleanliness, as they neither wash themselves nor their children more than once a year." "Oh, ma," said Mrs. Peterby's little boy, "how I wish you was an Esqui-ma and pa was an Esqui-pa! Them's the kind of parents I need."



## THE "RAYMOND."

PASADENA'S PALATIAL HOTEL NOW NEARLY DONE—A CREDIT TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA—A MAMMOTH BUILDING WITH EVERY MODERN IMPROVEMENT. BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS AND MATCHLESS SITUATION.

[Los Angeles Times.]

Roam the world over for its rarest scenery, ransack it for its loveliest views, then come back to Pasadena and climb the Raymond hill, hopeless of finding its peer. There are grander and more rugged views, but for flawless beauty none to compare with it. A smooth and rounded hill, heaving 300 feet above the bosom of an exquisite valley, whose green vineyard patches, orange groves, myriad flowers and tree-set homes melt away in the periphery of a great circle whose center is the hill. Along the north, for 50 miles, looms the vast bulk of the Sierra Madres, a titanic wall, seamed and gouged by countless cañons. Eastward, old Baldy's snow-capped head soars shadowy to the clouds; and 90 miles away the blue San Jacinto peaks float like dreams above the horizon, apparently dis severed from earth. South, the eye ranges down enchanted valleys, across smooth hills to the flat hue of San Pedro bay, and even across to the hazy shape of Santa Catalina, 60 miles away. West, across the smooth plateaus and swelling hills, the sun goes down behind the roughest quarter of the horizon, as if the very hills had been put there to enhance the sunset glory. The whole area between the circling hills seems a vast landscape-garden. Had it been part of one skillful design, the combinations of light and shade—of vines and orchards of live-oak groves and eucalyptus spires, of winding roads and barley fields, of happy homes nestling amid bloom and shade—could not have been more harmoniously set down. And over all is the sublimated glory which belongs alone to the weird aerial effects to be found nowhere east of the Rio Grande.

For three years the Raymond hill has been the centre of an interest beyond the matchless beauty of its outlook. Grasping its advantages as the site for a mammoth hotel, Walter Raymond, manager of Raymond's famous vacation excursions, took up the enterprise with intelligent energy. It was a tremendous undertaking. Mr. Raymond had no hotel experience beyond the knowledge, gained in his excursions, of what tourists demand. He associated with himself Mr. Gluck, of the International Hotel at Niagara Falls, and J. H. Littlefield, a prominent architect of San Francisco. Work was begun in November, 1883 in cutting off the top of the hill to make a plateau for the hotel to stand upon. The hill was cut down 34 feet, leaving on top a level area of about 5 acres. April 23, 1884, work on the hotel was stopped, owing to financial entanglements. Mr. Raymond had exhausted his means and knew not where to turn. At last he interested in the work his aged father, Emmons Raymond, long time President of the Passumpic River Railroad. The elder Raymond is 79 years old, but his days of usefulness are not ended, and when he came to realize the possibilities of the projected hotel, he lent vigorous aid with purse and head.

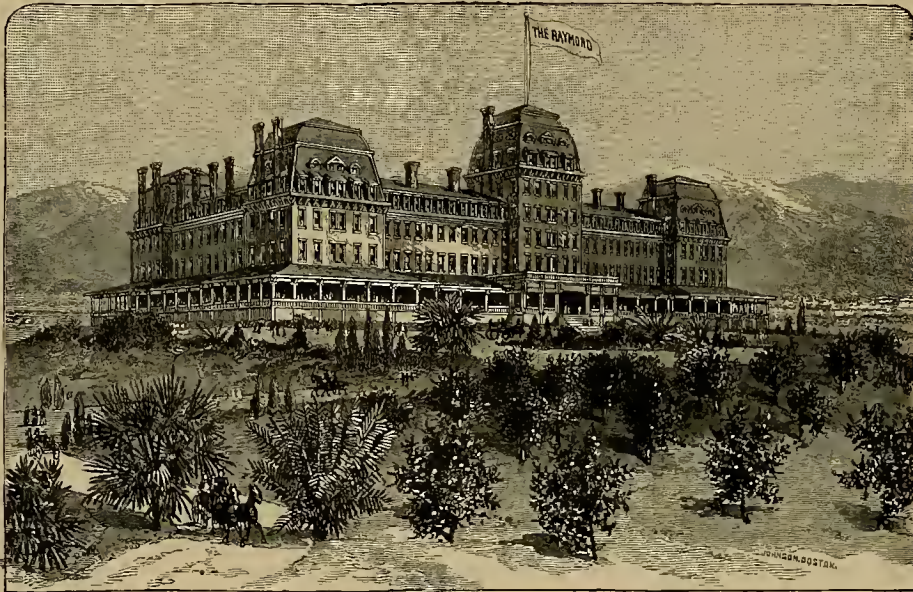
Perched on its conspicuous eminence, the "Raymond" has been growing skyward since the 27th of last September, when the elder Raymond, coming out from the East, devoted himself assiduously to the work. The great foundations had already been laid, 43 000 cubic yards of earth had been moved, and over a million bricks laid from the bed-rock up. Since then the whole superstructure has risen, and to-day, the vast building is very close upon completion. It is the most imposing sight in Southern California, and, perhaps, the greatest undertaking ever carried through here.

The main building faces exactly south. It is 287 feet front by 50 deep. The west wing runs back 75 feet north and is 42 feet wide. The east wing is 82x42; the center wing, 127x50; the kitchen wing,

74x36. The servants' hall is 86x40, three stories; and the laundry, 36x70, with two stories. The main building and the wings are four stories high, the dining-room wing two stories. The tower is 104 feet high, seven stories. The architecture of the building is what might be called a common-sense style, not too severe, nor yet hurdled with the gewgaws which would be ridiculous in a building of such enormous size. Around the whole lower story runs a handsome 16 foot porch with a total length of 805 feet. All the front windows of that story slide up from the floor into the wall, so that one can step into the porch at any point. Entering the doorway in the center of the building, the visitor stands in the grand reception office, 41 feet square, 16 feet high, and with the ceiling paneled for fine frescoing. To the right side of the room is the clerk's office, while to the north begin two grand staircases, each 6 feet wide in the clear. Between these is an Otis Brothers' hydraulic passenger elevator, and to the right of this a baggage elevator of the same make. The baggage arrangements are very convenient. Instead of being knocked down and dragged in through the main entrance, the Saratogas are brought to the back of the house, thrown into a baggage-room and taken to the various floors by their own elevator. From the grand reception-room a fine 10-foot hall runs from end to end of the main building. The wing

halls are 8 feet wide.

Back of the rotunda or reception office is the dining-room, a fine apartment 50x96, and eighteen feet high. Back of this are the serving rooms and the dining-room for the children and maids. Still further back is the kitchen, 35 x40 feet, and 21 feet high. The bake-room is 16x24, the pastry-room 11x20. The kitchen has two huge brick ovens, one for bread and one for meat. The basement of the kitchen contains two forty-horse power boilers, for running the laundry, cooking and pumping. There are two powerful pumps for fire and other purposes, and an ice machine. The main kitchen has a fourteen-foot range with steam carving-board



THE "RAYMOND" PASADENA, CAL.

and all other modern improvements. The extreme rear end of the kitchen wing is a good three-story building for the servants' quarters. They have their own dining-room, kitchen, and complete outfit and very comfortable bedrooms. In the lower story of this building are capacious cold storage chambers. The laundry, a generous building, is down the hill from the plateau and thoroughly out of the way, though convenient of access by flights of stairs. It is fitted up with the latest machinery. Returning to the rotunda and turning to the west we enter the ladies' reception room, 25x21; next the ladies' billiard parlor, 24½x21; then the ladies' reading room, 26x21, and the ladies' grand parlor, 30x41. These are on the south side of the hall and on the front of the building. The lower story of the west wing is occupied by the grand ball room, 39x84. On the north side of the hall, opposite the ladies' rooms, are the gentlemen's billiard-room, 40x21, and the bar, 26x21. To the east of the rotunda are the clerk's office, the private office and the manager's private suite, on the south side of the hall. On the north side are the barber shop, the baggage room and the gentlemen's reading room, 26x21. In the lower story are fifteen sleeping rooms for guests; in the second story, seventy, in the third, fifty-five, in the fourth, fifty-five, and in the top of the tower, six. All guests' rooms have grates and electric bells, while there are speaking tubes also to each story. There are forty bathrooms in the house and forty-three water-closets. The plumbing has been done with the utmost care, to secure a sanitary condition. Every trap and sewer is connected with the big smokestack and ventilated by a constant hot draft. Back of the main building and between the three wings are two large courts, each 76 feet wide. These will be filled with walks and the choicest varieties of flowers. The roof of the building is shingled on the sides and tinned on top. The brick foundation goes down from two to twenty-eight feet and rests upon the solid rock. In the foundation and the chimneys there



are a million and a half of brick. Not counting the outbuilding there are 110,000 feet of clear flooring. Over 800,000 feet of rough lumber and 500,000 shingles have been used. All through the house run two-inch pipes, with fire-plugs and three lines of hose on each story and three on the roof. There is also an abundance of fire extinguishers. The building will be lighted with coal gas, to be manufactured by the Pasadena Gas and Electric Light Company, in which the elder Raymond is largely interested. The water is supplied by the Lake Vineyard Water Company and the Pasadena Land and Water Company.

The whole arrangement and appointment of the house is of the best that modern hotel science has devised. The kitchen is far back where its odors cannot reach the guests. The stables are at a distance, and the laundry out of the way.

W. Raymond long since learned that every tourist wants a sunny room, and in the "Raymond" he has very nearly solved this apparently impossible problem. As the dining room wing is only two stories high, it does not shut out the sun from the windows of the east and west wings in the morning and afternoon respectively. Indeed, the only windows in the whole hotel which are not more or less sunny are the few on the north side of the main building! The sleeping-rooms are all of generous size, averaging 13x19. Besides the grand staircases, there are five-foot flights in each wing, and another at the back of the dining room. In the rear of each wing is a fire escape.

The "Raymond" is built upon honor throughout. The architect J. H. Littlefield, of San Francisco, has every reason to be proud of the plans, and the details have been well carried out under the direction of O. J. Muchmore, superintendent of construction. There are now about 75 men at work upon the building, and it is near completion.

The plumbing, gas fixtures, electric wiring and tin work were done by W. C. Furrey, of this city. The elevators and boilers were put in by M. S. Baker. The plastering, an exceptionally fine job, is by Chris Hauseu. The brick was made on the ground and laid by Simons & Hubbard. The ovens and chimneys were laid by Mr. Lacy of Pasadena. The painting and glazing was done by Frank Haskell, the materials coming from Whittier, Fuller & Co.

The five building, thus imperfectly described, will have a worthy setting. The grounds comprise 55 acres, admirably situated. R. Ulrich, the head landscape gardener of the Hotel del Monte, has drawn the plans for the adornment of the "Raymond" grounds, and the work is being carried out by head-gardener William Farrell and his assistants Robert Dick. It will be a veritable paradise, with ornamental and dripping fountains, palm and rose gardens, tennis-courts, children's playgrounds, croquet grounds, swings, rustic-houses, howling alley, under an arbor, an artificial cave, gardens of cactus, a lovely little lake, with islands and swan and duck houses, a shooting gallery, a maze, and other things too numerous to mention. Among the trees which dot the long slope are the pepper, the gum, the pine, the cypress, and the sycamore, the giant redwood, the olive, date, palm, banana, pomegranate, guava, persimmon, evergreen, umbrella, maple, elm, locust, English walnut, birch, alanthus, poplar, willow, and a great variety of ornamental shrubs. There will also be a large orange grove and a generous lawn. Mr. Farrell has, under the hill, a big nursery which he has stocked with many thousands of the rarest and most beautiful plants. Among the interesting features of his collection is a large and variegated assortment of Arizona cacti, which will be a great attraction to Eastern visitors.

The "Raymond" will be open for guests about the 25th of next October, and early in November there will be a grand formal opening, which is to be one of the most gorgeous affairs ever seen in Southern California. Gov. Stoneman is expected to be present with his staff at the formal opening, and Mr. Raymond will have a large excursion on hand for the same festive occasion.

That the "Raymond" will be a success will not be doubted by those conversant with the facts and with the needs of South California. Hardly less important than its unrivaled situation and elaborate appointment ranks the management under which it will be conducted. C. H. Merrill, popularly known as "Dean" Merrill, famed all over the East in connection with the Crawford and other White Mountain hotels will be manager of the "Raymond." His lifelong hotel experience and progressive ideas have made him probably the most capable hotel man in the East. W. Raymond is proprietor, and Mr. Merrill will also have an interest. Under the present arrangement the "Raymond" will be open from November to June—Mr. Merrill being engaged at the Crawford House during the summer months. This programme, however, will undoubtedly soon be changed and the "Raymond" be kept open all the year round.

Mr. Raymond plans to unite his hotel and his excursion system in a harmonious whole. A certain number of rooms will be regularly reserved in the hotel for his parties. The Raymond excursions are doing much already for Southern California, and when supplemented by the superb "Raymond" hotel, will accomplish much more. The benefit of bringing here such people as Raymond's excursions are now getting hold of, the most influential people in the East, will be great to Southern California. On the last excursion Rev. Phillips Brooks, J. T. Trowbridge, Martin Brimmer and several other prominent Bostonians were included.

Every attraction which can add to the pleasure of guests will be centered in the "Raymond." A fine band will be kept there constantly, the reading-room will be supplied with all kinds of periodicals and probably, a large circulating library will be added. In fine, every appointment will be absolutely first-class and worthy of the magnificent building whose cost is \$300,000.

#### SANTA CRUZ NOTES.

Notwithstanding the attractions of the various sea-side resorts along the coast, there seems to be a charm about Santa Cruz that is indescribable. Many persons after visiting from place to place seem to delight in coming back to their first love. The hotels and boarding houses are being taxed, and the Pope House appears to be in the lead this season as a pleasant and popular resort. Under the management of Mr. E. J. Swift proprietor of the Pacific Ocean House, it is growing in favor. The entire building with its surrounding cottages, are newly furnished and can not be surpassed for comfort.

Santa Cruz socially, is one of the most pleasant places on the coast. There perhaps is not a city in the State, that has a more intelligent class of ladies and gentlemen than Santa Cruz. A visit to one of the meetings or entertainments of an organization in the city known as the New England Association, will prove this assertion. This Association is composed of about one hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen from the States known as the New England States, and who are permanent residents of California. Dr. O. L. Gordon, is the present President, and A. W. Bryant, Secretary. They hold regular monthly meetings and unite in advancing the social interests of the members, who are among the prominent citizens of the State. This Association is socially a great benefit to Santa Cruz. Instead of their annual picnic this year, on the 17th ult., they made an excursion to Hotel del Monte.

Quite a number of young ladies and gentleman enjoy the beauties of this "Newport" of the Pacific, and at the same time avail themselves of the advantages offered at the Chestnutwood Business College, which has won for itself, great distinction throughout the State on account of the wonderful efficiency of its graduates.

Business generally is enhanced by the great throng of summer visitors at Santa Cruz. We might note a few, who by marked enterprise, are enjoying a liberal share of patronage this summer.

Perhaps no place is more popular than the "Palace of Sweets," a confectionery store and ice cream saloon, conducted by the Messrs. Stikemen. The teams from the livery of Messrs. Miller & Lincoln, seem to be in greatest demand. For drugs and toilet articles, Mr. Horsnyder takes the lead this season. For fruits and dainty articles of food, the New England Headquarters, A. W. Bryant, proprietor, is way ahead; and for fishing utensils, no one thinks of going any where but at the store of W. T. Cope & Co. Stationery articles are bought of Mr. Amos Pray, who keeps the finest papeteries this season. Messrs. Effey & Ready, are the most popular producers in clothing and gents' furnishings. Their new style neckwear is all the rage, and Mr. G. W. Place is acknowledged by all to be offering the best stock of dry goods; his prices are astonishing all the visiting ladies. For bathing, the Dolphin bath house is far in advance in popularity this season, because the beautiful new bath rooms are pronounced a great improvement; and after taking a bath at the Dolphin bath house, every visitor calls in at the Free Museum, and is charmed with the endless variety of curiosities at J. F. Parkers; and after being entertained so greatly by the sights, no one can resist the temptation of a cup of coffee in Mrs. Parker's lunch rooms.

#### GROVE HALL

Is the title of a new cottage at Pacific Grove Retreat at Monterey. It is beautifully located, and contains thirteen apartments, and promises to be one of the attractions of this popular resort. The permanent citizens as well as transient visitors, look upon it as quite a benefit to the Grove.

It was erected for Dr. C. L. Roe, a lady physician, who now occupies it as a permanent residence, and has commenced the practice of medicine at the Grove. Dr. Roe is a regular graduate of a New York medical college, and is a registered physician according to the laws of the State. She has had twenty-three years practice in New York City, and comes to this Coast as a physician of marked ability. Besides answering to calls at the Grove and vicinity, she proposes opening her cottage for the treatments of invalids, and furnish them rooming accommodations. In cases where persons are unable to go to the regular restaurant for board, meals will also be served to patients.

Grove Hall cannot help but become a desirable place for any one in need of medical treatment. The healthful climate at the Grove, as well as its various attractions and restful surroundings, alone is sufficient to attract the invalid, and the opportunity to enjoy this beautiful Grove, and at the same time be under the treatment of so eminent and able a physician as Dr. Roe, is a chance rarely offered. Grove Hall is therefore looked upon as an important addition to the many improvements at Pacific Grove Retreat.



## WAVELETS.

Sea-foam shampooing is the proper caper at the ocean-side.

Some one thought it was an earthquake, but it was only an Abbot kiss on the veranda.

There are no maidens at Del Monte all forlorn—except for lawn tennis. Shoot him on sight.

Even if the sale of ardent spirits was not permitted on Sundays, the lawn tennis players at Del Monte would have their nice rackets.

In referring to a late wedding, in which a buxom widow was captured by a beardless youth, the erudite judge classified it as a case of boycotting.

The old lady with more dollars than sense just shook all over with mirth when she jocosely referred to a certain 49er as having a Rubicon nose.

"I see there is turtle soup on the menu to-day," said Phelan, "Yes," responded the Peruvian Consul, "I notice that the waiter was slow in getting it to us."

George Roe arrived at Del Monte a few days ago, and his appearance seemed to be electrical. He was accompanied by a telephone fiend whose face was a "hello" of joy.

Some one was remarking about "the curriculum, etc," and Mrs. Dollars-and-cents thought it was a new kind of hotel vehicle, and declared that she should have the first ride in it. Rats?

She was singing "In the cottage by the sea," and the irascible old duffer exclaimed: "I wish she would go off and live in the cottage by the sea." He was a bad man, and he was registered from Bodie.

It was very funny to see the old lady eat asparagus with a fork—that is, it was very funny to see her try and eat asparagus with a fork. It is only of late years, you know, that she has been at all used to a fork.

A favorite fellow was being discussed the other evening, and the wittiest girl in the crowd broke 'em all up by saying: "Why, I have met him here every summer, and he looks Younger every time I see him."

She said: "That's the worst-looking old pill I have ever seen at Del Monte." "Do you think so?" a friend enquired; he is worth seven millions." She: "Do please introduce me; he is just lovely."

Don't talk to me about your four-in-hands," exclaimed Davy, the other evening, while some friends were planning for a morning drive out to Cypress Point. The deduction is that there had been a straight flush in the neighborhood.

"So he was injured in the rotunda, was he?" enquired Mrs. Bonanza of a friend who was not worth his millions; "Yes;" and she added: "It is very dangerous to be injured in the rotunda, is it not?" "Wery dangerous, Madame le Bonanza," said everybody, to themselves.

## BYRON SPRINGS.

There are few people in our midst who are aware that there is only a few hours ride from San Francisco, and only three miles by stage from a railway station, a resort that ranks as a sanitarium, and a place to regain health higher, really, than any other springs in California. It has been the custom of sufferers to make long trips at great expense to visit places whose waters are not wonderful for their efficacy, while there are more healing waters closer at home.

We know it to be a fact, that hundreds of people have been cured of many complaints at the Byron Springs, and that no person has ever visited them that has not felt relief in two or three days; and in our next issue, we shall present abundant proofs of what we now briefly say.

## DR. LORYEA'S

New Hammam, 218 Post Street, between Dupont and Stockton, San Francisco, is the finest Turkish, Russian, Electric and Medicated bath-house in that city. Single bath, one dollar. Twelve tickets for ten dollars. Open day and night, Sundays included. \*

## ABOUT MONTEREY.

DEL MONTE AND PACIFIC GROVE RETREAT AT THEIR BEST.

[San Jose Mercury.]

The improvements made at Monterey every year are simply astounding. Where all was rough and uncouth one season, is found the smoothest turf and the most magnificent flowers the next. The constant study of the proprietors is evidently to make the most of the varied natural scenery, as well as to use all the resources of art, and the result is all that they could expect. While retaining many of the grand old trees of the forest, new plantations have been made that will soon be forests themselves. And all has been done on a plan so broad and intelligent, that the beauty and completeness of the whole, becomes more and more manifest as the trees grow towards maturity.

The flowers around the hotel are a revelation to many who supposed they knew something of the floral capabilities of California. They are arranged in every conceivable form, from the square or round bed to the rhymes in front of the porch which describe some of the advantages of living at Del Monte. And they are spread over so large an area, and the varieties are so numerous, that it is impossible to convey any adequate idea of the magnificence of the whole. All lovers of flowers ought to go to Del Monte at least once a year, to get new ideas as to the cultivation and arrangement of their favorites.

Pacific Grove Retreat also develops wonderfully every season. Several beautiful cottages have already been built, and more are in course of erection, so that before this summer is over there will be quite a "city by the sea" in that charming locality. And we do not wonder at its popularity. The air is so soft, and so heavy with the perfume of the myriads of flowers that bloom in every cottage garden, and kept so pure by the constant sea breezes, that to live there for a month or two in absolute idleness, must be like a foretaste of paradise to the tired business man, or the worn out devotee of fashion.

## A PLEASANT TRIP.

[Ladies' Home Journal.]

As the picnic season is advancing upon us with rapid strides, it becomes the San Franciscan to look about for some pleasant little jaunt where he can take his wife and babies. It must not be so long but that he can go some Sunday morning for a day's recreation, and return in good season the same evening to be ready for the duties of Monday.

One of the completest things in that line is the trip from San Francisco to San Jose, going by way of Milbrae, Menlo Park, San Mateo, Redwood City and other places of interest situated along the line of the Southern Pacific Railway.

This journey takes the memory of the old Californian back to the early days when this was the very first railroad line in the State, and the pride of California in consequence. What an innovation it seemed when the old familiar yellow stage-coach with its six horses was put aside, and the shriek of the iron horse re-echoed through the hills and across the lovely park-like expanses of country that lay between us and San Jose!

Now the whole way is beautiful by some of the loveliest names in the State, and wealth, aided by taste, has rendered this section proverbial for its beauty and cultivation. The whole route has become as it were, a spare bed-room for San Francisco, and many of the moneyed magnates of the State are represented by estates covering many acres, and residences that would shame some of the baronial halls of Europe.

## THOMAS H. WILLIAMS MAKES DEFAULT.

[Oakland Tribune, June 11.]

Thomas H. Williams, whose wife, Susie Williams, recently brought suit against him for divorce, has not yet made an answer to the complaint charging him with infidelity. The ten days in which an answer should be filed having expired, the case will now be referred to a court commissioner to take testimony. After that report shall have been filed, and if the allegations contained in the complaint shall have been proven to the satisfaction of the Court, a decree of divorce will be entered. The plaintiff charges her husband with adultery, committed with a woman in Stockton, whose name is not mentioned in the complaint. She also asks for \$250 per month alimony, alleging that her husband is worth \$200,000.

## TRUMAN'S PRIMER.

[Santa Cruz Surf.]

Modern advertising deserves to be ranked among the arts. If any one doubts this they have only to examine the "A B C Primer," recently issued in the interests of the Hotel del Monte. Like the fast express train that runs to that resort, it's a "daisy." Original in design, and exquisitely executed, it is one of the most elegant brochures placed before the public by the enterprising management of this already world-famous hotel.



## LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

EXCURSION OF THE PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

The Pacific Coast Steamship Company, which have an advertisement on the first inside cover of the *WAVE*, are, in connection with their other business, making a specialty of Alaska excursions, and are carrying large numbers of persons to the land of the midnight sun. In their folder, which may be obtained by applying to the Company or to the manager of the *WAVE*, the Company says:

No traveler or tourist has ever returned from Alaska, after making the voyage by the steamers of the PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO., but has acknowledged it to be pre-eminently, *the* cheapest, grandest, and most enjoyable excursion ever advertised or patronized. As people have, as a rule, very crude, and often very erroneous ideas in relation to Alaska—the means of getting there, the cost and length of time required to make the voyage—the following facts and information will be of interest to those who intend to stay at home as well as those intending to make the Excursion.

## WHERE THE COUNTRY IS, AND ITS EXTENT.

The name "Alaska" is a corruption of Al-ay-ek-sa, the name given by the native islanders to the mainland, and signifies "great country." It contains nearly 600,000 square miles of territory, or is nearly one-fifth as large as all the other States and territories combined. It is larger than twelve States the size of New York.

The portion of Alaska visited by these Excursions is the south-eastern. It would require several months to visit the western, and an indefinite and uncertain time to reach and return from the northern portion. In fact the whaling fleet and the regularly organized Arctic expeditions are about the only outfits that *attempt* to pass Point Barrow on the north shore of Alaska.

There are probably few people on the Pacific Slope, or elsewhere for that matter, aware of the fact that San Francisco is several hundred miles east of midway between the eastern and westernmost shores of the United States. Yet such is the case. It is nearly 4,000 miles from the longitude of the most western of the Aleutian Islands directly east to San Francisco, while it is not over about 3,500 miles from San Francisco directly east to the longitude of the east coast of Maine.

## THE BEST TIME TO GO.

The best time to visit Alaska for pleasure is in midsummer, say June, July and August, as the days are long, and the weather usually charming. May is a little too early for the tourist, but the prospector and miner should take either the April or May steamer so as to be on the ground when the snow melts. October is the last month in the year that can be recommended for excursion purposes. The weather in both this month and September is usually lovely, and the sea as smooth as a mirror; the days, however, begin to grow comparatively short.

## WHICH WAY TO GO AND RETURN.

The Excursion Tickets from San Francisco are good 40 days from date of issue. It takes about 30 days to make the trip via Victoria and Townsend and return the same way, but tickets are also sold to *return* via Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, and thence by steamer to San Francisco. If you can spare the time and extra cost (which is slight) this latter is the ticket to buy, as it enables you to see the up-sound ports as well as Portland, and the grand and majestic Columbia River. It will also give you an opportunity to spend a few days visiting the Cascades, Oregon Falls, Willamette Valley, and other noted and interesting points in Oregon.

## WHAT TO TAKE.

As the rainfall in Alaska is usually quite large it naturally follows that an umbrella is a convenient companion. A gossamer for a lady and a Mackintosh for a gentleman, and heavy shoes, and coarse, warm and comfortable clothing for both should be provided. You have no use for your swallow-tail or court dress, or Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes in Alaska. Ladies' skirts should be short, so they will not drizzle over the wet deck of the steamer, or over the damp grass or moss on shore. If you intend (as you no doubt will, and certainly should,) to climb up on to, and take a run over a Glacier, you will find much advantage if you have spikes in your shoes, and a stiff cane with a good ferrule on it, or else a regular Alpenstock. It is best for several to keep together in climbing around on a Glacier, and a little hatchet and small rope in charge of some one of the party, would be very handy in case of an accident, which is always possible if people are careless, but not probable if they are careful. You need not take any eatables—these are furnished without any extra charge, in abundance and of the best quality, on board. You are allowed to take 150 pounds of baggage free. As we now know, in a general sort of a way, when and where we are going, and what to take, let us see

## HOW TO GET THERE.

It is seldom that the Alaska steamer proper goes through to San Francisco. Its official voyage virtually begins and ends at Port Townsend, W. T.; that is, it carries U. S. mails monthly between that place and points in Alaska. Under this mail contract, the steamer should sail from Townsend on or about the 5th of the month, but as the post office department understand the difficulties and impediments in the way of running on this route, especially in winter, on time, considerable latitude is allowed. Sometimes, in winter, the sailing days are changed to an earlier or later date, in order to obtain the benefit of the moon in navigating the Alaskan waters during the long winter nights—for instead of its then being "the land of the mid-night sun," it might be called the land of the mid-day night.

## PASSENGERS STARTING FROM SAN FRANCISCO

Should take the steamer which leaves Broadway Wharf No 1. On the third day out, in the morning probably, by, or before daylight, you arrive and tie up to the outer wharf at the entrance to Victoria harbor, B. C. Here the steamer remains several hours discharging her freight during which time you can ride into and around the city. It is possible the Alaska steamer will be here waiting your arrival, but the chances are that you will make the connection over at Port Townsend, which is the regular port of transfer—selected (it being an American port) in order to avoid the annoyance from the Custom officials. Victoria is, however, a much more enjoyable place than Townsend to spend a day or so in, and many passengers prefer to do so. A call on the Company's Agents, Messrs. Welch, Rihet & Co., Wharf Street, will obtain the information as to whether or not you can remain here, or must proceed over to Townsend and join the Alaska steamer at that point.

## PASSENGERS STARTING FROM PORTLAND, OREGON,

Have, as a rule, a choice of two routes, viz:

1st. Take the Alaska steamer at Portland, and proceed down the Columbia river to Astoria, thence across the Bar, up the coast, through the Straits of Fuca to Townsend, and await the arrival of the connecting steamer from San Francisco.

2d. Via the Northern Pacific R. R., from Portland by way of Kalama to Tacoma, thence by O. R. & N. Co's steamers (Puget Sound Div.), to Townsend. Passengers to leave Portland can obtain tickets and further information by calling at the ticket office of the O. R. & N. Co. Passengers from Seattle or other points on the Sound can engage passage and obtain information by applying to the Company's agents, at Seattle, Port Townsend or Victoria.

## START OUT FROM PORT TOWNSEND FOR ALASKA.

Two or three hours steaming and you are in *Victoria*—you have probably been here before, and will not care to tarry long—you will be accommodated—a few hours at the farthest, and you are headed north—the chances are that next morning you will wake up and find yourself in Nanaimo, which is the coaling station. You may have time while the vessel is coaling to ride out to the coal mines. If you have not, you can amuse yourself fishing and rambling about the town and adjacent country. You will not be kept here longer than absolutely necessary, for the Captain is anxious to start on his journey north—ready—all aboard—off we go! Now you can bid good bye to the railroad and telegraph, to the bustle and worry and confusion of the world for about twenty days—all you have to do now is to see and enjoy the sights, to eat, drink and be merry.

## THE ST. JAMES HOTEL, SAN JOSE.

We take great pleasure in inviting the attention of the traveling public to the fact that the St. James Hotel, San Jose, is one of the most delightful and satisfactory caravansaries in this or any country.

The present house is first-class in all its appointments, being well furnished, provided with all the modern conveniences, and table supplied with the best the market affords. Street cars pass the doors every few minutes, and coaches and carriages in waiting render it convenient of access to and from all R. R. depots.

Having commodious sample rooms for Commercial Travelers, these gentlemen will find it to their interests to stop at the St. James, where every attention is paid to the comfort and welfare of guests, and which for neatness and thorough ventilation is unexcelled.

The new building will not only be an architectural beauty, but may be confidently relied upon as a pledge of safety to its occupants against fire. It will occupy the same desirable location upon which the present structure stands, and also covering the remaining portion of the entire half square intervening the Court House and St. John St. on First, and directly opposite to and overlooking the magnificent St. James Park.

A more pleasant or desirable location could not have been selected for a hotel than this. It is not only in close proximity to the central and business portion of the city, but contiguous to banks, post office, opera house, telegraph and express offices, Court House and other public buildings, but will afford its guests, as the present house does, a delightful view of the St. James Park, from every door and window as well as from its magnificent balconies. The park, with its lovely grounds tastefully laid out, its ornamental tress and shrubbery of every kind known to a semi-tropic clime, its sparkling fountains and flowers for a foreground, produce a scene of beauty rarely to be enjoyed.



# DEL MONTE WAVE.

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BY DEL MONTE PUBLISHING CO.,

AT MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO AGENCY,

ROOM NO. 220, LICK HOUSE.

ISAAC RUDISILL, Traveling Agent and Business Manager of the WAVE, is *alone* authorized to receive moneys for subscriptions and advertisements. All his transactions for the Paper will be honored by

DEL MONTE PUBLISHING CO.

MONTEREY, CAL. - - - JULY, 1886

ENTERED AT THE MONTEREY POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

"THERE is a tide in the affairs of man which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." Which reminds us that Joe Spanier's famous Del Monte cigars are favorites with all who have smoked them. Mr. Spanier is just receiving a lot of the new crop from Havana.

THE story which prevailed one day last month, that Henry Ward Beecher had dropped dead in an apoplectic fit, was untrue. It probably grew out of the fact that the eminent divine fainted away when he heard that Cleveland's secretary gave Sunderland a hundred dollar bill.

WE trust that St. John may get the anti-banana peel nomination as well as the anti-liquor nomination in 1888, for there are quite as many men thrown daily by the banana peel as by Sir John Barleycorn. There might not be so much Democratic money in it, however.

It has long been the custom at some theatres, to occasionally present their patrons with ornamental programmes, photographs of so-called stars, bon bons, and sometimes, household utensils and implements. The Standard, however, leads its patrons nightly with chestnuts, and some of them are mighty old chestnuts at that.

WE only express the opinion of the many when we say, that the Geyser Soda is the most delightful mineral water that is bottled on the Pacific Coast. It is especially nice mornings and evenings, and would have made Ponce de Leon go even wilder than he did over the discovery of the water which he made poetically famous.

It is very encouraging on the part of the new management of Capitola, to witness the many evidences of appreciation of the various improvements made at that beautiful sea-side resort. Messrs. Calhoon & Son are receiving the liberal share of patronage, which their industry and enterprise merits. Every visitor is delighted and is loth to leave so charming a place.

THE Yosemite travel this year has been immense, and no mistake. This is partly owing to the fact that the only unromantic part of the trip is now made by rail; and to the fact further, that the waterfalls have never been seen to better advantage. The people booked for July is already reaching into the hundreds, and Sam Miller, the agent, has his hands full, and no mistake.

No tourist or excursionist should fail to call at the magnificent store of Messrs. H. Liebes & Co., 111, 113, 115 and 117 Montgomery Street near Sutter, San Francisco, and see their magnificent exhibition of furs. While there is much to be seen there, the polite and accommodating sales ladies and gentlemen take great pleasure in imparting valuable information in reference to the various kinds qualities and styles of furs. All visitors, whether purchasers or not, will be cordially received.

MISS ROSE CLEVELAND is going to do it again. This time the title is "You and I," which sounds very cosy and intimate, though the subject is a melange of moral, intellectual and social culture. Washington society is all prepared to sit on the book, especially as it is intimated that the writer has taken the same liberty in it with Washington society.

READERS of the WAVE who may have occasion to visit Washington should bear in mind that the Ebbitt House is unqualifiedly the best first-class hotel in that city, and that its rates are somewhat lower than most of the others. It is the headquarters of army and navy people, and it is situated on two lines of street railroads, about midway between the Department buildings, and alsomidway between the Capitol and the White House. It is the favorite resort of all Californians who visit Washington, and who are looked after especially on that account.

THE *Los Angeles Herald* of a late date says: "The great Exchange block at Pasadena will soon loom up second to the Raymond in size as a hotel in the San Gabriel valley. It will be of brick, three stories high, with the First National Bank of Pasadena in the corner on the ground floor, and half a dozen stores besides. The upper part will be used as a hotel, and will contain 200 sleeping rooms, besides halts and reception rooms. Gen. Edwin Ward is one of the proprietors of the great edifice, which is 200 feet front by about 100 feet in depth."

THERE seems to be a general movement on the part of Democrats in Southern California, to have Joseph D. Lynch, the able editor of the *Los Angeles Herald*, nominated by their party for Congress. We doubt if there is any man among us all who has written so much and so beautifully, and so truthfully of Southern California, as Mr. Lynch, and we are absolutely certain that no other man in the southern district could pull so large a vote. As a Democrat, he has been true, consistent and brave; and he has hosts of friends among Republicans, who would rally to his support. As a Congressman from California, he would be an honor and strength to our State.

THE Palace Hotel, San Francisco, under the combined management of Geo. Schonewald (late of the famous Del Monte, at Monterey,) and Alexander Sharon, has just been painted outside and in, and newly carpeted and re-furnished and renovated throughout, and is again in excellent condition to accommodate all who wish to avail themselves of the comforts and luxuries of the finest and completest hotel in the world, at the same rates charged by other first-class hotels in San Francisco. And that reminds us that the new management have set apart a limited number of excellent rooms for transient patrons at a dollar a day. Parties going to San Francisco should bear this fact in mind, and that there is a very nice restaurant attached to the hotel.

No tourist ever leaves San Francisco without visiting Taber's famous Photograph Gallery, No. 8 Montgomery street. The reputation of this establishment is known all over the world. The exquisite work it turns out has been admired in almost every clime nature has produced. It is admitted that for accuracy, artistic posing of the subject and elaborate finish these photographs have no equal. An album of Taber's views of Pacific Coast scenery and objects of interest, interspersed with pictures of the eminent men and women who have been photographed at this great gallery, would constitute one of the most interesting books which could be placed on a reception parlor table to amuse the guests. Those who wish to obtain satisfactory photographs should go to Taber.

THE WAVE has special advertising advantages, one or two of which we enumerate: In the first place it is put in the hands of all tourists who visit Del Monte, and also sent to many of the fashionable patrons of that place who are at times elsewhere. It is also on sale for a month at the news stand at Del Monte, and on all the trains running between San Francisco and Monterey. It is the organ of the Northern Division of the Southern Pacific, and the country through which it passes, which includes the cities and towns of San Mateo, Menlo, Redwood, Santa Clara, San Jose, Gilroy, Santa Cruz, Pajaro, Watsonville, Castroville, Salinas, Paraiso, Soledad and Monterey. The libraries, club houses, hotels, rooms of the Christian Association, Turkish bath houses, and other prominent places of resort in San Francisco are kept supplied with copies of the WAVE during the whole of each month.



## LETTER FROM PACIFIC GROVE RETREAT.

PACIFIC GROVE, June 30th, 1886.

The portals of Pacific Grove were thrown open for the season of "86" on the time honored May Day Festival, and now as we enumerate the events that have transpired since that date, there is a realization that the height of the season is approaching. The "city folk" are fleeing to their summer haunts, "away from the madding crowd;" the bright faces of young and old that group themselves on the beach and in the Grove bespeak the pleasurable life that has come with the summer time.

There are some busy people come in this secluded retreat, but at the present time the fair sex represent, in a large degree, "ladies of elegant leisure;" while those of the sterner sex are *always* at leisure, and fill their noble positions with thorough grace—worthy of imitation. For climate and length of beautiful days, we commend you to Monterey. The Queen of American Watering-places challenges the world, (except when it's foggy) then she buries her queenly head in the clouds, and listens to the soothing music of the fog-horn at Point Pinos light-house penetrating the silence of the midnight watches, to where slumbering campers are dreaming (?) the happy hours away.

The month of June records quite a number of interesting incidents of varied character; attraction to lovers of social life, the literary and the religious. In the first-class we catalogue the "Grand Entertainment," given early in June, by the societies in which Pacific Grove abounds, announced as a benefit to Rev. Dr. Sinex, Pastor of the M. E. Church. Mrs. C. L. Boyers, the bright and accomplished wife of the good-hearted "Deacon," was the chairman of the committee in charge. The interest and enthusiasm displayed by Mrs. Boyers, combined with the ready services extended by her guests and the ladies of the Grove, resulted in a brilliant success.

Mrs. Jarley's wax-works was an important factor in the entertainment. Mrs. Hodgkins, of San Francisco, came especially to personate Mrs. Jarley, and devote herself to the manufacture of wax flowers. Her exhibition was delightfully managed. At the close, refreshments were served at the restaurant—ice cream and cakes, and good things generally.

The Grovites pride themselves now on a Public Library. It was thrown open to the public on Saturday, June the 12th. Quite an auspicious occasion for so unassuming a community as the one which populates Pacific Grove.

On the same date the Annual Religious Encampment opened its session under the direction of Rev. Dr. Dennet. There seemed to be an awakened interest and a marked attendance on last year.

A new feature and one of decided attractiveness was the observance of special days for the greater development and enlargement of certain branches of Christian work. Wednesday, the 16th, was Temperance Day. The first session was conducted by the W. C. T. U. Mrs. Churchill, of San Jose, as President of the State organization, presided at the mornings exercises.

Mrs. Youmans, of Canada, made stirring addresses at all the meetings of the day. In the afternoon the exercises were devoted to the children. The "Band of Hope," from Monterey and the Grove were in full attendance. Dr. McDonald—the children's friend, and an earnest worker in the great cause—was in attendance and took active part in the children's meetings.

In the evening Mrs. Youmans delivered her noted lecture on Gospel Temperance.

But for a real Memorial Day we must vote the palm to the Y. M. C. A. It was the brightest, gayest holiday in all the history of our beautiful Pacific Grove. Early in the morning the good people were astir, and as the time drew near for the arrival of the first excursion train, they gathered at the entrance stand, showing a goodly number as they were grouped on the Avenue. At 11 o'clock the train of nine cars brought the San Jose delegation; the coaches fairly flew to and fro, bearing the passengers in scores and double scores. Every vehicle describable was brought into requisition from Monterey, Pacific Grove and Hotel del Monte.

It was past high noon before the whistle announced the approach of the San Francisco train; and then when the long line of twenty coaches steamed into the little historic town, the sight was one such as the sleepy little place never before witnessed, no, not even by the "oldest inhabitant."

When the four horse coaches, carriages and omnibuses started on the line of march, the driveway was a moving mass from the Del Monte depot to Pacific Grove. It was estimated that over 1,500 people formed the excursion. It came in charge of Mr. Rudisill, Manager of the DEL MONTE WAVE, and under the auspices of the State Committee of the Y. M. C. A., of which Mr. Henry McCoy is chairman. Both gentlemen merit congratulations for their very able management of the enterprise, and certainly must feel gratified at the highly successful results.

Mr. McCoy is already a favored guest at Pacific Grove, and has won the

hearts of the good people here in a royal manner. The trio of young ladies composing the floral committee were at his right hand on all occasions, devoted themselves nobly to the work for the Y. M. C. A.'s. The exercises at the Pavilion were under the direction of Mr. Henry French, of San Jose.

The exercises of the encampment continued over until Monday, the 21st, closing with a sacred concert on Tuesday evening, conducted by Mr. Northup. On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, Rev. E. S. Chapman delivered a course of three illustrated lectures on the Ancient Hebrew Tabernacle.

The C. L. S. C. Summer Assembly opened the 28th, the session to continue until July 9th.

The 4th of July celebration will be duly observed with proper ceremonies on Monday. Mr. L. D. Stone, who established a fire department at the Grove, is leading in this laudable effort, and in his hands we predict a grand display.

The midsummr re-union, or three days course of popular lectures, will commence July 12th.

Everything in the line of desirable accommodations is in demand. Guests are flocking in from all directions, and there is every indication of a very lively season.

Familiar faces greet you on all sides. The bright and shining lights that gleam for the glory of Chautauqua have once more appeared, and as we look around, without peering too inquisitively, into private homes and intruding on the habitations of the "dwellers in tents," we note names and faces well known, and of interest to the readers of the WAVE, and always solicitous for their interest we plead as our excuse for adding as a post-script a few personals.

Rev. C. C. Stratton, D. D., President of the University of the Pacific, is at Pacific Grove to attend the C. L. S. C. Assembly, at which he presides.

Mrs. M. H. Field, State Secretary of the C. L. S. C., arrived with her family, on the 15th.

Prof. Josiah Keep and family, of Mills College, are tenting by the sea during Chautauqua.

Rev. Robert Bentley and family, of Alameda, are occupying their summer cottage at the Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Cutter Hazelton, Dr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, Mrs. Logan and family are among the guests representing Oakland.

Miss Mollie Stratton, of San Jose, will grace the attractive summer home of the family, at the Grove this season.

Rev. Dr. Pendleton, a noted evangelist of the Baptist Church, was prominent during the exercises of the Encampment.

Miss Nellie Calhoun, the young actress, of whom Californians are so justly proud, will return soon to the Coast, and will join her mother and sisters at Pacific Grove early in July.

Miss K. M. Fuller, principal of Perry's Seminary, Oakland, was one of the excursionists on the 17th.

Prof. F. Loui King, of San Jose, will sojourn at the Grove during Chautauqua, and will give a series of musical lectures and recitals during the first week of the Assembly.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Stone, of San Francisco, are cosily fixed in their handsome cottage, for the summer.

Mrs. Frank Paye and family are the guests of Mrs. J. M. Paye, Adelia Cottage.

Mrs. Livingston, Miss Edna Leland, of Santa Barbara, are spending several weeks among the Pines.

Mrs. General Deityler and daughter are among the guests from the metropolis.

Miss Myra Gibson is at home again, spending her vacation with her parents.

Miss Sherman, Misses Florence and Alice Hyde, of San Francisco, will summer at the Grove.

## PACIFIC GROVE IMPROVEMENTS.

Several months ago the Pacific Improvement Company, in order to keep apace with the growth of the population at this popular sea-side resort, and to supply the wants of the people, offered for sale a limited number of building lots on Pacific Avenue, with business privileges. Business men embraced the opportunity, and a number of buildings were erected and stores are already open.

Prominent among these is the grocery and provision store of Mr. J. B. Norton, who for years has catered to the wants of the people, and leads in his line. Mr. Norton has always exhibited a lively interest in the Grove.

Mr. Lloyd, in the line of fruits, vegetables, etc., has a prominent establishment, and will no doubt be liberally patronized.

Mr. Miller, a well-known grocer of Monterey, also occupies a store.

Last but by no means the least attractive, is the very beautiful sea-side drug store, which is admired by all, on account of its city-like appearance. The proprietor of this store is Dr. J. P. E. Heintz, who also is proprietor of the Del Monte drug store at Monterey. We congratulate the Doctor on his enterprise, and wish him the success he so much merits.

Supt. J. O. Johnson has added several excellent teams to his well-equipped livery.



# THE PALACE HOTEL,

## SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. D. Sharon and G. Schonefeld, Lessees.

George Smith, Chief Clerk.

The PALACE HOTEL, occupying an entire block in the centre of San Francisco, is the model Hotel of the World.

It has double the accommodations of any other Hotel in the City.

It is thoroughly Fire and Earthquake-proof, has five broad, easy stairways, and five elevators.

Every Room is extra large, light and airy. The system of ventilation is perfect, combining flue from fire-place, inlet flue for fresh air from outside and outlet flue to the roof.

A bath and closet adjoin every room.

All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors leading from the glass-covered court in the center of the building.

The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, broad balconies around it on every story, its carriage way and its tropical plants, is an attractive feature; one hitherto unknown in American Hotels.

Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The Restaurant is an adjunct to the Hotel, and is the finest in the City.

Its commodious and elegant character is assured by the fact that in the inception of the enterprise, the owner, the late HON. WILLIAM SHARON, instructed his Architect to visit the Hotels of the principal cities of the United States and Europe, for the express purpose of including in the plans of the PALACE, all existing improvements, and such additional ones that experience and observation had suggested, he desiring it to be a Palatial Hotel in every respect.

The Palace Hotel occupies the entire block upon the southwest corner of New Montgomery and Market streets, rearing its huge fronts a hundred and twenty feet, extending two hundred and seventy-five feet westerly up Market and Jessie, and stretching its vast flanks three hundred and fifty feet southerly along New Montgomery and Annie, this architectural monarch lifts its colossal bulk above the very business and social centres of the Pacific Metropolis.

Lines of horse-cars, connecting directly with all principal streets, business centres, leading places of amusement or resort, and all notable localities, constantly traversing the entire city, even to its remotest suburbs, run directly by, or within a minute's walk. At the neighboring foot of the city's Grand Central Avenue, which passes directly under its northern front, are the stations and docks of the Great Overland Railway Terminus, with the piers and slips of the principal steam ferries, which swiftly bridge the broad Bay in every habitable or pleasurable direction. A few blocks south lie the immense docks and basins of the P. M. S. S. Co., with their grand fleet of Trans-Pacific Mail Steamships for the Sandwich Islands, China, Japan, Australia, India and the Nations of the Orient.

The general style of architecture, within and without, is almost severely simple. Amplitude, solidity, strength and permanency reign in every part. Of the imposing exterior of the stately structure, with myriads of bay windows diversifying its four immense fronts, from top to bottom, and partially relieving the oppressive massiveness which must otherwise characterize it, of its stupendous proportions and its absolute immensity.

Ninety-six thousand, two hundred and fifty square feet, or nearly two and a quarter acres, underlie the stupendous structure itself, while the sub-sidewalk extensions increase the basement area to upwards of three acres. Its general form is an immense triplicate hollow quadrangle, including one grand central crystal-roofed garden court, flanked by a lesser and parallel court on either side. Seven lofty stories surmount the deep and airy basement, and through a considerable portion it has eight. The lower story has a height of twenty-seven feet, the uppermost sixteen. The deep foundation wall is twelve feet thick; stone, iron, brick and marble are the chief materials. Of the brick alone, its construction consumed thirty-one millions. All outer and inner and partition walls, from base to top, are solid stone and brick built around, within and upon a huge skeleton of broad wrought-iron bands, thickly bolted together, and of such immense size as to have required three thousand tons for this purpose alone. Thus, the building is really duplex—a huge self-supporting frame of iron of enormous strength, within massive walls of firm-set brick and solid stone. The outer and visible walls are proof against fire; the inner and invisible frames secure against earthquake. The supporting columns, within and without, are iron; the cornice of iron and zinc. Four artesian wells, having a tested capacity of 28,000 gallons an hour, supply the great 630,000 gallon reservoir under the central court, besides filling seven roof tanks, holding 130,000 gallons more. Three large steam fire-pumps force water through 45 4-inch wrought-iron upright fire-mains, reaching above the roof, and distribute it through 327 2½-inch hose-bibs, and 15,000 feet of 5-ply carbolized fire-hose, thus doubly

and trebly commanding every inch of the vast structure from roof to basement, within and without.

Five patent safety-catch hydraulic elevators, running noiselessly within fire-proof brick walls, ascend even to the roof promenades. Electric fire-alarms, self-acting, instantly report at the office the exact locality of any fire, or even of extraordinary heat in any parlor, bedroom, closet, hall, passage, stairway or storeroom. Special hotel watchmen regularly patrol all parts of the building every thirty minutes, day and night. A self-acting and self-registering tell-tale indicator instantly reports at the office any neglect or omission of their duty. Besides all these precautions, a fire-proof, iron staircase, inclosed in solid brick and stone, and opening through iron doors upon every floor, ascends from basement to roof. Every floor has its exclusive annunciator, and its own tubular conductors, carrying all letters for the post-office directory to the main letter-box in the general office. A pneumatic dispatch tube instantly conveys letters, messages, or parcels to and from any point of the different floors. Two thousand and forty-two ventilating tubes, opening outward, upon the roof from every room, bath-room and closet, insure constant purity and thorough sweetness of air in every part. The grand central court, 144 by 84 feet, has a carriage and promenade entrance through the east front on New Montgomery street, of 44 feet width, expanding into a circular driveway fifty-two feet in diameter, surrounded by a marble-tiled promenade and a tropical garden of rare exotics, with choice statuary and artistic fountains. Within this court, opposite the main entrance, is the music pavilion, in which the instrumental band, exclusively attached to the Palace, render choice selections, at stated intervals, during every afternoon and evening.

Off the central court open the main entrance to the hotel-office, 65 by 55; entrances to the breakfast room, 110 by 55; the grand dining room, 150 by 55; the music and ball room, 65 by 55; the ladies' lower reception parlor, 40 by 40; reading room of the same size; billiard rooms, 65 by 40; barber shop and bath rooms, 40 by 40; committee rooms, and other general apartments, devoted to the pleasure or convenience of guests and patrons.

On the second floor are private dining rooms, childrens' dining hall, and the ladies' drawing room, 84 by 40. *The total number of rooms exclusively for guests above the garden floor is 755.* Most are twenty feet square—none less than 16 by 16. They are equally well finished and furnished throughout. The heavy carpets, of the most artistic and beautiful designs, were manufactured exclusively for this hotel. The massive furniture, original and unique in design, was made by special contract in San Francisco, of the finest and most beautiful native woods, at an aggregate cost of over half a million of dollars. The rooms are expressly arranged for use, either singly or in suites of two or more. Their connections and approaches are such that an individual, family, or a party of any size, can have a suite or any number of rooms, combining the seclusion of the most elegant private residence, with the numberless luxuries of the most perfect hotel. Every outer room has its bay window, while every parlor and guest chamber has its own private toilet, ample clothes closet and fire grate.

The capitals of the columns along the upper corridors are crowned with elegant urns and vases of rare and beautiful flowers and plants, whose twining tendrils in luxuriant growth gracefully festoon the balconies, while the delicious fragrance of this tropical conservatory pervades the air of the court, as well as that of the neighboring rooms, with delightful perfumes. Independent of outward atmospheric changes, this crystal-roofed garden enjoys its own local sub-tropical climate of perpetual summer, where, as in some charming nook of fairyland, the balmy breath of incense-laden air may at once refresh and recreate its delighted guests. Classic statues of the four seasons also adorn the corridors of this aerial tropical conservatory.

From broad walks and observatories, surrounding the lofty roof, and readily accessible by the elevators, the guests enjoy a panoramic view unsurpassed in breadth and beauty.

Within and without, in all approaches, appointments and belongings the kingly structure, far surpassing, not only in size but in grandeur, all the hotels of Europe and America, richly justifies the propriety of its happily chosen name—The Palace Hotel.

The salubrious and equable character of the climate (the thermometer at San Francisco, in Summer, ranging from 60 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit, and in Winter from 50 to 60 degrees) extends such an inviting welcome to travelers, that every endeavor has been made to have the PALACE fully harmonize with it in its attractive features by combining the comforts and conveniences of American and European Hotels, with the greatly prized luxuries of oriental life.

A. D. SHARON AND G. SCHONEFELD, Lessees.



# ST. JAMES HOTEL,

## SAN JOSE, CAL.

TYLER BEACH, - - - - - Proprietor.

This Hotel is elegantly furnished, with all the Modern Improvements. The rooms are large, airy, and beautifully situated in front of St. James Park, next door to the Court House. No expense has been spared in making this a First-Class Hotel in every respect.

AMERICAN PLAN. RATES, \$1.50 to \$2.50 PER DAY.

SPECIAL PRICES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.

Coach and Carriage at Depot on Arrival of all Trains.

## Abbott House,

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Terms: \$2.00 Per Day.

Special Rates to Boarders.

SALINAS CITY, CAL.

Headquarters for Commercial Travelers.

Apartments specially fitted up as sample rooms.

Free Bus from all Trains.

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The Restaurant at this Popular Seaside Resort is in Charge of

**L. SCHAUFLE,**

An Experienced and Well-known Hotel Manager, and will be conducted in a First-Class Manner, and perfect satisfaction will be guaranteed in every particular.

### RATES.

BOARD PER WEEK,	- - - - -	\$7 00
THREE MEAL TICKETS,	- - - - -	1 00
SINGLE MEAL TICKETS,	- - - - -	50

For further particulars address

L. SCHAUFLE,  
MONTEREY, CAL.

# BAY VIEW HOUSE,

MONTEREY, CAL.

The attention of Travelers is directed to this pleasant hotel. On account of its delightful location, commanding a charming view of the bay, and spacious play-grounds for children, it is a desirable boarding-place for Tourists. The rooms are newly furnished, and the table receives special attention.

BOARD AND LODGING PER WEEK,	- - - - -	\$8 00
BOARD AND LODGING PER DAY,	- - - - -	1 50

Free bus to and from all trains.

L. SCHAUFLE, Proprietor.

Monterey Pharmacy,  
MONTEREY, CAL.

Pure Drugs,  
CHEMICALS, &c.

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We are here and here to stay, and we do not propose to let you forget it.

When you are in want of anything in any of our various lines, you will find us prepared to supply the very best of its kind promptly, carefully, courteously, and at the lowest price consistent with the quality of the article.

The skillful and accurate dispensing of medicines shall always be our chief work. For this we are educated, have made it a long study, and can assure the careful attention which this responsible work requires. Physicians' Prescriptions and Family Receipts a specialty.

To "Del Monte" and "Pacific Grove" visitors: Our large and well-selected stock, including a comprehensive assortment of everything usually found in a well appointed drug and stationery store merits your attention.

We study to please, and are confident we can supply you with everything you want in our line economically and satisfactorily.

Trusting to see all the readers of the DEL MONTE WAVE at our store shortly, we are,

Very Truly Yours,

FRANCIS M. HILBY.

J. B. NORTON,

— DEALER IN —

# GROCERIES & PROVISIONS

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GOODS DELIVERED FREE.

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Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Millinery Goods,

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**"THE WHITE HOUSE,"**

**F. GUNZENDORFER & SON, Proprietors, - - MONTEREY, CAL.**

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B. and B. A.

Post-graduate courses  
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Ph. D.

Complete preparatory  
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The fullest business  
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A four years' Conserv-  
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Board, tuition, wash-  
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Hall, \$250 per year; for  
young men and boys in  
East Hall the new build-  
ing, the same.

Fall Term begins

**August 13, 1886.**

For further information,

ADDRESS

**C. C. STRATTON,**

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San Jose, Cal.

**W. P. L. WINHAM,**  
**Real Estate Insurance Agent**

**SALINAS CITY,**  
**MONTEREY COUNTY.**

Has upwards of Sixty Farms for sale, all of  
which are situated in Monterey County, Cali-  
fornia, varying in size from forty to twelve  
hundred acres each.

Also other large tracts for sale in lots to suit  
purchasers, consisting of Agricultural, Dairy,  
Stock farms, and lands adapted to the raising of  
vegetables, grapes and fruits of almost every  
kind. Complete lists and descriptions sent by  
mail upon application, and all correspondence  
promptly answered.

**BYRON SPRINGS**  
**NEW MANAGEMENT. NEWLY FURNISHED.**  
**OPEN WINTER AND SUMMER.**

68 Miles from San Francisco.

Three Hours by Rail.

**HOT MUD BATHS, HOT SALT BATHS, HOT SULPHUR BATHS**  
**AND VARIOUS MINERAL WATERS.**

*A well-known Physician, of large practice, who recently visited Byron  
Springs, expressed himself as follows:*

"Its location, as regards distance (68 miles from San Francisco) and  
climate, makes the place especially desirable as a Winter Resort for Invalids,  
and in that respect has no equal on the Pacific Coast."



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## CROCKERY AND FANCY GOODS CO.

SUCCESSORS TO ACKERMAN BROS.

The Leading House on the Pacific Coast

## CROCKERY, GLASS AND PLATED WARE,

Cutlery, Lamp Stock, and House Furnishing Goods,

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PRICES ALWAYS THE LOWEST. IMPORTATIONS ALL DIRECT.

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SOLE AGENT PACIFIC COAST

"EUREKA," "PARAGON," "RED CROSS" and "MILL"

BRANDS OF

Cotton Rubber Lined

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# HOSE!

STRONGEST AND MOST DURABLE HOSE MADE.

Also, Rubber Hose of Extra Fine Quality.

HOSE CARTS AND CARRIAGES,

Hook and Ladder Trucks, Fire Engines and Fire Department Supplies generally.

Manufacturer of Schenck's Celebrated Square Flax Packing, the best in the World for Water and Steam.

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## PALACE OF SWEETS

## ICE CREAM PARLORS,

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Maskey & Millard's CANDIES received fresh from San Francisco daily.  
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## Pure Drugs and Chemicals,

Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumes, Druggist Sundries and

Fancy Goods, Fine Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes

Also a full line of Bandages, Brushes, and Chest Protectors.

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filled to order. Stationery Department, Comprising

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A full assortment of Artists' Paints,

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Mineral Water. Siphons filled to order. Stationery

Department comprising a full line of writing material.

Seaside and Lovell's Libraries regularly on sale. A full

assortment of Artists' Paints, Brushes, Canvass, etc.

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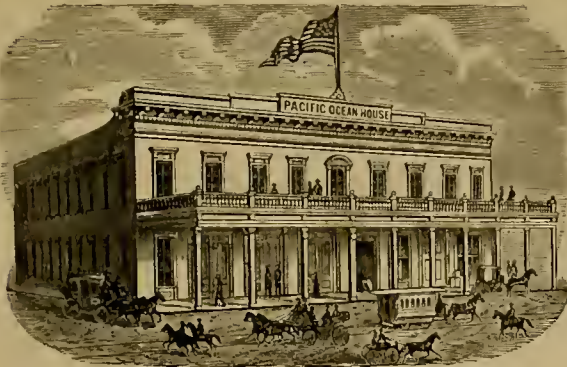
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**Santa Cruz**

THE

**Newport**

OF THE

**PACIFIC.**

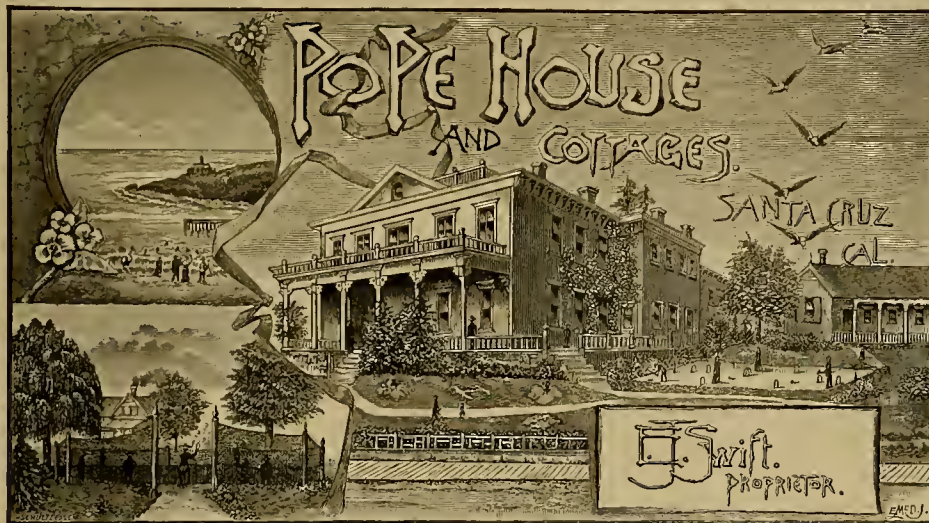
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**RATES:** \$2.00 AND \$2.50 PER DAY,  
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Santa Cruz is situated on Monterey bay, eighty miles south of San Francisco, in easy access by the Southern Pacific Railroad, the South Pacific Coast Railroad, and the Pacific Coast Steamship Co. Fare from San Francisco, by rail, \$3.50; by steamer, \$2.50. Two trains daily from Monterey to Santa Cruz, fare, \$2.00.

The climate is delightful in all seasons, and affords a greater contrast to that of the Atlantic States than any other place on the Pacific Coast.

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Business College***Santa Cruz, Cal.,*

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Pupils can enter at any time. No classes. Individual instruction given.

Our graduates are elegant penmen and are qualified to keep any set of books.

TERMS:—For a Six Months' Business Course, \$42

Good board and room \$16 per month.

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ROOMS 1, 2 AND 3, TAKE THE ELEVATOR



Your Attention is Directed to the Famous Grocery Establishments of

# LEBENBAUM BROTHERS,

Successors to C. J. HAWLEY & CO.

THE LEADING IMPORTERS ON THE PACIFIC COAST OF

Fine Groceries and Table Delicacies.

Tea and Wine Merchants.

215 and 217 Sutter Street, adjoining Centre Market,

and at Polk Street, corner California,

SAN FRANCISCO.

This Firm enjoys a well deserved reputation for supplying the freshest goods, the best quality, and the most extensive variety to be found on this Coast. At the same time the vast extent of their trade makes it possible for them, by giving their Patrons the benefit of wholesale rates, to sell at lower prices than are to be obtained anywhere else. The principles of unqualified straightforwardness which characterize their dealings with the Public, have won for LEBENBAUM BROTHERS the implicit confidence of their patrons, comprising to a large extent the élite of the Coast who find it a convenience to be relieved, in a measure, from the worry of a minute personal control of their household arrangements.

LEBENBAUM BROTHERS' stores, both at 215 and 217 Sutter Street, a few doors up from that lively corner at Kearny and Sutter, and at the California Street corner of the Polk Street thoroughfare, are stocked with the choicest domestic and imported delicacies. Their arrangements for supplying exquisite Lunch Provisions in the most tasty baskets for Pick-nickers and Excursionists are unsurpassed, and the limit of our advertisement precludes the naming of all the Patés and Dainty Viands imported for this season. Suffice it to say that the excursionist may enjoy through the agency of this house, all the luxuries forming the delight of the sojourner at Brighton or Cowes, Boulogne and Trouville, or Helgoland and Ostend, in addition to the pick of Eastern dainties and the delicious gifts of our own California.

EXTRA QUALITIES OF COFFEES, Ground fresh daily, and absolutely pure. CHOICE TEAS, English Breakfast, Congou, Superfine Souchong, Mandarin Oolong, and Fine Japan Teas. The celebrated Caravan Tea.

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Choice French Clarets, Burgundies and Sauternes. Old Ports and Sherries, Hock and Moselle Wines.

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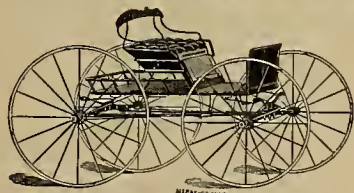
The best of California Wines. The Choicest Whiskies, Brandies and Cordials.

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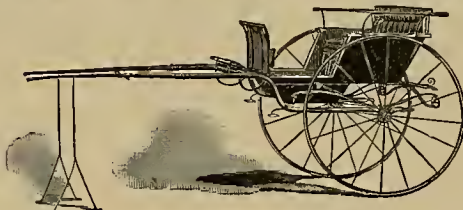


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No. 98.—1 in. Axle, Leather Dash, Shafts, \$95.00

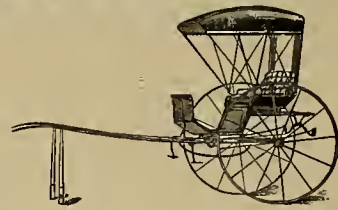
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No. 520.—Fisher Cart.

A very handsome Ladies' Cart.

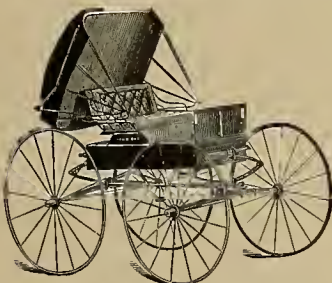
Price.....\$80.00



No. 517 F.—San Leandro Phaeton.

Price ..... \$130.00

“ without Top..... 110.00



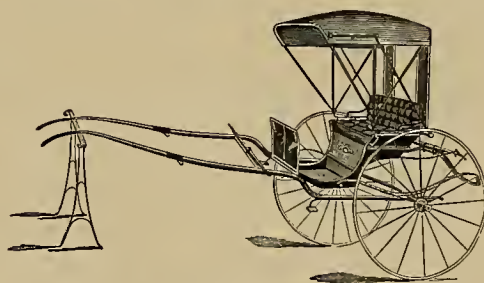
Our California Standard.

No. 501.—1 in. Axle, Piano Box, narrow or full lazy-back, no top..... \$100

No. 502.—1 in. Axle, Piano Box with leather quarter top..... 125

No. 503.—1 in. Axle, Piano Box, full leather top, rubber side curtains..... 140

Pole extra, \$15; 1½ Axle, \$5.



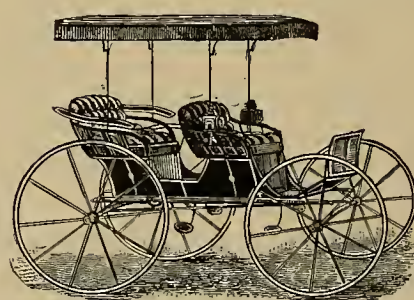
No. 515 a.—Monterey Seaside Phaeton.

A very Stylish Cart, and used extensively at the Sea-side.

Without Top..... \$100

With Top..... 125

Brewster's Buggies from \$500.00 upwards.



Lawrence Surray.

A very fine, Stylish Vehicle.

No. 246 A.—Canopy Top and Shafts..... \$350

1½ Steel Axles, Lamps and Fenders.

**We have the FINEST CARRIAGE REPOSITORY on the PACIFIC COAST.**

Take the Elevator and ride to the 4th and 5th Floors. We are agents for McCormick Mowers, Reapers and Twine Binders, Randolph Headers, David Bradley Manufacturing Co., J. B. BREWSTER & CO., and E. M. MILLER & CO'S Fine Buggies, and Jas. Cunningham, Son & Co's fine Carriages, Coupes, Cabriolets, Victorias, Landaus, and Hearses. Send for new Illustrated Catalogue. Address

TRUMAN, ISHAM & HOOKER,

421-427 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.



# DEL MONTE WAVE.

Vol. I. No. 8.

Monterey, California, August, 1886.

10 Cents.

## THE FOURTH OF JULY AT DEL MONTE.

Old Probabilities and his clerk of the weather gave a brilliant morning and a cloudless day to the five hundred guests at Del Monte on the *Fourth*. The attendance of so large a number of beautiful young ladies at the hotel suggested the idea of making their attractions available, by way of amusement to themselves, and enjoyment to the other guests. A proclamation was therefore posted in the public hall, calling for a military parade of such ladies as felt inclined to participate in a review and march. About thirty responded to the call, and Lieutenant Best of 1st U. S. Artillery, kindly volunteered to give the lovely battalion the benefit of his experience in military maneuvers. In this he was ably seconded by his soldierly assistants, Mrs. Rutherford, Captain, Mrs. Parrott, 1st Lieutenant, and Mrs. Kimball, 2nd Lieutenant. The High Privates were Misses Crocker, Corbitt, Jones, Bowen, Houghton, Hyde, Hanchett, Armstrong, Cheesman, Shreve, Edith Taylor, Mary Taylor, Clara Taylor, Fargo, Giffen, Masten, Pierce, Carroll, Watson, Severance, Hopkins, and Mrs. Shaw.

A preparatory drill of an hour in the ball room resulted in a wonderful efficiency in these new recruits, and when, at three o'clock, they were called out in front of the hotel for review, their prompt movements and accurate step elicited frequent bursts of applause. A sliding scale of sweet prizes had been offered for those who gave the most satisfaction in the *march past*, and the mothers of the young ladies were named as the committee to decide who should have the various awards. This was easily settled, for as soon as the parade was over, each mother gave to her own daughter the first prize. When the exciting competition was finished, the company, after saluting the committee, was ordered into line to have a photograph taken of the brilliant scene. Doctor Younger brought his battalion of Young Guards to the front, who also gave an exhibition drill with complete success. The entire line then moved toward the grove, followed by the throng who had gathered to witness their unique performance.

Under the shadow of the magnificent old trees, a stand had been erected for the concluding exercises of the afternoon. Here the crowd were seated in semicircles, and after some delightful vocal and instrumental music from the young ladies, the President of the day, General Houghton, introduced Mr. W. E. Brown as the reader of the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Brown stated that he had been unable to procure a copy of that historic document on so short a notice, but that he had prepared a paper by way of substitute; whereupon he gave to his audience

### A DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

By Maud Muller.

"When in the course of human events,"  
Maud Muller leaned on the old farm fence,

She saw approaching, as if by stealth,  
The incarnation of pride and wealth;

She saw the bald head of the County Judge,  
And she said to herself—she said, "Oh, fudge!"

For there was a something that seemed to tell her,  
That love was disturbing the portly old feller.

'T was the Fourth of July, and the sun was hot,  
And Maud was happy, though the Judge was not.

He could not be happy—the gay old rake,  
"But don't say I told you," for goodness' sake.

She watched the Judge, and the Judge watched Maud,  
He thought her a beauty—she thought him a fraud;

But yet that old man, that judicial old sinner,  
Just inlaid up his mind that money would win her.

He flattered her up, and gave her *carte blanche*  
To do as she chose all over his ranche;

She need n't rake hay any more from that hour,  
Because all his haying is done by horse power;

She could sit in the parlor, and play the *pianner*;  
Could sing Yankee Doodle, and Star Spangled Banner;

She need n't wash dishes—no cows need she milk;  
She could change all her calico dresses for silk;

She could rule all the household—this fairest of *bosses*;  
Could drive her own bargains, and drive her own *hosses*;

Could raise her own goats, if her ladyship bids,  
And in a few months have six butting kids.

Her carriage should be the finest of Brewsters—  
She should have the best ducks, the best hens, the best roosters

That could be imported, or money could buy,  
From the Chinese or Cochins, or breeds of Shanghai.

Her house should be built on the esthetic plan,  
The inside rococo—the outside Queen Anne.

She should furthermore have, what woman most prizes,  
Her windows of various colors and sizes;

For all of you know, or at least you have heard it is,  
Just the thing to have plenty of stained glass absurdities.

To tempt her still further, the Judge promised Maud,  
That in a few years he would take her abroad;

For he knew the dear girl had often cried bitterly,  
Because her papa would n't take her to Italy.

But all was in vain, for Maud would n't budge,  
Nor consider a moment the vows of the Judge.

She liked all the good things he promised to give her,  
But she wanted a man with a healthier liver—

A livelier lover in fact, as she said,  
With a little more hair on the top of his head,

For in all the unions that she could remember,  
There wasn't much love betwixt May and December.

She longed for a sweetheart, as all the girls do,  
But not of an age that was past sixty-two;

She could not allow this *old party* to reign  
The monarch supreme of her *Castle in Spain*.

She therefore refused all his houses and land,  
His slow beating heart and his tremulous hand;

She refused to endure his feeble caresses,  
For the sake of his carriages, jewels and dresses;

She refused all his diamond bracelets and pendants,  
With a DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

The young ladies then sang the Star Spangled Banner, all the audience joining in the chorus; after which General Houghton introduced the orator of the day, Mr. A. H. Rutherford, who spoke as follows:

*Ladies and Gentlemen and Lovely Soldiers:*—Called upon to address this beautiful battalion in the name of Liberty, standing beneath the shelter of this majestic grove, looking upon these fair forms and upturned faces, that seem a living poem among the falling shadows, I feel proud and happy that such an opportunity has been given to me. With surroundings like these, there could be no fitter temple in which to erect the shrine of Liberty. We have here noble old trees fashioned by the hand of nature, supplemented by a landscape made delicate and beautiful by the hand of art.

The low refrain of sighing winds and the grand monotone of the distant breakers, are a fitting accompaniment to such exercises as we are called upon to commemorate to-day. We are glad to welcome this charming phalanx, who have to-day joined the great army of occupation that conquers the world, and holds it by the power of love and tenderness. You occupy our hearts and hold us captive, you occupy our homes and make them beautiful, you occupy our minds and lead us into paths of refinement. But you need recruits at all times, and the young men should hasten to enlist, not as soldiers to take your places, but as life-long companions in arms, with you to step off in squads of two to the music of Union. No army can hold its own before this battery of flashing eyes—raw recruits and disciplined soldiers are equally liable to be taken captive, when this smiling battalion marches forward to conquer. When you move upon the enemy's works, you are sure to take those who occupy them into captivity, and when you have captured them, you will hold them with such gentle force, that they would never try to escape from an imprisonment that becomes dearer the longer it continues.

A fair representative of your organization has captured the President of the United States, and now that great official, made by the Constitution Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, has a Commander-in-Chief of his own, who will dictate terms to the distinguished victim of her arts and



arms. Should the object of your attack be a judge, make him decide quickly; if he be a doctor, he must take his medicine without question, and smile sweetly; if a banker, let him hand in his checks without a murmur; and if he is a preacher, he will find a foretaste of that heaven to which he is guiding his flock, and he will be better able to allure them thither, when he describes the blissful experiences of his own new life. But there are graver questions for the consideration of this grand array of observation. Our country is shaken to its center by a threatened invasion of dangerous foreign elements. We have been discovered by Herr Most and his followers, who are bent upon absorbing all that is good in our midst, and if allowed to go on unchecked, he will tread down our civilization, and lay it in ruins at his feet. But you are brave and daring, and before many months have passed away, all the Herr Mosts, and invaders of that class, will have met with an ignominious defeat. There is unmistakable victory in your steadfast eyes, and in the soldierly demeanor which has been so thoroughly demonstrated in this day's march.

And now it remains my last and most pleasing duty to dedicate to you the flag that waves so proudly above us, hallowed by the names of Washington and Lincoln and Grant. It is the emblem of our country, and the representative of our progress: beneath its bright folds great armies have marched to conquer; living soldiers have looked upon it with pride, and dying soldiers have sanctified it with their blood. It has floated over every ocean, and carried hope to the oppressed of every land; as a messenger of freedom and charity it is always beautiful, but it has never seemed to bear itself more significantly than when it was unfurled to-day over the fair forms of these lovely soldiers. Therefore, keep it in honor, for it reflects your beauty; keep it forever sacred, because its stars are emblems of those brighter spheres above us.

After the conclusion of Mr. Rutherford's address, the young ladies joined in singing, "My Country 'tis of Thee," and again the audience joined in the chorus. At this juncture the genial face of Governor Perkins was seen in the crowd, and he was called to the stand with oft repeated manifestations of applause. The Governor gave one of his off-hand characteristic speeches, in which he complimented in eloquent terms, and with amusing allusions, the beautiful battalion of Del Monte Guards. This terminated the ceremonies of the afternoon, and the guests and visitors from the town dispersed with a feeling of having enjoyed a very pleasant hour.

At 8 o'clock there was commenced an exhibition of fire works in front of the hotel, which was more grand and brilliant than anything heretofore displayed in this State, outside of San Francisco.

At about 10 o'clock the enlivening strains of Ballenberg's band sounded a call to the ball-room, where dancing was indulged in until midnight, when a liberal supper was announced as being ready in the dining-room, to which point all adjourned to spend an hour, before commencing the second series of the programme of dances.

Altogether, the Fourth of July, 1886, will be long remembered at Hotel del Monte, as a day of uninterrupted enjoyment.

#### *JULY FESTIVITIES AT HOTEL DEL MONTE.*

The growing popularity of this famous watering place is quite apparent by its increased patronage and attractions. The hotel has been filled to overflowing ever since the opening of the season. Rooms were engaged way ahead, and every Saturday accommodations are in demand—many having to be sent to the town of Monterey; but, even in this crowded state, the good management makes every one more than comfortable. Men have been plentiful all the season, so the ladies have had no reason to complain; and such a thing as a wall flower at the hops, never occurs.

There have been very few English tourists this season, but lots of Eastern travelers who have been here before, always making long stays, preferring Del Monte to the noted Eastern resorts. The season for San Franciscans really opened June 15th, and the hotel has been packed ever since. The principal event thus far, this season, was the celebration of our National holiday, for which Monterey has been chosen by our best citizens from its first opening. The arrival of the Light Battery from the Precidio made the town people bestir themselves, and Monterey simply gloried in its existence on this occasion. For years it existed—this day it lived long before the bright summer sun had begun to make its rays felt in Monterey. To a man was in the street whooping up his preparations for its celebration, and the town presented a finer appearance than ever before in her history. On Sunday the 4th, another element was added to her general gayety by the arrival of the San Francisco Yacht Club from Santa Cruz. The Lurline came in three minutes ahead of the Aggie, the Halcyon and the Nellie following. All the vessels lying in the bay were prettily decorated with streamers and lines of flags.

The Light Battery which arrived June 30th, and pitched their tents just outside the grounds of the Hotel del Monte, were heartily welcomed, especially by the fair sex. The officers of the Battery were,

Brevet-Mayor William L. Haskin, 1st Lieut. C. L. Best, Jr., 1st Lieut. Henry L. Harris, 2d Lieut. Millard Harmon, 2d Lieut. George W. Van Deusen, Dr. M. M. Walker and Clement Winstanley.

The grand procession on the 5th, headed by the Battery, was very imposing as it passed through the Del Monte grounds.

On the 4th was the grand tennis match for the T. D. McKay rackets, gotten up by Ned Greenway, and was a success in every particular. Tennis here, like at New Port and other Eastern fashionable watering places, is quite the thing, and the ladies and gentlemen look quite pretty in their light costumes, and consists of the following well known society people: Miss Mary Fargo, Miss Hattie Crocker, Miss Mary Taylor, Miss Jennie Hanchett, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Emelia Masten, Miss Flora Carroll, Miss Minnie Corbitt, Miss Grace Jones, Miss E. Ferrer, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Ethel Sperry, Miss Jennie Cheeseman, Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Miss Bessie Shreve, Mr. Louis B. Parrott, Mr. Reade, T. C. Friedlander, William H. Crocker, Cutler Paige, Capt. J. W. Dillenback, Mr. Fargo, R. Tobin, Mr. Spaulding, Everett E. Bee, A. Lymington, E. M. Greenway, M. S. Wilson, Paul Jarboe, George Cheeseman, E. H. Willson.

#### *A YACHTING PARTY.*

A more pleasant day for a sail could hardly have been desired, and our guests who were invited by Captain Merritt, to take a sail on the Casco, were more than delighted with the prospect when they went to Monterey landing in the big six horse 'bus, to embark on the yacht. Upon their arrival there at noon, they partook of a dainty lunch on the yacht, and soon after the sails were furled, and the trip around the bay was commenced. But some of the ladies proved anything but good sailors, and a landing was made in time for a swim to the raft before dinner. The party expressed themselves as being greatly pleased with the enjoyment of the day, and the hospitality of the Captain.

Swimming, of course, is one of the great attractions of the place, and about 11 o'clock the departure for the bath house is very general among the guests, who reach the grand bath house after a brisk walk of ten minutes from the hotel. The water has been quite warm during the month, and the swimmers to the raft are numerous. Among the best lady swimmers that have been here this season are, Miss Kate Jarbae, Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and her daughter Alice, Miss Flora Carroll, Miss Jennie Hanchett, Miss Mable Pacheco, Miss Ortiz, Miss Luning, Miss Emelia Masten, and others.

Just before the festivities of the Fourth, one of the jolliest picnics that ever left Del Monte, was gotten up by Mr. Louis Parrott. The guests, about thirty-two in number, left early in the morning for the picnic grounds near Cypress Point. Upon arriving at the grounds, luncheon was spread, and a feast fit for the gods was enjoyed by the party.

After the cloth was removed, the indefatigable Taber appeared on the grounds, and having grouped the party artistically among the rocks and bushes, proceeded to photograph them; he was quite fortunate in procuring a good negative, and the pictures are the prettiest ever taken of the site.

The usual number of four-in-hand drives have taken place. Among the jolliest was that of the Taylor's, who have never allowed a season to pass without giving several of these pleasant parties, as well as a few boating parties on the lake. Among the attractions of the first week was the entertainment gotten up by Miss Hattie Crocker, which was quite an intellectual treat of a very superior order. Mrs. Frances Edgerton entertained the guests with one of her very acceptable readings. Mrs. E. added another proof to the success she has achieved in the profession she has adopted, by her manner in which she commanded the attention of her audience, who, as she ceased to speak, overwhelmed her with applause. The piece which she selected was, Mrs. Browning's "Rhyme of the Duchess May." Miss Wetherill's rendering of Aldine's "Tell Tale," and the solo by Miss Cornell of the "Sweet by and by," was warmly received.

#### *MUSICAL.*

A charming musical was given on the night of the Fourth, when the following programme was carried out: National overture, (Wagner), by Ballenberg and Yanke; a baritone solo by Dr. W. J. Younger, entitled, "Thy Sentinel Am I; piano solo, "Scherzo," (Chopin), Miss E. Ferrer; recitation, Mrs. Edgerton; baritone solo, "Eri Tu," "Ballo en Maschera," (Verdi), Prof. Ernest Loewenberg; piano solo, "La Castenetta,"



(Kelten); "Campanella," (Liszt), Miss E. Ferrer; "Bedouin Love Song," (Pinsuti), Dr. Younger; piano duet, "Three Spanish Dances," (Moskowski), Messrs. Lowenberg and Yanke; recitation, Miss Wetherill; baritone solo, "Faust," (Gounod), Prof. E. Lowenberg; piano solo, "Al la Espagnola," (Ferrer), Miss E. Ferrer; recitation, Mrs. Edgerton; piano duet, Wedding music "Reigen," (Jensen), Messrs. Lowenberg and Yanke; accompanist, R. L. Yanke.

#### THE BALL.

The great event of the Fifth was of course the ball; and a more fashionable gathering has never before been seen. The attendance was quite large, and included many well known army officers and prominent members of the bar. The gentlemen for once predominating, and securing to the ladies an inexhaustible supply of partners for the dance. The preparations for the entertainment of the guests were most elaborate. The ball-room floor was beautifully polished, and the long hall and porch next the ball-room canvassed for the benefit of the dancers; and each apartment was tastefully adorned with vases of rare flowers and delicate tracteries of simalax. The guests began to arrive at about half past nine. There was of course no reception committee; the floor management being in charge of E. M. Greenway, with W. H. Crocker, M. S. Wilson and H. J. Crocker as assistants. The dancing cards were very neat, and contained the names of twelve dances and three extras. The ball opened at 10 o'clock with the Centennial lancers. Ballenberg and Yanke's orchestra furnishing the music. Thus was the evening pleasantly passed until 11:30, when the grand march to supper sounded forth its strains, and the guests proceeded to the large dining hall, which was never seen to better advantage than on this occasion. The floral decorations being particularly beautiful and tastefully arranged. The chief excelled himself in the appointments of the elaborate menu, while the corps of fifty well drilled waiters administered to the wants of all. After an hour spent in the pleasure of the table, the guests returned to the ball-room. When the last dance was ended, a comparison of watches showed the time to be 2:30 o'clock in the morning, and an adjournment was in order. When the good-nights were said, the guests declared it to be the best ball ever given at Del Monte.

The costumes of the ladies were marvels of richness, beauty and taste, and the display of diamonds and jewels was superb. Among those present were, Miss Armstrong, N. S. Walker, George A. Duval, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dargie, Charles C. Hoag, Mr. H. H. Hewlett, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Henry Duncan, Edgar A. Mizner, Mr. and Miss Aronson, Miss Van Dusen, Capt. Wood Schenck, Frank Unger, Mr. and Mrs. Fries, Miss Bettie McMullin, J. W. Kilgariff, Mr. F. Reade, J. D. Grant, Robt. W. Morrow, Lieut. West, of the U. S. S. "Rush," Mr. Spaulding, Christian Froelich, Capt. and Mrs. R. C. Hooker, Judge Ogden Hoffman, Rev. E. B. Spaulding, Mr. A. Symington, N. Y., Cutler Paige, Miss Bessie Shreve, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Shreve, Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Jones, Miss Grace Jones, Capt. and Mrs. William Taylor, the Misses Edith, Mary and Clara Taylor, Mrs. and Miss Gracie Maynard, Sheriff and Mrs. Hopkins, Miss Jennie Hopkins, Miss Jennie Watson, Mr. Jerome Watson, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Jennie Bowie, Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue, Richard Hammond, Miss Milton S. Latham, Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Boruck, Miss Boruck, Mr. and Mrs. Morton Cheeseman, Mr. George Cheeseman, Miss Jennie Cheeseman, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Decker, Genl. and Mrs. Houghton, Miss Minnie Houghton, Harry Houghton, Miss Jennie Hanchett, Mrs. Russell, Henry Crocker, Miss Ethel Sperry, Will H. Crocker, Capt. and Mrs. F. V. Bell, Mrs. Frances Edgerton, Mrs. E. A. Fargo, Miss May Fargo, Miss Emelia Masten, Mrs. Maston, Miss Flora Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Miss Hattie Crocker, Miss Annie Dargie, Miss Kittie Nolan, Mr. James Phelan and the Misses Phelan, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Kimball, T. C. Friedlander, Frank S. Hicks, Robert G. Hooker, Richard Tobin Jr., Capt. J. W. Dillenback, U. S. A., Everett Bee, E. H. Willson, Mountford S. Wilson, Gus Taylor, Will H. Taylor, Harry Simpkins, Miss Simpkins, Miss Nellie Wood, Miss Maggie Kittle, the Misses Hyde, Miss E. Ferrer, Miss Minnie Corbitt, Lieut. and Mrs. Clement Best, Miss McClellan, of Kentucky, Miss Hayes, Miss Lilo McMullin, and many others.

Church entertainments do not always receive the support which they merit, owing in a great many instances to the meagre supply of attractions offered, and to the desultory manner in which they are conducted. Miss Hattie Crocker and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford who were the active workers in the management of the tableaux given on Saturday evening, July 17th, in aid of the chapel fund, did not give their patrons an opportunity to

complain of scarcity of attraction, nor was their admirable supervision of the details attending the event open to criticism.

Those who interest themselves in the affairs of charity are sure to win the approbation of the public at large, and when the duties of religion are undertaken by the fairest of San Francisco's daughters, the act of approval becomes a double pleasure.

It would be difficult to conceive a more brilliant gathering, representing as it did, the wealth, beauty and fashion of our city. Great credit is due to the young ladies and gentlemen who assisted at the entertainment, Mr. Boruck, especially, also Mr. Harry Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Grismer.

Fifteen hundred and fifty dollars were taken in. Taken as a whole, the affair was the most brilliant one ever given here.

On Saturday evening July 24th, Mrs. Leila Ellis, of the New York school of acting, gave a dramatic recital of a high order. Mrs. E. S. Irwin, of Oakland, appeared as pianist. The following programme was rendered:

"Fantasia from Il Trovatore," by Verdi. "The Lady of Shalott," (a reading,) Tennyson. "Lenore," with musical accompaniment by Litz; words by Burger; (never read in this country except at Madison Square Theatre). "Mother and Poet," by Elizabeth Barrett Browning. "Steeple Chase," from London Assurance. "Cradle Song," by Webber. Act I, Scene IV., Merchant of Venice. "A Tocatta of Gallup's," (a reading,) by Robert Browning. Fra Giacomo, Rob't Buchanan.

#### PARAISO SPRINGS.

All have read of the far-famed Carlsbad Waters of Austria, and the wonderful cures effected by those waters. So closely does the analysis of Paraiso Springs tally with those of Austria, that they might most fittingly be styled the "American Carlsbad." In fact, the California waters are more strongly impregnated with all essential minerals. Sulphate of Sodium, the leading solid, shows for Carlsbad 24.05; for Paraiso, 35.50.

The Carlsbad of America, situated in a pocket in the Coast Range, in view of the Salinas Plains below, are the hotel and cottages of Paraiso Springs. The high mountains rise in grandeur on three sides of the Springs, while the plains below, traversed by the Salinas River and Arroyo Seco, stretch to the Gabilan Mountains beyond. Tourists leaving San Francisco will take the Southern Pacific Railroad to Soledad;—a daily line connects here to convey passengers six and one-half miles over an easy grade to Paraiso Springs. The hotel is a large building, affording pleasant quarters; but by far the most attractive suites of apartments are those in the sunny white cottages which form a picturesque group about the Springs. Pleasant canvas cottages are rented at lower rates. There are Hot Soda and Sulphur Baths. The bath-houses are near the center of the ground, at a convenient distance from both hotel and cottages.

Tradition says that in the early days of California, when great bands of cattle roamed at will along the Salinas River, the priests lived at the Old Mission, near, and used these Springs as health resorts, naming the spot Paradise. Their vineyard now belongs to the Springs and still bears an abundance of grapes. This retreat is particularly luxurious to visitors, as the surrounding hills are ever green. Post-Office, Express Office and Telephonic Communication with Telegraph Office, and hence with all parts of the world.

#### FOR TOURISTS.

For the information of strangers who desire to carry with them lunch baskets upon leaving the city, we would say that the best place to be accommodated in this line is at the extensive store of Messrs. Lebenbaum Bros., 215 and 217 Sutter street. It is centrally located and is within a block or two of the Palace, Lick and Occidental Hotels. We are free in guaranteeing perfect satisfaction at Messrs. Lebenbaum.

We only express the opinion of the many when we say, that the Geyser Soda is the most delightful mineral water that is bottled on the Pacific Coast. It is especially nice mornings and evenings, and would have made Ponce de Leon go even wilder than he did over the discovery of the water which he made poetically famous.

No more delightful manifestation of unconscious egotism than the autobiography of Martin Farquahar Tupper has ever been given to the world in book form. It is true that he is a garrulous bore, with a ridiculous belief that his "Proverbial Philosophy" has given him a permanent place in the gratitude and affection of the present and future; but his book is none the less amusing as an evidence of how a man of fair talents may write himself down an ass and be deliciously unaware of it.



## ANOTHER SCREED FROM NEW YORK.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF A GREAT CITY—CENTRAL PARK AND ITS IMPROVEMENTS—AT THE CASINO.

NEW YORK, July 19, 1886.

EDITOR WAVE:—It was not until long after our national holiday that the watering-place and other country hotels hereabouts began to do any business at all, thanks to the cool weather which kept up its blessed presence in our immediate midst. They are at present, though, all going it with a rush, especially the public places at Coney Island, which took care of a hundred thousand men, women and children on Sunday last. Just comprehend, if you can, how many claims, sandwiches, cobblers and beers were put out of sight upon that day.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF A GREAT CITY.

"I would rather live in New York than any other place in America," said a gentleman to me, a few nights ago, at the Hoffman. "Many would in the same circumstances which surround you," I replied. And so they would, for this man has an abundance of all that is needed to make life pleasant anywhere—houses, horses, servants, money, health, and happy wife and children. And there are thousands of New Yorkers as well off. And there are a hundred thousand women in New York who are in the midst of luxury, or who at least, do not have to turn a finger; and there are tens of thousands of mechanics' wives and daughters who are up and at pleasant work by seven o'clock daily, who are always the recipients of enough to eat and to drink, and who have good clothes, and clean beds to sleep in.

But there are fifty thousand women in this magnificent city of New York who are attempting to keep off starvation with the little point of a needle. What do you think of that? And numbers of them are to be found only a few blocks away from the mansions of men who, if the Bible is correct, cannot enter the kingdom of heaven as readily as a camel can pass through an eye of one of those needles. The wages most of these women earn do not average half a dollar a day, while many do not make more than twelve cents by twelve or fourteen hours' work.

I have before me the diary of a woman who has spent two days a week in visiting the more humble and suffering of these unfortunate sisters, and from it present our readers the following facts: Mrs. A. makes vests for a wholesale clothing house. She is paid eighteen cents for making a cloth vest, with three pockets and ten button holes. By working fourteen hours a day, including Sundays, she is able to earn \$8 a month. Is a widow with two small children. She pays three dollars a month for a miserable attic. Had a quarter of a ton of coal the past winter from the Poor Commissioners. On Christmas bought a pound of sausage. On New Year's a lady sent her a fowl roasted. These are the only times she and her children have eaten meat since Thanksgiving Day. Ordinarily, their bill of fare consists of Indian meal mush, varied with stale bread soaked in hot water, and then sweetened with a little molasses. The children, aged five and seven years, help by gathering cinders. Kate M. "finishes" fine shirts, that is, fastens off the threads after, and repairs any mistakes or omissions made by the machine operator. Is paid three cents each, and makes about \$2 a week. Has an aged grandmother to support. This girl has often lived for weeks on bread and water, in order to afford her mother a little broth every day. Mrs. K. makes drawers for seventy cents a dozen. Earns \$1.75 a week. Husband in prison. Four children, the eldest nine years old, and crippled by abuse from its drunken father. Pays \$2 a month for a back basement. Has had no meat nor vegetables of any kind, save on two occasions, since last January. Meal mush, with bread and water, keeps the souls and bodies of these poor people together. Want of space prevents my giving more examples—and surely these should be sufficient to arouse men and women to consider this question of woman's work, and devise some means whereby new avenues of labor may be open for them, and whereby they may be educated for their work. Bread and water is poor enough diet, but thousands of women in New York live on water *without* the bread. These are some of the lights and shadows of a great city. God bless the poor!

CENTRAL PARK AND ITS IMPROVEMENTS.

I never visit New York that I do not get a carriage and make a tour of Central Park. It is not so large nor so beautiful, naturally, as Fairmount Park, but its architecture, bridges, monuments and artificial designs elegantly carried out, make Central Park a marvel of beauty and picturesqueness. The Park is kept in good order, but does not so rapidly improve as it did under the wicked rule of Tweed and Sweeney. The Museum of

National History is perhaps the greatest attraction in the Park now, and covers the entire space known as Manhattan Square, on Eighth Avenue, from Seventy-seventh to Eighty-first streets. The building is about 220 feet in length by sixty feet in width, with massive walls, the whole effectually fireproof. The basement is reserved for the heavy work of taxidermy connected with the halls above by a passenger and freight elevator. The cases are composed of metal, the shelves of plate glass. The middle of the great halls contains desk cases for special geological specimens. The fifth floor is devoted to the accommodation of students in any and every branch of Natural History. On this floor, on either side of the gallery, are fourteen or fifteen large and well lighted rooms, each representing a separate department. In the first room devoted to geology, the student will find not only an exhaustive library, covering all branches of the science, but a complete set of duplicates for study and work; instruments, glasses, and all the accessories for study, and the advice of a competent curator. In the chemical room, complete instruments and a library will be found. Such is the purpose of the institution, free and for the benefit of all, especially those who cannot afford a scientific course. The great Jay collection of shells is a wonder. With this is found a very complete general library of scientific Natural History works, that is being added to almost daily. Robert L. Stewart, the present President of the Museum, some years ago purchased the valuable Ichthyological library of Mr. J. Carson Breevort, and presented it to the Museum, with the assurance that he would complete it to the present standard of knowledge. The great Hall collection of fossils, purchased from Professor James Hall at a cost of \$65,000, is a monster attraction.

AT THE CASINO.

One of the pleasantest places to go of an evening is the Casino. We thought the first time we entered it, that we had gained delightful access to the veritable Vale of Cashmere, itself. The scene was so jocund, and the atmosphere was so balmy that the place seemed eloquent of fairy land. The man who has spent the day communing with art and nature, and indulging in croquettes and Moet and Chandon, goes to this enchanting garden with a soul attuned to harmony. You may easily fancy yourself in Aladdin's Palace. Countless gas-jets make the interior brighter than a midsummer day. The air is heavy with the slumbrous fragrance of multitudinous flowers and exotic plants. Strange birds must, you think, be hidden among all that greenery, ready to break forth into song, but that they prefer, wise in their generation, to listen to the music of the band, with its one hundred star performers. All of the gardens of Ispahan seemed to have been rifled of their roses. They were wreathed round the pillars, they swung in airy grace midway between floor and ceiling—they covered the conductor's platform till he seemed to stand upon a mound of roses, while his desk was an immense bouquet—an altar of floral incense. But this letter is already drawing to a tiresome length, and I must at once quit this bower of pleasure and enchantment—

"Roofed with daisies and delicate bells  
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,  
And flow'rets that, drooping as day drooped too,  
Fell into pavilions, purple and blue."

B. C. T.

## LETTER FROM OLD ORCHARD BEACH, MAINE.

THE FINEST BEACH ON THE ATLANTIC COAST—HOW IT OBTAINED ITS NAME—THE HOTEL FISKE.

OLD ORCHARD BEACH, MAINE,

July 11, 1886.

EDITOR WAVE:—Verily our lines have been cast in pleasant places since the day we left San Francisco. Just one year ago the family of which I am an active member were enjoying the incomparable comforts and blandishments of a season at Del Monte, whose like I never expect to look upon again. Since that time we have roamed the country over, and now find ourselves at this most charming of all eastern sea-side resorts, where all the evenings are cool and where the Jersey mosquito seems to have taken up no quarter sections. With the one exception of Galveston, this is the widest and one of the longest and prettiest beaches in the United States; and the days are warm and the nights cool, partaking much of the character of the weather in Los Angeles and Santa Barbara Counties.

The place takes its name from an old orchard, and has not been in the calendar of noted sea-side resorts so long as Atlantic City or Cape May, but I like it much better than either. It has a number of large and well-kept hotels, but the Hotel Fiske, situated right on the beach, within twenty yards of the water at high tide, is by far the best and most satisfactory. No Californian who visits the far East in the summer should fail to take in this most delightful ocean-side place, and he should have a



memoranda in his itinerary, advising him to go to the Hotel Fiske, which is as large as your own famous Del Monte, and as well-kept, which is saying a great deal.

In a word, the location of the Hotel Fiske is unsurpassed; it commands the most extensive view of the ocean and country, and affords unlimited drives through country scenery and on the beach. There are boating, fishing, billiards and bowling, and a marine railway has been added this season as one of the attractions of Old Orchard, for the purpose of launching boats over the surf. The temperature is remarkably even and the nights always cool and refreshing. Pure spring water supplies the house. There has been a perfect system of sewerage recently put in by the town. Telegraph Office and four mails daily. Terms: From \$12 to \$20 per week, according to location of rooms. Special rates by the season, and for June and September. Old Orchard is one hundred miles east of Boston, reached direct by the Boston and Maine R. R., which passes through one of the prettiest sections of New England.

Mr. Fiske, the proprietor, formerly lived in Mariposa, California, and takes a good deal of pride in entertaining Californians.

TRAVELER.

#### LETTER FROM THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

THE CRAWFORD HOUSE—THE CRAWFORD NOTCH—MOUNTS WASHINGTON AND WILLARD—CALIFORNIANS AT THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON.

CRAWFORD HOUSE, White Mountains, N. H.,

July 23, 1886.

EDITOR WAVE:—I promised you when last I saw you, that I would drop you a line or two from this lovely spot, and I will proceed to do so, permitting you, of course, to make the freest use of your scrap basket, if you so deem. I have just returned from Mount Washington and the lakes, and other delightful spots about the Profile House, and am again located in not only one of the prettiest and sublimest spots in the East, but in the world, undoubtedly.

The Crawford House is one of the four famous hotels owned by Messrs. Barron, Merrill & Barron, and is managed by C. N. Merrill, whose fame as a hotel-keeper ranks with the best in the business. Mr. Merrill will take charge of the Hotel Raymond, at Pasadena, in November next, and he will take with him his chief cook, steward, and forty of his most trusted and satisfactory attaches, and he will attempt to make the Raymond as good a hotel, and as generally acceptable, as the Crawford. No Californian who plans a trip East should omit incorporating the "Crawford" in his itinerary.

The Crawford House has a magnificent location upon a little plateau just north of the Gate of Crawford Notch. In front of the house is a picturesque little lake, the source of the Soco River, and just beyond, the Elephant's Head guards the entrance to the narrow pass. Mount Willard rears its shapely mass upon the right, and partly in front of the hotel, and the long serrated ridge of Mount Webster forms the west wall of the Notch. East of the lake, and lying along its shores and upon the slopes above, is a luxuriant grove of old trees designated as Idlewild. Streams descend from the heights on either side, forming, at no great distance from the hotel, beautiful cascades. Beyond the gate of the Notch, and within the confines of the pass, are other cascades and several rock profiles. Upon the Notch road, three miles below, is the Willey House, left standing after the terrible storm and landslide of August 24, 1826, while the family, who had sought shelter outside, were overwhelmed and destroyed. An excursion through the Notch can easily be taken by cars or carriage, and should not be missed; neither should visitors miss the glorious view to be had from the summit of Mount Willard, easily reached by carriages from the hotel. This view is unlike any other to be had in the mountains; its distinguishing character being the appearance of the Notch, which is spread out a thousand feet or more below the beholder, Mounts Webster and Willey forming its boundaries.

Mount Washington is only a few miles away from the Crawford, and is reached by rail. This is the Mecca of all tourists to the White Mountains, and an ascent to its summit is an event to be classed with a view of Niagara and a visit to the Yosemite. No American who can afford it should go through the world without beholding the Yosemite, Niagara, and Mount Washington from its summit—he insults the Almighty by

doing so. Not even Guiteau could be ranked as a meaner man than the one who has been blessed with wealth, or even moderate prosperity, and who will not give up enough to see these matchless pieces of Omnipotent handiwork. No parent with children twelve years and over, should fail to take them to this place. The young can never come into this atmosphere and be quite the same that they were before. Moses was not the same after he had seen God in the bush at Mount Horeb that he was before, and the young hearts that feel the presence of God on Mount Washington are stilled and hushed for evermore with what they see and feel in this high isolation from the world. Bryant says that the groves were God's first temple; but here, where the groves are 2,000 feet below, and where the only visible temple is such as human hands can make, with nothing to inclose God but the limitless sky and the unlimited hills, there is a temple of God in another sense. You look out in the light of the newly risen sun, upon these bold, cragged, treeless peaks that raise their bare shapes to the sky, so near that you think you can put your hands on them, and so distant that the very spaces between them lend enchantment to the view, in the loneliness of the early morning hour, with the mist encircling and concealing all traces of the world below, and you will feel the sense that there are but two persons to the spectacle—the Eternal Mind, whose eye never sleeps, and the lower mind that works in its way after the method of the Eternal. It is said of the late H. H., that her sense of outward nature was so exquisite that she could feel the color of flowers. This explains—for those who can understand it—the quickening of the sensibilities amid the strong spiritual excitement of this quiet, restful, isolated, secluded, uplifted, unique outlook of the world.

The day I visited Mount Washington, there were a number of Californians at the summit, a Mr. Zeile and a Mr. Winslow, of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Stetson and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Truman and daughter, also of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hopkins, of Oakland, and Mr. and the Misses Childs, of Los Angeles.

GEORGIE H.

#### LETTER FROM PROFILE HOUSE.

PROFILE HOUSE, Franconia Notch,

White Mountains, N. H., July 25, 1886.

EDITOR WAVE:—The more one sees the White Mountains the more one loves them, and the more reluctant one is to leave them, and no person should fail to visit and stay a few days at the Profile House, in Franconia Notch, kept in most excellent style by Mr. J. A. Greenleaf, who also has charge of the Hotel Vandome, the finest public house, in every way, in Boston. But I started out to tell you something of this beautiful place and its lovely and entrancing surroundings. The Franconia Notch, in which the Profile House is located, is a pass about five miles in extent, between the western wall of Lafayette and Mount Cannon, or Profile Mountain. The hotel itself is 1,972 feet above tide water, and is first-class in all its appointments; besides its many open wood fires, steam heat has been introduced, making it desirable for those who wish to remain the full season. It is abundantly supplied with pure spring water, it has thorough drainage and perfect sanitary arrangements. Its location and surroundings are well described by the Rev. Dr. Prime: "A plain of a few cleared acres in extent, in a gorge that admits the passage of a narrow carriage-way, mountains two thousand feet high rising almost perpendicularly on each side, with two lovely lakes lying under the hills and skirted with forests, has been chosen as a summer resort and the site of a magnificent hotel, in which five hundred guests find refreshment and a cool retreat from the torrid heats that blight the world below."

STARR KING in his "White Hills," says: "The narrow district thus enclosed contains more objects of interest to the mass of travelers than any other region of equal extent within the usual compass of the White Mountain tour. In the way of rock-sculpture and waterfalls it is a huge museum of curiosities. There is no spot usually visited in any of the valleys, where the senses are at once impressed so strongly and so pleasantly with the wildness and freshness, which a stranger instinctively associates with mountain scenery in New Hampshire. There is no other spot where the visitor is domesticated amid the most savage and startling forms in which cliffs and forests are combined. And yet there is beauty enough intermixed with the sublimity and the wildness to make the scenery permanently attractive, as well as grand and exciting."



## THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

The most attractive point of interest is *The Great Stone Face*, which hangs upon one of the highest cliffs, twelve hundred feet above Profile Lake. This piece of sculpture older than the Sphinx, so admirably counterfeiting the human face, is ninety feet long from the chin to the top of the forehead, and is formed of three distinct masses of rock, one making the forehead, another the nose and upper lip, and the third the chin. It is within one hundred rods of the Profile House, and is unquestionably one of the most remarkable natural curiosities in this country, if not in the world.

## PROFILE LAKE.

Immediately below the Face nestles the beautiful sheet of water known as *Profile Lake*, or *The Old Man's Mirror*. It is one of the gems of mountain pictures.

## ECHO LAKE.

A clear, limpid sheet of water, two hundred rods from the Profile House, of great depth and transparency, encircled by rare scenery. Here are the centres of the most marvelous echoes; the human voice will be re-echoed with great effect, while the report of a cannon fired on shore will reverberate like peals of thunder among the fastnesses of the mountains. In the early morning, or at the sunset hour, the Lake is the resort of those who best know its pleasures.

## THE BASIN.

A smooth almost circular bowl, in the solid granite, thirty to forty feet in diameter, filled with water twenty-five feet deep. The rocky shelf twenty feet above has been grooved by a cascade which perpetually flows over into the cool depths below. It is four miles from the Profile House. Near the Basin are found some beautiful cascades.

## THE POOL.

A place of the most wondrous attraction, five and one-half miles from the Profile, is a gloomy natural well in the forest, somewhat regular in form and outline. It is one hundred and fifty feet broad, nearly the same in depth, and holding perpetually nearly forty feet of water, which enters by a cascade from the upper, and escapes through an opening in the mass of rocks at the lower extremity.

## THE FLUME.

This freak of nature, one of the most famous of all the Franconia wonders, is an upright fissure in the rocks, evidently forced asunder by some mighty convulsion. The perpendicular walls on either side, from fifty to sixty feet in height, and several hundred feet in length, are about twenty feet apart until the upper end is approached, when they converge to about ten feet. A small stream flows between the walls, and further on forms a cascade over six hundred feet of polished rocks. The Flume is six miles from the Profile House.

## EXCURSIONS.

There are observation wagons through the Notch twice daily, for Old Man of the Mountain, Flume, Pool, Basin, and all points of interest. Guests by taking the morning train on the Profile & Franconia Notch Railroad, can visit the summit of Mt. Washington, or go through the White Mountain Notch to North Conway, or visit Jefferson, Maplewood or Bethlehem, and, returning, reach Profile House by rail same day. Good bridle and foot-paths to the summit of Lafayette and Cannon Mountains, and carriage road to Bald Mountain; also pleasant walks to the Cascade, and Echo and Profile Lakes. Upon Echo Lake, a small steamer, and upon both lakes, safe row-boats can be had. The stables are supplied with the best of livery and saddle horses.

## THE FLUME HOUSE.

This new first-class hotel, five miles from the Profile House, also owned by Mr. Greenleaf of the Profile House, and managed by the Elliott Brothers, has accommodations for one hundred and fifty guests. It is pleasantly located at the southern extremity of the Franconia Notch. To the north can be seen the most prominent mountains of the range, while the beautiful valley of the Pemigewasset stretches to the south. There are many points of interest in the immediate vicinity, including the Flume, Pool, etc.

For families desiring to spend the entire season, as well as for transient guests, this location, with its many delightful walks and charming drives, is unsurpassed.

GEORGIE H.

## LETTER FROM PACIFIC GROVE RETREAT.

PACIFIC GROVE, July 26, 1886.

On the 5th of July, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Hotel Del Monte vied with each other in the brilliancy of celebrating the glorious Fourth.

The excursion train from the city rolled in about noon, bringing hundreds of patriots whose breasts were beating with national fire. It was the 40th Anniversary of the raising of the "American Flag." Exercises took place at the old Custom House near the wharf. The view of the bay was strikingly effective, with the bays of yachts decked so gaily in flags and streamers of the emblematic colors. "Pioneers," "Veterans," "Native Sons," fire companies and bands formed in procession at the Del Monte Depot, when the train arrived, and marched to the Grand Stand erected at the Custom House. Oh, how the hearts of the Pacific Grovers did swell with pride when the "boys" of their fire company marched on to victory—Mr. L. D. Stone leading so proudly on. The bright regalias and flowers in profusion that fair hands had woven into artistic symbols, made the spectacle a pleasing one. After the various speeches and addresses the old Flag was raised amid shouts and cheers, and from off the old Fort the old cannon fired the twenty-one guns, an interval of a moment only, and the U. S. Revenue Cutter, the "Richard Rush," sent back the salute from off the water. As the sound reverberated through the mountains close to our ear, the bugle notes were heard that must have struck tender chords in the soldiers' hearts, as they obeyed the call to duty, and fell into the line of march and away from the old scenes of glory.

The evening at Pacific Grove was devoted to the Firemen's Tournament, a brilliant display of fire-works, supper at the restaurant, and then the scene of such wild dissipation transformed itself into its accustomed habits of good order and sobriety; and on Monday A. M., Chautauqua again held sway and resumed the train of thought that had been so rudely interrupted by the determined "Young America," bent on giving vent to his national propensities for war, in the explosion of bombs and fire-crackers.

Following the C. L. S. C. Assembly was the Midsummer Reunion. The course of Lectures was very interesting and delivered by gentlemen of scholarly note, the first being "Duty to Cæsar," by Rev. Dr. Stratton, then followed "Woman's Suffrage," by Rev. E. S. Chapman; "The Labor Problem," Rev. T. K. Noble; "The Law," John Flournoy, Esq; "Hereditry," Rev. J. H. Wythe, M. D.; "Woman's Position, Work and Power," Rev. W. H. Hill; "Sandwich Islands," Dr. A. W. Saxe; "Ancient and Modern Spiritism," Rev. E. R. Dille; "A Day in Rome," Rev. G. L. Spinning; "The Mind Cure," Rev. H. B. Heacock; "Conditional Immortality," Rev. A. J. Frost.

The month of July was evidently one of devotion to literary pursuits and industries, and social amusements had small opportunities for gaining a foothold. A variation was enjoyed in the charming little musical and birthday fete given at the Hyde Cottage to do honor to one of the fair daughters of the house, Miss Alice Hyde.

Miss Sherman with Misses Alice and Florence Hyde formed a charming trio of hostesses. Piano and song were woven gracefully into conversation. Several of the ladies present were from San Francisco, and added some delightful numbers to the musical programme.

There have been the usual number of moonlight rides, camp-fire parties on the beach, picnics at Lake Majella and impromptu fetes.

As we close our brief survey the cars are just about steaming out with excursion to Santa Cruz, (Monterey's fair sister across the bay). Some one seems to have been aroused to the fact that the bond of sisterhood is not as affectionate as it might be, so determine with the aid of Southern Pacific to let the two figuratively "embrace, declare peace instead of war, and be good friends forever after."

Among the arrivals during the month of July, many new faces were noted among those that are now growing pleasantly familiar.—

Col. Homer B. Sprague and Mrs. Sprague of Mills College spent a week at the Grove during the Assembly.

Bishop H. W. Warren was a guest at Del Monte and Pacific Grove during the Chautauqua Session.

Rev. J. F. Holmes, Rector of the Episcopal Church, Salinas, has been spending several weeks at the Grove in search of rest and recreation.

Prof. F. W. Blackman, University of the Pacific, San Jose, and the Rev. Dr. Worden of Philadelphia, and Miss Nellie Eyster Sanford, represented the Sunday School work in the C. L. S. C.

Prof. Joseph Le Conte, Berkeley, was among the distinguished arrivals on the 7th.

Rev. Dr. Spalding, Rector of St. John's Church, San Francisco, visited Pacific Grove during his recent sojourn at the Del Monte.

Mrs. Paris Kilburn, Miss Jessie Kilburn, Salinas, are in their summer quarters.



Mrs. Mariner Campbell of San Francisco, was the guest of Mrs. R. L. Higgins on the 4th.

Prof. and Mrs. J. G. Leinmon of Oakland, remained guests of the Grove the week following the Assembly.

Friends of Miss Fannie Low will be pleased with the intelligence that she has been elected to a position in the Public Schools of Salinas; while she is to be congratulated on her success, it is with regret that we cannot offer a position more worthy of her marked ability.

Mrs. Heriot wife of E. L. Heriot, Gen. Manager of the Nev. & Cal. R. R., was among guests during Assembly week.

Dr. and Mrs. Spaw are spending the month July in their Grove Cottage.

Mrs. Eloise Dawson, Treas. C. L. S. C., Mrs. Joel Bean, Miss Mary E. B. Norton, are among the visitors from San Jose.

Miss Hannah Wafeld spent a few days as the guest of Miss Tennant.

Miss Junie Stone, San Leandro, has been the guest of Mrs. C. L. Boyers.

Judge Belden and Prof. Elwood are among the latest arrivals from the Garden City.

A. R. Denike, firm of Schemmel & Denike, San Jose, came down the 28th with the Steck Concert Grand Piano, which was used during the Chautauqua Assembly.

E. E. Ames, Manager of the Studebaker Manufacturing Co. S. F., is spending a vacation with his family in the summer cottage.

Dr. C. C. Stratton left on Monday the 19th to attend the Southern C. L. S. C. at Long Beach, Los Angeles Co.

Mrs. Chris. Franks, wife of U. S. Marshall, with her family are registered among guests for the summer months.

Miss M. E. Chase, Prin. of the Young Ladies' Seminary, Santa Rosa, is spending a portion of her vacation among the Pines.

Miss Eleanor Calhoun, the beloved "Nellie," has returned to Cal. for a few weeks' visit before setting sail for England. She joined her mother and sisters at the Grove and spent several days at the "Retreat," leaving with the family on Thursday the 22d.

Pacific Grove raised flags on all the prominent buildings, when word was sent from Del Monte that General Sherman and party would soon be on the grounds. The distinguished guest visited Monterey and vicinity during the second and third weeks of July. During a short stay at the Grove, the General was entertained in regal style at the cottage of Mr. L. D. Stone.

Thos. J. Geary and wife, and J. B. Rue are among guests registered from Santa Rosa.

Quite a number of prominent citizens of the State have purchased building lots, and expect to erect cottages during the coming year.

Superintendent Johnson reports that the arrivals at the Grove by railroad during the month of July are over two thousand, besides a large number of persons who came by private conveyances.

#### A CARRIAGE EMPORIUM.

Until of late it has not been generally understood that Truman, Isham & Co., Nos. 421-427 Market Street, San Francisco, kept constantly on hand, in connection with their warehouse, for the sale of agricultural and other farming implements, a full line of everything in the shape of wagons and carriages, and especially the latter, which includes buggies of all noted makes. Landaus, rockaways, hacks, carriages and coupes, dog-carts, sulkies, skeleton wagons, phaetons, etc., etc. All of these are made to order, not only for California, but for various parts of California, thus: the firm carry carriages, wagons and buggies which they have had manufactured especially for San Joaquin Valley, which they would not sell to a man wanting a vehicle for San Francisco use, or for use in Sonoma, Napa or Solano counties. This has given this well-known and prosperous firm the best name of any party in the State, dealing in such things, and the compliment is deserved. Their buggies are of the best Brewster or of cheaper, and the cheapest patterns carried by the trade, and all made to order for California use. We have not been so interested in many a day as we were at the establishment of Truman, Isham & Co. last week.

THE Palace Hotel, San Francisco, under the combined management of Geo. Schonewald (late of the famous Del Monte, at Monterey,) and Alexander Sharon, has just been painted outside and in, and newly carpeted and re-furnished and renovated throughout, and is again in excellent condition to accommodate all who wish to avail themselves of the comforts and luxuries of the finest and completest hotel in the world, at the same rates charged by other first-class hotels in San Francisco. And that reminds us that the new management have set apart a limited number of excellent rooms for transient patrons at a dollar a day. Parties going to San Francisco should bear this fact in mind, and that there is a very nice restaurant attached to the hotel.

#### SEA-SONABLE DITTIES.

##### THE BATHER.

A shape for gods to claim, as of themselves a son,  
With mighty stroke he cleaves the proud assurgent wave;  
His mood allayed, "Farewell," he cries, "Poseidon!"  
And his returning limbs the gentle ripples lave.

##### ALL ABOUT BROWN.

We rode and played tennis together,  
We walked on the beach at low tide.  
Ah, me! for the sweet summer weather  
When I lingered and loved at her side!  
She was kind, but—oh! fact most alarming—  
I could not help feeling cast down:  
She made herself equally charming  
To that terrible Brown.

If I tasted a transient pleasure  
When she talked all the morning to me,  
It was always subdued in a measure,  
By the thought Brown was coming at three.  
Though she granted me *five* dances running,  
The roses she wore in her gown  
Made me wickedly long to go gunning  
For their purchaser, Brown.

When we parted she munnured, demurely,  
That, of course I might write if I wished;  
And I fancied a moment that surely  
My rival was thoroughly dished.  
But she said, as my joyful eyes met her's,  
She was dying for news from the town;  
I must send her nice gossip letters,  
Like my friend, Mr. Brown.

It's a year since my hopes were thus blighted,  
Their memory seems almost a myth,  
And I learn she will soon be united  
To an opulent person named Smith;  
(Here's the cream-colored, square invitation),  
My grief I endeavor to drown  
In the thought ('tis a great consolation),  
She has sent one to Brown!

##### DISILLUSION.

"Oh, my love has cheeks as red  
As the rose!"  
So the lover cries, misled,  
For the idea that his saint  
Ever knew the use of paint  
Never came into his head,  
I suppose.

"Alabaster is her throat!"  
Hear him talk!  
Has he never chanced to note  
How his darling faintly blushed,  
As with dainty hand she brushed  
From the lapel of his coat,  
Powdered chalk?

"And her form is just divine!"  
What a fool!  
Come, fond youth, to me incline,  
And I'll whisper in thine ear,  
Softly, so that none can hear,  
The whole secret, I opine—  
Cotton-wool!

"But her wealth of golden hair,  
Rippling down!"  
All save you are well aware  
That the hair within whose mesh  
She has caught a lover fresh,  
Nightly hangs upon a chair  
With her gown.

See her flirting now, close-pressed,  
In the waltz.  
Come, forget her! That is best.  
Trust me. I, too, loved her once,  
And I learned at last, fond dunce,  
That her heart's like all the rest—  
It is false!



# DEL MONTE WAVE.

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BY DEL MONTE PUBLISHING CO.,

AT MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO AGENCY,

ROOM NO. 220, LICK HOUSE.

ISAAC RUDISILL, Traveling Agent and Business Manager of the WAVE, is *alone* authorized to receive moneys for subscriptions and advertisements. All his transactions for the Paper will be honored by

DEL MONTE PUBLISHING CO.

MONTEREY, CAL. - - - AUGUST, 1886

ENTERED AT THE MONTEREY POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

"THERE is a tide in the affairs of man which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." Which reminds us that Joe Spanier's famous Del Monte cigars are favorites with all who have smoked them. Mr. Spanier is just receiving a lot of the new crop from Havana.

No visitor to Monterey should fail to visit the "White House," which is one of the neatest and most tastefully arranged retail dry goods stores on the Coast. This establishment is conducted on strictly business principles and every one who calls is delighted with his visit, and is treated well whether he comes to purchase or just to see.

WE read that never before in the annals of Nova Scotia has a ballot-box been stolen. It would, however, be well to remember, that never before has Nova Scotia suggested a desire for annexation to the United States, and that the disappearance of the ballot-box may have been meant as a testimony of the ease with which the Nova Scotians can adapt themselves to our election customs.

The Yosemite travel this year has been immense, and no mistake. This is partly owing to the fact that the only unromantic part of the trip is now made by rail; and to the fact further, that the waterfalls have never been seen to better advantage. The people booked for Aug. are already reaching into the hundreds, and Sam Miller, the agent, has his hands full, and no mistake:

LACK of funds has necessitated the disbanding of the Cornell boat crew. This sad event excites serious fears for the future of the college; for of what use can such an institution be now that the chief occupation of its students has gone? Imagine Harvard without a baseball club and a boat crew! The students would have nothing more important to think of than their studies. Poor Cornell!

AND now, after brain-workers have been eating fish for the phosphorus it supplies to weary brains, we are told by a scientific authority that the recruiting qualities of fish are wholly imaginary, and that the scaly denizens of the briny deep supply about as much nourishment to the body and brain as may be derived from an apple. Can this be a blow insidiously aimed at the fishery interests, or is it a reminder to the Dominion that their fish is not indispensable to us?

A beautiful circular has been sent out which contains the following:—The "Raymond," South Pasadena, California. W. Raymond, of Raymond's Vacation Excursions, Boston, Mass., Proprietor; C. H. Merrill, of the Crawford House, White Mountains, N. H., Manager. The finest winter resort in America, situated in Southern California, amid the orange groves and vineyards of the beautiful San Gabriel Valley, eight miles from Los Angeles, by the Los Angeles & San Gabriel Valley R. R., opens November 1, 1886.

No tourist ever leaves San Francisco without visiting Taber's famous Photograph Gallery, No. 8 Montgomery street. The reputation of this establishment is known all over the world. The exquisite work it turns out has been admired in almost every clime nature has produced. It is admitted that for accuracy, artistic posing of the subject, and elaborate finish, these photographs have no equal. An album of Taber's views of Pacific Coast scenery and objects of interest, interspersed with pictures of the eminent men and women who have been photographed at this great gallery, would constitute one of the most interesting books which could be placed on a reception parlor table to amuse the guests. Those who wish to obtain satisfactory photographs should go to Taber.

THE WAVE has special advertising advantages, one or two of which we enumerate: In the first place it is put in the hands of all tourists who visit Del Monte, and also sent to many of the fashionable patrons of that place who are at times elsewhere. It is also on sale for a month at the news stand at Del Monte, and on all the trains running between San Francisco and Monterey. It is the organ of the Northern Division of the Southern Pacific, and the country through which it passes, which includes the cities and towns of San Mateo, Menlo, Redwood, Santa Clara, San Jose, Gilroy, Santa Cruz, Pajaro, Watsonville, Castroville, Salinas, Paraiso, Soledad and Monterey. The libraries, club houses, hotels, rooms of the Christian Association, Turkish bath houses, and other prominent places of resort in San Francisco, are kept supplied with copies of the WAVE during the whole of each month.

## UNIVERSITY OF THE PACIFIC.

This well-known institution of learning opens its fall session August 11th. Outside of the institutions founded by the Fathers, it is the oldest institution of learning of high grades in the State. The strength of its faculty, the variety of its departments and facilities, and the number of its students correspond with its age.

It has a faculty of over twenty professors and instructors. In its preparatory department is a business course of three years, and full lines of study leading up to the college classes are provided for. It offers four under graduate courses: the Classical, Belles Letters, Latin Scientific and Scientific. In addition, it has a conservatory of music well equipped and conducted, with a four years' course of study leading up to the degree of Bachelor of Music, and the best facilities are offered in modern languages and art.

The total annual expense for tuition in all regular branches, board and furnished room, is \$250 per year. For further particulars, address C. C. Stratton, President, San Jose, Cal.

## CAPITOLA.

The season at Capitola, Santa Cruz County, opened on the first day of May, under very favorable auspices. Over two thousand persons were present, and it was very complimentary to Messrs. Cahoon and Son, the new managers and proprietors of this popular sea-side resort, to hear the many expressions of surprise at the greatly improved appearance of the place. Since that time there have been accessions daily, so that at present there is a mighty swarm of people at Capitola, in hotel, cottage, tent, and a number who have no roof except the canopy of heaven. The time is not far distant when double the accommodations now obtainable at Capitola will not accommodate the half who will apply for rest and recreation at this delightful summer resort. So far as nature has had a chance, she has put in her prettiest work. The bay, the beach, the bathing, are all fine, and the latter is nice and warm these days. It is now the very charm of summer at Capitola—there are days of warm sunshine and delicious evening breezes; the trees are all in full leaf; the grass is as soft and green as in winter; wild and cultivated flowers are in profusion; the music of the mocking bird and the linnet meet the ear in all directions, made more melodious by the baritone of the ocean's roar, and all Nature seems to smile serenely at this captivating place. There has been thrown at us many times the general order of "See Naples and die." We would rather pass a few days at Capitola and live.

## DR. LORVEA'S

New Hammam, 218 Post Street, between Dupont and Stockton, San Francisco, is the finest Turkish, Russian, Electric and Medicated bath-house in that city. Single bath, one dollar. Twelve tickets for ten dollars. Open day and night, Sundays included.



*FURS BETTER THAN DIAMONDS.*

Time was when a lady would select either diamonds or laces as the one thing of all others which she would like to possess. This holds good with a number to-day. But, nevertheless, where one well-bred woman would chose an ordinary diamond or a rich piece of lace, a score at least will select a sealskin, which imparts more regal finish, more comfort and more substantiability than any other article of woman's wearing apparel known. The diamond lights up a fair one's eye with a lustre which makes the gem look pale, while the present of an exquisite piece of point is in excellent taste. But if one wishes to create a shaft of sunshine which shall warm a woman's heart forever toward husband or lover, let him make the medium for such, a sealskin, and make his bliss ineffable. In this connection we call attention to the advertisement of Messrs. H. Liebes & Co., Nos. 111, 113, 115 and 117 Montgomery Street, near Sutter, opposite the Occidental Hotel, dealers in sealskin sacques, sealskin dolmans, sealskin mantillas, rich fur rugs, rare skins and other novelties in furs. We do this partly for the information of tourists and excursionists, and to show them that they may purchase all things in the fur line at at least forty per cent. lower than they can get the same line of first-class goods in the East. Messrs. H. Liebes & Co. have their own vessels and men employed in trading and hunting, and are so situated, geographically, as to obtain the furs of the world in greater varieties and at lower rates than any other firm in the same business anywhere else in the world. Tourists visiting here from the East should make it a point to call and see the beautiful stock, even if they do not care about purchasing, as the store of Messrs. Liebes & Co. is regarded in San Francisco as second to no other exhibition or museum upon the Pacific Coast. The proprietors and assistants take great pleasure in showing their goods and explaining the history of the fur-bearing animals of the Northern Pacific waters.

*GROVE HALL*

Is the title of a new cottage at Pacific Grove Retreat at Monterey. It is beautifully located, and contains thirteen apartments, and promises to be one of the attractions of this popular resort. The permanent citizens as well as transient visitors, look upon it as quite a benefit to the Grove.

It was erected for Dr. C. L. Roe, a lady physician, who now occupies it as a permanent residence, and has commenced the practice of medicine at the Grove. Dr. Roe is a regular graduate of a New York medical college, and is a registered physician according to the laws of the State. She has had twenty-three years' practice in New York City, and comes to this Coast as a physician of marked ability. Besides answering to calls at the Grove and vicinity, she proposes opening her cottage for the treatment of invalids, and furnish them rooming accommodations. In cases where persons are unable to go to the regular restaurant for board, meals will also be served to patients.

Grove Hall cannot help but become a desirable place for any one in need of medical treatment. The healthful climate at the Grove, as well as its various attractions and restful surroundings, alone is sufficient to attract the invalid, and the opportunity to enjoy this beautiful Grove, and at the same time be under the treatment of so eminent and able a physician as Dr. Roe, is a chance rarely offered. Grove Hall is therefore looked upon as an important addition to the many improvements at Pacific Grove Retreat.

*THROUGH THICK AND THIN.*

It is an old adage that "you can't squeeze blood out of a turnip," nor juice either out of many of those you find for sale. There is all the difference in the world in the nutrition one derives from good or from bad vegetables. You might eat a cart-load of the shriveled-up, dry, coarse and spongy kind, and you'd remain as thin as a rail, while good nutritive vegetables make one fat as well as healthy. This is why the stalls Nos. 30 and 31 California market of Brown & Wells are so liberally patronized. Persons buying there once never go elsewhere thereafter, because they get there the worth of their money. As five o'clock in the morning may be seen the best people in the city, including all our hotels and boarding-houses, making their selections of green peas, string beans, onions, celery, asparagus, young sweet corn, radishes, cucumbers, lettuce, oranges, strawberries, cherries, and indeed the whole list of fruits and vegetables that make life worth living. Brown & Wells certainly understand this business, and are now reaping the rewards of their experience. Drop in and see them.

*ST. MATTHEW'S HALL, SAN MATEO.*

There are few persons in this State who have not heard of St. Matthew's Hall. The 2,000 pupils that have during the past nineteen years received instruction beneath its roof are now living in all parts of the world. Many have graduated with honor from college, both in this country and in Europe. More have become prominent and even famous for their brilliant financial abilities.

The school is now at the height of its prosperity. Nineteen years ago its list of scholars included the names of but three pupils. Its catalogue to-day gives the names of ninety-seven scholars, who have been in attendance during the past year. Nineteen years ago its site was marked by a vast, fenceless wheat field. To-day the passer-by pauses to admire the handsome and home-like buildings and to breathe for a moment the scent of the flowers growing upon its spacious grounds.

The school owes its present success to the zeal, energy and perseverance of its founder, Rev. Alfred Lee Brewer. In 1866 this gentleman began his labors in San Mateo.

We quote from "The Illustrated History of San Mateo County:" "The publicly acknowledged beginning and earnest growth of the school dates from this time. It soon outgrew the buildings, and in 1872 the present large and commodious building was erected by Mr. Brewer, aided generously by the vestrymen of the church, and by personal friends, and now, in point of neatness, home-like character, and picturesque beauty, the group of buildings of which it is the center, is not excelled by any similar institution in the State. The three foundation institutions for educating and training youth for life, here and hereafter—the home, the school, and the church—seem happily and harmoniously combined. The church, ivy-grown, with a look of age and a touch of rustic beauty, refreshing amid the bare newness of buildings in our State; the school building or "Hall," English-like and unique in its architecture and complete in all the modern requirements of a finished school and refined home; its airy dormitories and cosy individual alcoves, uniformly furnished and prettily decorated with pictures and ornaments according to each pupil's fancy; and, nestled between these two, the rectory, where the principal's family resides, and connected with which in the rear is the infirmary, where the sick or ailing are cared for as if at home—these, with the armory, gymnasium, play sheds and outstanding buildings, with the surrounding grounds tastefully laid out, ornamented with shrubbery and flowers, present a picture pleasing to the eye and more pleasing to the mind which considers rightly the work done there in molding characters and minds for the future of our State.

Though Mr. Brewer is an Episcopal minister, he is of broad religious sympathies, and looks more to Christian and moral principle than denominational distinctions. All creeds and religions are represented in the school, and always have been without any dissatisfaction at the teaching there.

An admirable feature of the school—the military—was inaugurated in 1871. To its influence much of the efficiency of the discipline and manliness of the pupils is due. Lately the broad sword exercise has been added.

Much attention has been given from the first to the modern languages, and to music in all its branches. Now every instrument, from the flute and cornet to the organ, is taught by two able teachers, and a string band and trained choir are maintained, with at times a brass band.

The school was long ago graded, the educational standard being "the English mathematical and classical system," with the natural sciences added. Of late a business department has been added, under a mature and practical business man, and in connection with it stenography and telegraphy are taught. Drawing, painting, ornamental writing, elocution, and gymnastics, with a library and reading room, complete the advantages afforded to the pupils.

To still farther perfect it, carrying the teaching and cultivation of manners and morals to the highest point, and making all the surroundings and accessories of the work as complete as the patronage will warrant, is the further aim of the principal. Certainly such an undertaking is of value to this county, and deserves the interest and sympathy of the people at large.

*BYRON SPRINGS.*

There are few people in our midst who are aware that there is, only a few hours' ride from San Francisco, and only three miles by stage from a railway station, a resort that ranks as a sanitarium, and a place to regain health higher, really, than any other springs in California. It has been the custom of sufferers to make long trips, at great expense, to visit places whose waters are not wonderful for their efficacy, while there are more healing waters closer at home. We know it to be a fact that hundreds of people have been cured of many complaints at the Byron Springs, and that no person has ever visited them that has not felt relief in two or three days. We are acquainted with a prominent railroad man who obtained great relief from increasing kidney pains and disorders, in from a visit from Friday to Tuesday. It is an absolute fact that, for the positive cure of all such complaints, or great relief, there is no place on the Pacific Coast that can touch these wonderful waters. Persons suffering from general debility and nervous strains may be greatly refreshed and recuperated by a stay from Saturday to Monday.



# THE PALACE HOTEL,

## SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. D. Sharon and G. Schonefeld, Lessees.

George Smith, Chief Clerk.

The PALACE HOTEL, occupying an entire block in the centre of San Francisco, is the model Hotel of the World.

It has double the accommodations of any other Hotel in the City.

It is thoroughly Fire and Earthquake-proof, has five broad, easy stairways, and five elevators.

Every Room is extra large, light and airy. The system of ventilation is perfect, combining flue from fire-place, inlet flue for fresh air from outside and outlet flue to the roof.

A bath and closet adjoin every room.

All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors leading from the glass-covered court in the center of the building.

The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, broad balconies around it on every story, its carriage way and its tropical plants, is an attractive feature; one hitherto unknown in American Hotels.

Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The Restaurant is an adjunct to the Hotel, and is the finest in the City.

Its commodious and elegant character is assured by the fact that in the inception of the enterprise, the owner, the late HON. WILLIAM SHARON, instructed his Architect to visit the Hotels of the principal cities of the United States and Europe, for the express purpose of including in the plans of the PALACE, all existing improvements, and such additional ones that experience and observation had suggested, he desiring it to be a Palatial Hotel in every respect.

The Palace Hotel occupies the entire block upon the southwest corner of New Montgomery and Market streets, rearing its huge fronts a hundred and twenty feet, extending two hundred and seventy-five feet westerly up Market and Jessie, and stretching its vast flanks three hundred and fifty feet southerly along New Montgomery and Annie, this architectural monarch lifts its colossal bulk above the very business and social centres of the Pacific Metropolis.

Lines of horse-cars connecting directly with all principal streets, business centres, leading places of amusement or resort, and all notable localities, constantly traversing the entire city, even to its remotest suburbs, run directly by, or within a minutes' walk. At the neighboring foot of the city's Grand Central Avenue, which passes directly under its northern front, are the stations and docks of the Great Overland Railway Terminus, with the piers and slips of the principal steam ferries, which swiftly bridge the broad Bay in every habitable or pleasurable direction. A few blocks south lie the immense docks and basins of the P. M. S. S. Co., with their grand fleet of Trans-Pacific Mail Steamships for the Sandwich Islands, China, Japan, Australia, India, and the Nations of the Orient.

The general style of architecture, within and without, is almost severely simple. Amplitude, solidity, strength and permanency reign in every part. Of the imposing exterior of the stately structure, with myriads of bay windows diversifying its four immense fronts, from top to bottom, and partially relieving the oppressive massiveness which must otherwise characterize it, of its stupendous proportions and its absolute immensity.

Ninety-six thousand, two hundred and fifty square feet, or nearly two and a quarter acres, underlie the stupendous structure itself, while the sub-side-walk extensions increase the basement area to upwards of three acres. Its general form is an immense triplicate hollow quadrangle, including one grand central crystal-roofed garden court, flanked by a lesser and parallel court on either side. Seven lofty stories surmount the deep and airy basement, and through a considerable portion it has eight. The lower story has a height of twenty-seven feet, the uppermost sixteen. The deep foundation wall is twelve feet thick; stone, iron, brick and marble are the chief materials. Of the brick alone, its construction consumed thirty-one millions. All outer and inner and partition walls, from base to top, are solid stone and brick built around, within and upon a huge skeleton of broad wrought-iron bands, thickly bolted together, and of such immense size as to have required three thousand tons for this purpose alone. Thus, the building is really duplex—a huge self-supporting frame of iron of enormous strength, within massive walls of firm-set brick and solid stone. The outer and visible walls are proof against fire; the inner and invisible frames secure against earthquake. The supporting columns, within and without, are iron; the cornice of iron and zinc. Four artesian wells, having a tested capacity of 28,000 gallons an hour, supply the great 630,000 gallon reservoir under the central court, besides filling seven roof tanks, holding 130,000 gallons more. Three large steam fire-pumps force water through 45 4-inch wrought-iron upright fire-mains, reaching above the roof, and distribute it through 327 2½-inch hose-bibs, and 15,000 feet of 5-ply corbolized fire-hose, thus doubly

and trebly commanding every inch of the vast structure from roof to basement, within and without.

Five patent safety-catch hydraulic elevators, running noiselessly within fire-proof brick walls, ascend even to the roof promenades. Electric fire-alarms, self-acting, instantly report at the office the exact locality of any fire, or even of extraordinary heat in any parlor, bedroom, closet, hall, passage, stairway or storeroom. Special hotel watchmen regularly patrol all parts of the building every thirty minutes, day and night. A self-acting and self-registering tell-tale indicator instantly reports at the office any neglect or omission of their duty. Besides all these precautions, a fire-proof, iron staircase, inclosed in solid brick and stone and opening through iron doors upon every floor, ascends from basement to roof. Every floor has its exclusive annunciator, and its own tubular conductors, carrying all letters for the post-office directory to the main letter-box in the general office. A pneumatic dispatch tube instantly conveys letters, messages, or parcels to and from any point of the different floors. Two thousand and forty-two ventilating tubes, opening outward, upon the roof from every room, bath-room and closet, insure constant purity and thorough sweetness of air in every part. The grand central court, 144 by 84 feet, has a carriage and promenade entrance through the east front on New Montgomery street, of 44 feet width, expanding into a circular driveway fifty-two feet in diameter, surrounded by a marble-tiled promenade and a tropical garden of rare exotics, with choice statuary and artistic fountains. Within this court, opposite the main entrance, is the music pavilion, in which the instrumental band, exclusively attached to the Palace, render choice selections, at stated intervals, during every afternoon and evening.

Off the central court opens the main entrance to the hotel-office, 65 by 55; entrances to the breakfast room, 110 by 55; the grand dining room, 150 by 55; the music and ball room, 65 by 55; the ladies' lower reception parlor, 40 by 40; reading room of the same size; billiard rooms, 65 by 40; barber shop and bath rooms, 40 by 40, committee rooms and other general apartments, devoted to the pleasure or convenience of guests and patrons.

On the second floor are private dining rooms, childrens' dining hall, and the ladies' drawing room, 84 by 40. *The total number of rooms exclusively for guests above the garden floor is 755.* Most are twenty feet square—none less than 16 by 16. They are equally well finished and furnished throughout. The heavy carpets, of the most artistic and beautiful designs, were manufactured exclusively for this hotel. The massive furniture, original and unique in design, was made by special contract in San Francisco, of the finest and most beautiful native woods, at an aggregate cost of over half a million of dollars. The rooms are expressly arranged for use, either singly or in suites of two or more. Their connections and approaches are such that an individual, family, or a party of any size, can have a suite or any number of rooms, combining the seclusion of the most elegant private residence, with the numberless luxuries of the most perfect hotel. Every outer room has its bay window, while every parlor and guest chamber has its own private toilet, ample clothes closet and fire grate.

The capitals of the columns along the upper corridors are crowned with elegant urns and vases of rare and beautiful flowers and plants, whose twining tendrils in luxuriant growth gracefully festoon the balconies, while the delicious fragrance of this tropical conservatory pervades the air of the court as well as that of the neighboring rooms, with delightful perfumes. Independent of outward atmospheric changes, this crystal-roofed garden enjoys its own local sub-tropical climate of perpetual summer, where, as in some charming nook of fairyland, the balmy breath of incense-laden air may at once refresh and recreate its delighted guests. Classic statues of the four seasons also adorn the corridors of this aerial tropical conservatory.

From broad walks and observatories, surrounding the lofty roof, and readily accessible by the elevators, the guests enjoy a panoramic view unsurpassed in breadth and beauty.

Within and without, in all approaches, appointments and belongings the kingly structure, far surpassing, not only in size but in grandeur, all the hotels of Europe and America, richly justifies the propriety of its happily chosen name—The Palace Hotel.

The salubrious and equable character of the climate (the thermometer at San Francisco, in Summer, ranging from 60 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit, and in Winter from 50 to 60 degrees) extends such an inviting welcome to travelers, that every endeavor has been made to have the Palace fully harmonize with it in its attractive features by combining the comforts and conveniences of American and European hotels, with the greatly prized luxuries of oriental life.

A. D. SHARON AND G. SCHONEFELD, LESSEES.



The Leading Private Educational Institution  
FOR BOYS  
ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

# St. Matthew's Hall

SAN MATEO, CAL.

Thirteen  
Teachers  
OF  
Reputation  
AND  
Ability.



Prepares  
FOR  
College  
OR FOR  
Business.

## LOCATION.

THIS institution, founded in 1866, is situated near the village of San Mateo, which is noted for its beauty and seclusion; also, for the equability and healthfulness of its climate. It is within twenty miles of San Francisco by rail, and easily accessible by carriage, and therefore particularly suited to parents in the city who wish their sons within reach in case of emergency. Trains of the Southern Pacific Company run frequently, allowing visitors to go and return several times daily.

## DISCIPLINE.

THE Principal exercises a fatherly care and discipline over the pupils, seeking to influence and kindly lead rather than drive. The military discipline is used in a modified form, sufficient to secure regular exercise and erect carriage by drill, and habits of promptness and obedience, with orderly movements in the school-room. Experience has proved that the military drill, thus modified, is beneficial and not objectionable. Particular attention is given to the morals and manners of the pupils by both principal and teachers, it being considered an indispensable part of their training to make them gentlemen as well as scholars. This is the atmosphere of the school.

## SESSIONS.

THE School year is divided into two sessions of twenty weeks each. The Easter session begins about January 5th, the Trinity session about July 20th, with a Summer vacation of eight weeks and a Winter vacation of four weeks. Pupils will be received at any time.

FOR CATALOGUES AND OTHER INFORMATION, ADDRESS

REV. ALFRED LEE BREWER, M. A.  
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Has upwards of Sixty Farms for sale, all of which are situated in Monterey County, California, varying in size from forty to twelve hundred acres each.

Also other large tracts for sale in lots to suit purchasers, consisting of Agricultural, Dairy, Stock farms, and lands adapted to the raising of vegetables, grapes and fruits of almost every kind. Complete lists and descriptions sent by mail upon application, and all correspondence promptly answered.

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"Its location, as regards distance (68 miles from San Francisco) and climate, makes the place especially desirable as a Winter Resort for Invalids, and in that respect has no equal on the Pacific Coast."

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RECENTLY OPENED MUD BATH!

STRONGEST IRON WATER KNOWN! SODA WATER!

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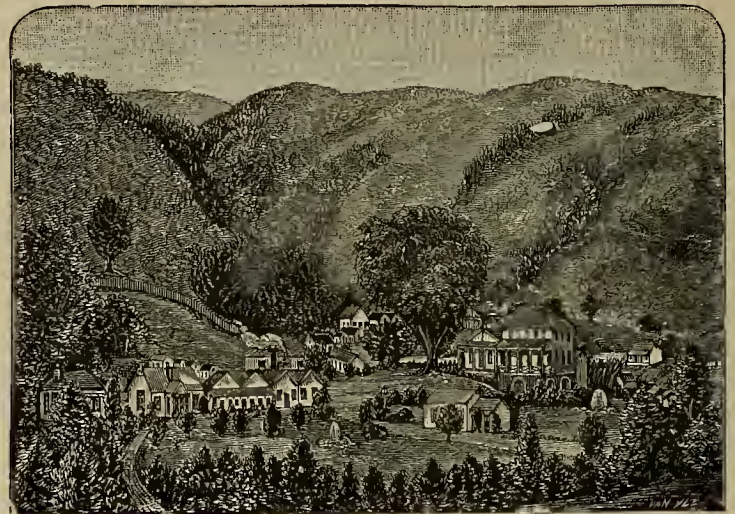
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Round Trip Tickets, DIRECT TO THE SPRINGS, from San Francisco, \$10.50

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Visiting California should not fail to

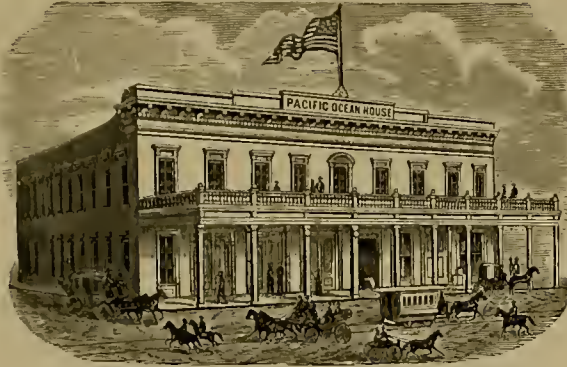
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**Santa Cruz**

THE

**Newport**

OF THE

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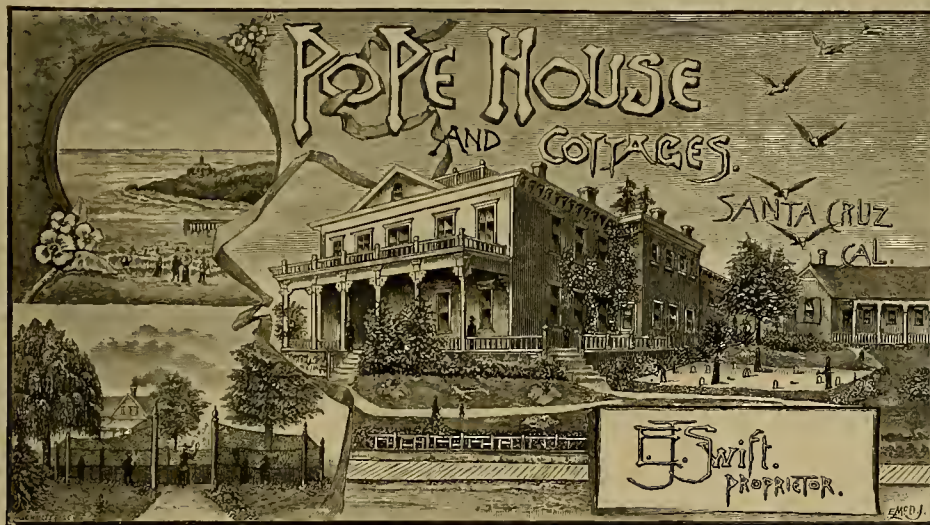
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House**The Largest and  
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Street Cars pass the door every few minutes for the Beach—The Table is supplied with the Best the Market Affords.

**RATES:** \$2.00 AND \$2.50 PER DAY,  
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Special Rates given to Families and Monthly Guests.

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Is the largest family boarding house, and is beautifully situated on the plateau overlooking the city. The buildings and grounds occupy six acres. A number of cottages have recently been erected on the grounds, and furnished same as the main building, for families and parties desiring more secluded and quiet accommodations. Croquet grounds, shuffle-boards, billiard parlor, swings, etc., for guests and their friends.

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The climate is delightful in all seasons, and affords a greater contrast to that of the Atlantic States than any other place on the Pacific Coast.

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Capital, Paid up,	- - - - -	\$80,000.00
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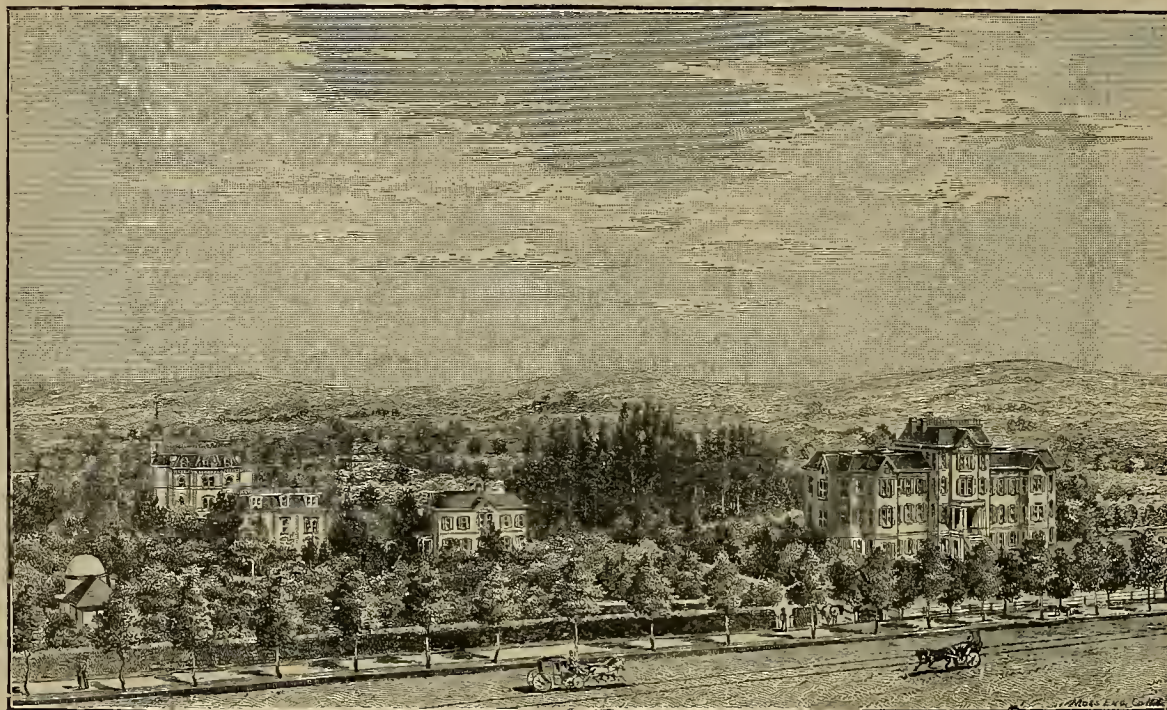
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We study to please, and are confident we can supply you with everything you want in our line economically and satisfactorily.

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Apartments specially fitted up as sample rooms.

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SEASON OF 1886.

The Restaurant at this Popular Sea-side Resort is in Charge of

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An Experienced and Well-known Hotel Manager, and will be conducted in a First-Class Manner, and perfect satisfaction will be guaranteed in every particular.

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BOARD PER WEEK,	- - - - -	\$7 00
THREE MEAL TICKETS,	- - - - -	1 00
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BOARD AND LODGING PER WEEK,	- - - - -	\$8 00
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Free 'bus to and from all trains.

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Also a full line of Bandages, Brushes, and Chest Protectors.

Arctic Soda Fountain, and Mineral Water. Siphons filled to order. Stationery Department, comprising a full line of writing material. Sea-side and Lovell's Libraries regularly on sale.

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Prescriptions Carefully Compounded by a regularly licensed Pharmacist.

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At the Del Monte Drug Store.

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Is the place where you will always find a large and select

Stock of

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Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumes, Druggist Sundries and Fancy Goods, Fine Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes, also a full line of Bandages, Brushes, and Chest Protectors. Arctic Soda Fountain and Mineral Water. Siphons filled to order. Stationery Department comprising a full line of writing material. Sea-side and Lovell's Libraries regularly on sale. A full assortment of Artists' Paints, Brushes, Canvas, etc. Also, Eye Glasses, Spectacles, Etc., Etc. Prescriptions carefully compounded by a regularly licensed Pharmacist.

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At the SEA-SIDE DRUG STORE.



Far the Most Popular Drink

### Geyser Soda

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Purely Natural Gas

Bottled at the Springs.

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Lemonade

Is delicious.

FOR SALE

IN ALL

### First-Class Saloons

Ask for it!

Take no other!

Families Supplied.

OFFICE:

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New Montgomery St.



Your Attention is Directed to the Famous Grocery Establishments of

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THE LEADING IMPORTERS ON THE PACIFIC COAST OF

## Fine Groceries and Table Delicacies.

Tea and Wine Merchants.

215 and 217 Sutter Street, adjoining Centre Market,  
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LEBENBAUM BROTHERS' stores, both at 215 and 217 Sutter Street, a few doors up from that lively corner at Kearny and Sutter, and at the California Street corner of the Polk Street thoroughfare, are stocked with the choicest domestic and imported delicacies. Their arrangements for supplying exquisite Lunch Provisions in the most tasty baskets for Picnickers and Excursionists are unsurpassed, and the limit of our advertisement precludes the naming of all the Patés and Dainty Viands imported for this season. Suffice it to say that the excursions may enjoy through the agency of this house, all the luxuries forming the delight of the sojourner at Brighton or Cowes, Boulogne and Trouville, or Helgoland and Ostend, in addition to the pick of Eastern dainties and the delicious gifts of our own California.

EXTRA QUALITIES OF COFFEES, Ground fresh daily, and absolutely pure. CHOICE TEAS, English Breakfast, Congou, Superfine Souchong, Mandarin Oolong, and Fine Japan Teas. The celebrated Caravan Tea.

Daily Fresh Supplies of the Best Table Butter and Fresh Ranch Eggs.

Wine Department Replete with the Choicest Selections.

The most renowned brands of Imported Champagne.  
Choice French Clarets, Burgundies and Sauternes. Old Ports and Sherries, Hock and Moselle Wines.

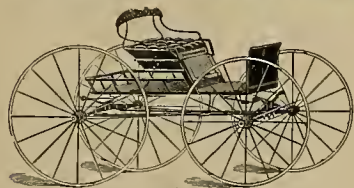
Dr. Lubowsky's Celebrated Sanitary Tokay.  
The best of California Wines. The Choicest Whiskies, Brandies and Cordials.

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WAREHOUSES—110 Post, and 219 Dupont Street, S. F.

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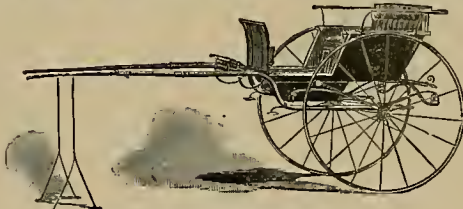
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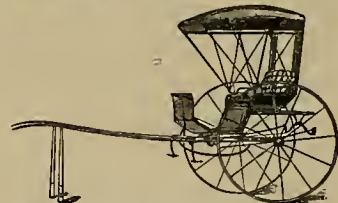
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No. 99.—1½ in. Axle, Leather Dash, Shafts, 100.00



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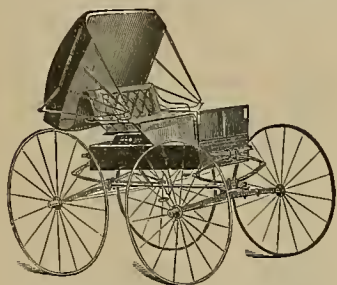
A very handsome Ladies' Cart.

Price..... \$80.00



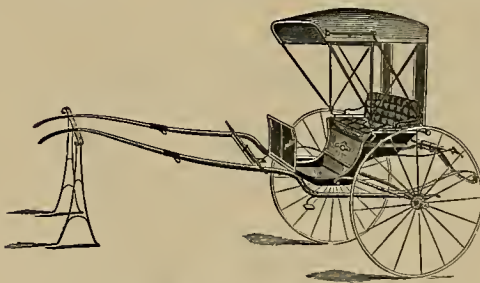
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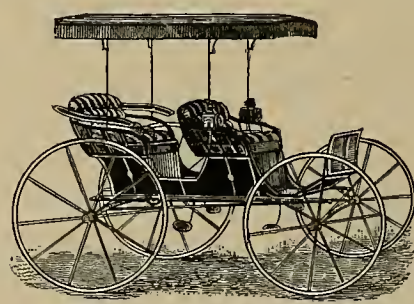
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# DEL MONTE WAVE.

Vol. I. No. 9.

Monterey, California, September, 1886.

10 Cents.

## MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA.

AMERICA'S FAMOUS SUMMER AND WINTER RESORT.

"Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers;  
And the bee banquet on thro' a whole year of flowers."

### DEL MONTE.

Naturally enough the guest would prefer to know something of the roof that covers him, the grounds that invite him, and the flowers that delight him. The hotel was built and finished in the one hundred days preceding the third of June, 1880, upon which occasion its doors were thrown open for genteel patronage and have never since been closed. The Del Monte, as it is familiarly called, is one of the rarest hotel successes on record; and its fame, as a blessed and beloved place, has been sounded in every civilized land. Monterey had long been known to have been a favorite place with thousands who have "joined the majority," but none seemed to have had it in their hearts to woo the tourist thither, until those master-minds who had done so much for California, bethought themselves of erecting a magnificent house of entertainment right near a famous old town, where the temperature is so equable the year round, and where the winds from far-off Cathay are so healthful and exhilarating, that one can hardly tell the winter months from the summer ones, except that the former are slightly more strengthening and agreeable, if anything, than the latter. The site selected was in the midst of a lovely grove of oak and pine, the trees being sufficiently scattered to admit of the adornment of the grounds by means of driveways, footpaths, lawns, and beds of flowers. A plat of one hundred and twenty-six acres was set aside and inclosed as the hotel grounds, while 7,000 acres more were purchased for other purposes. The fact that the visitor may ride a score of miles over well-kept macadamized roads, and be nearly all the time within the borders of the hotel company's property, serves to show in some measure, the vast extent of these possessions. Since it was originally established the house has been enlarged by the addition of a capacious wing. The new portion of the hotel forms an extension of the main front, although running back at a different angle. The rooms are large and airy, and the visitor, expecting to find an ordinary hotel, a house of public accommodation, constructed and conducted purely for purposes of profit, where the surroundings are all oppressively suggestive of the commercial rather than the social aspect of life, will be disappointed, and agreeably so. In its external and internal appearance, and in the social atmosphere and tone which pervade the entire establishment, the Hotel del Monte reminds one infinitely more of a modern English country mansion than of an American watering-place hotel. It is pronounced by all who have been within its agreeable influences, as the handsomest and best kept watering-place hotel in America. The office or lobby in the front center of the building is a cosy apartment forty two by forty-eight feet, containing a mammoth fire place. As in a number of the best Eastern resorts, the office is intended as much for the occupancy of ladies as for gentlemen. Connected with the lobby is a pleasant reading and writing room, twenty-four by thirty-six feet, and beyond this, and entered from the spacious hallway is a ladies' billiard-room, twenty-five by sixty-two feet, one of the largest and at the same time most elegant apartments for such uses, to be found in any hotel in America. A ladies' parlor, thirty-four by forty-two feet, lies beyond this room; and partly in the rear, and approached by means of both a hallway and a covered veranda, is a fine ball-room, thirty-six by seventy-two feet. Beyond this is the new wing four stories in height. The apartments are sunny, roomy, well lighted and well ventilated, and here, as well as in the main section of the house, are means of artificial heat, when such is required. The halls or corridors in both the old and new portions of the house are wide and lofty, and the staircases are also capacious. The dining-room is an elegant apartment forty-five by seventy feet, and there is also a dining-room for children and servants and rooms for private parties. The kitchen is thirty-three by forty-feet. The hotel is lighted

throughout with gas made at the works upon the grounds, and supplied with pure water from the Carmel River. No pains have been spared to provide against fire, both in perfect construction of flues and in the apparatus for extinguishing flames. The main part of the hotel is three hundred and eighty-five feet in length independent of the wings, and its width is one hundred and fifteen feet. The main or front division, is three stories in height, with additional floors in the broad towers. There are rooms *en suite*, parlor and bedroom, and also single rooms on every floor. The central tower or observatory is twenty-five by thirty feet, and about eighty feet high, and the end towers have an elevation of fifty feet. The house is elegantly furnished throughout, and is kept so scrupulously neat and clean, that the visitor is sure to think it can have been opened but yesterday. The bar, bowling-alley, and smoking-room are contained in a separate building, and still further away, hidden by the trees, is a finely-appointed stable and carriage-house. As driving constitutes one of the leading amusements of Monterey, the latter appurtenances have been especially looked after. There are accommodations for sixty or more horses, and there is a telephone communication between hotel and stable. Both hot and cold water are carried through the hotel in pipes, and the house is provided with all other modern appliances and improvements. There are bath-rooms on the different floors free to the guests. In front and at the ends of the house are broad, shaded verandas, where guests may sit and inhale the pure air fresh from the ocean, perfumed with the aroma of flowers, or preferring exercise, indulge in the gentle excitement of shuffle-board. The grounds surrounding the hotel present the perfection of art in the way of landscape gardening. Under the direction of Mr. R. Ulrich, an accomplished landscape gardener, a corps of between forty and fifty men is kept constantly engaged in embellishing the gardens, avenues, and walks. The approach to the hotel from the railway station is by a winding avenue shaded by venerable trees, or by a graveled walk forming a more direct route. The distance is slight, since the hotel has a station upon its own grounds. To the left is a little lake with a fountain, bearing its old Spanish title of Laguna del Rey. The hotel is first seen through a vista of trees, and, in its beautiful embowerment of foliage and flowers, resembles some rich private home in the midst of a broad park. This impression is heightened when the broader extent of avenues, lawns and flower-bordered walks come into view. The gardener's art has turned many acres into a choice conservatory, where the richest flowers blossom in profusion. Here and there are swings, croquet grounds, an archery, lawn-tennis courts, and bins of fine beach sand, the latter being intended for the use and amusement of the children who cannot await the bathing hour for the daily visit to the beach. The use of all these, as well as of the ladies' billiard saloon, is free to guests. In all directions there are seats for loungers. Through a vista formed by the umbrageous oaks and pines, the huge, bulbous forms of a varied family of cacti are seen. In another place is a bewildered maze. Everywhere flowers and rare plants abound, and every avenue and pathway is bordered by intricate floral devices. In any direction the eye may turn are fresh visions of beauty. In the fall of 1883, a great improvement was consummated in the introduction of an abundant supply of pure, soft water from the Carmel River. Extensive water-works were constructed at an expense of over half a million dollars. The supply not only meets every requirement of the hotel, but also feeds the great fountain in the lake.

### THE PAVILION.

In connection with Del Monte, extensive improvements have been carried out in addition to those observable in its immediate neighborhood. The chief of these has been the construction of many miles of driveways along the picturesque coast. Leaving the Hotel del Monte for a drive, one gains the outer world over a grandly-shaped avenue which winds toward the pavilion and beach. And what a beach, indeed! Not only one of the finest on the Pacific Coast, but in the world—entirely free from stones below high water mark, and also free from undertow. The water in winter is generally not too cold for enjoyment, and surf-bathing is frequently indulged in. It is doubtful if every visitor can as easily adapt himself to the sea, however, and to accommodate those who may prefer a warmer temperature than the surf can give, a luxurious swimming-bath has been erected at a cost of upwards of \$75,000. The great tanks are one hundred and fifty feet in length and fifty feet in width. There are four separate tanks, holding in the aggregate 450,000 gallons of sea-water, the depth being graduated from three to six feet. The pavilion is about half a mile from the hotel. A short distance from the pavilion is the station of the Northern Division of the Southern Pacific Co. The tourist is now driven up into the old town.



## LATE ARRIVALS AT DEL MONTE.

W. H. Dillingham, Mrs. B. D. Kennedy, St. Louis; J. N. Wright and wife, Honolulu; Mrs. Tripp and two daughters, B. Meals and wife, Miss E. Proctor, Mrs. Chas. Campbell, Illinois; W. J. Daley, W. F. Arkenstor, Michigan; J. W. Jackson and two children, Denver; J. H. Maynard, San Francisco; Drury Melone, Oak Knoll, Napa; C. H. Knox and wife, New York; C. N. Holden, C. F. Gulletta, E. B. Sherman, Chicago; Mrs. B. Kittredgu, Miss Kittredgu, Mrs. J. H. Maynard, J. K. Prior and wife, Miss Belle Prior, W. M. Field, A. M. Ebbitts, E. B. Holmes, J. G. Fair, Jr., Geo. E. Raum, J. H. Berg, Mrs. D. H. Murdock and child, J. McMullen and wife, N. H. Foster, Mrs. Geo. Hearst, F. S. Douty and wife, San Francisco; Mrs. J. P. Pierce, Miss Pierce, Santa Clara; J. C. Matthew and wife, San Jose; S. C. Whitney and wife, Boston, Mass.; F. Paige, Lowell, Mass.; Mrs. A. Naglee, Miss C. Burk, Miss M. Burk, J. W. Burk, San Jose; L. Agard, Auburn; Mrs. A. Loveland, Vermont; H. S. Barton, England; Miss Dorsey, Miss Broadhead, Stockton; C. C. Miller, Mrs. H. E. Miller and maid, Sacramento; V. Morcan, M. Gamico, Paris; E. S. Lippett, Petaluma; Miss S. Brown, Boston; E. A. Weinberg and wife, Montana; D. Beel and wife, Colorado Springs; Mrs. Meysath, New York; Mrs. H. C. Smith and two daughters, Miss Roesch, Stockton; Mrs. G. F. Green, Miss Livingston, New Hampshire; G. R. Stewart, Oakland; Jas. Heron and wife, Vallejo; Dr. B. E. Martin, London; T. R. Arnold and wife, J. O. Campbell, James Whartenby, Mrs. P. McClure, Miss Crocker, Wm. H. Crocker, San Francisco; Miss E. Sperry, Stockton; L. A. Jenkins, New Haven; B. F. Whittemore, wife and daughter, Mrs. C. L. Buswell, Boston; J. Brandt, wife and daughter, Miss Royce, Portland; Miss A. Whartenby, Miss M. Whartenby, Philadelphia; L. D. Tompkins and wife, Michigan; Mrs. H. T. Reid, Iowa; N. R. Hillard, J. J. Phelps, M. Parsons, wife and two daughters, J. Folsom, New York; W. H. Blee and wife, Ohio; B. O. Boeler, Kentucky; Mrs. M. A. Pegram, New York; K. A. White, wife and child, Stockton; M. Mumford and wife, Missouri; Lord Durham and servant, C. Lambton, England; H. R. Mithsela, Monterey; Mrs. Drury Melone, three children and maid, Mrs. Geo. E. Raum, T. H. Goodman, San Francisco; Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Adams, Mrs. Adams and son, Missouri; W. S. Wyse and wife, New York; G. B. Hayes and wife, Mrs. R. V. Pierce, Miss B. Pierce, V. M. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.; W. Hoge and wife, W. Bryan, Alameda; W. S. Benedict, New Orleans; J. Wister, wife, four children and maid, H. O'Connor, Philadelphia; Mrs. Hugh Mauldin, San Francisco; Miss S. C. Carson, Portland, Or.; B. L. Steere, Providence; G. A. Finkelburg, St. Louis; H. S. Mason, Carson City; B. E. Combes and wife, Alameda; R. Little and wife, Los Angeles; Mrs. G. West, Miss West, Stockton; Miss Hill, Boston; E. A. Bruginere, wife, three children and maid, G. H. Goodman, A. D. Spearman and wife, Mrs. S. B. Talbot, San Francisco; Miss E. E. Wadleigh, Colorado Springs; S. H. Davis and wife, Mrs. Higgin, San Francisco; Robert Wall, Australia; J. Newman and wife, M. Heller and wife, San Francisco; Mrs. H. Carter, Miss C. Bacon, Oakland; I. Taieof, New York; J. C. Dunphy, San Francisco; J. J. Gibbons, Sacramento; I. B. Barnity, Iowa; C. C. Miller, L. D. Stone, San Francisco; Mme. E. Lassangue, Los Angeles; Miss Naglee, San Jose; W. H. Wilde, New York; A. Hirsch and wife, Philadelphia; T. H. Kock, Morgan City, La.; Bishop Vail, Miss Vail, Topeka, Kansas; Miss H. Bakwell, Miss A. Bakwell, Santa Barbara; H. J. Rosencrans and wife, Kansas City; H. H. Payson, J. W. Phillips, A. B. Montague, Mrs. W. M. Rank, San Francisco; Mrs. P. Rank, Mrs. R. H. Pratt, Mrs. L. L. Gellogby and son, Miss Gellogby, Ogden; E. A. Cox and wife, Los Angeles; G. D. Boyd, San Francisco; J. G. Sutton, Portland, Or.; J. C. McKee, Oakland; G. M. Sabin, I. H. Sabin, Nevada; F. Holder and wife, New York; F. F. Parker and wife, Chicago; E. Davis, Shanghai; G. M. McKenzie and wife, Chicago; W. E. Zander, Berkeley; F. W. Stock and wife, Miss S. Henry, Michigan; C. G. Chamberlain, Salinas; F. Delger and wife, Oakland; G. N. Kellner, Mrs. W. L. Woodson, San Jose; J. D. Henry and wife, England; J. D. Hodges, Woodland; Mrs. A. K. Botsford, daughter and son, San Francisco; A. H. Babcock, Oakland; C. S. Givens, San Francisco; A. C. Hamilton, wife, daughter and maid, Nevada; Sam Miller, Miss May Miller, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Miss Crocker and maid, Geo. Crocker, Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Mrs. Hoff, Mrs. L. J. Hanchett, Miss Hanchett, San Francisco.

## THE POETS THAT BLOOM, ETC.

JUST FOR THE SUMMER.

[*Tid-Bits.*]

On country fare  
In country air,  
Now Mabel spends the summer days;  
She rides to mart  
Upon a cart—  
Gets tanned beneath the sun's hot rays,  
And, just for sport,  
Lets Reuben court  
Her, love upon his face all brown;  
But like a flash  
His heart she'll slash,  
And fool him when she gets to town.

HER FACE.

[*George Day in Tid-Bits.*]

Beneath her veil I could not see—  
I only knew she seemed to be  
A creature of divinest grace,  
Born of some old patrician race,  
And reared in ease and luxury.  
Each queenly move was light and free  
As well became her high degree;  
And yet I longed to see the face  
Beneath her veil.

A breeze that rustled through the tree  
Above my head, had heard my plea,  
And with a quick and playful grace  
Showed, as it tossed the film of lace,  
A face as black as ebony  
Beneath her veil.

THE MASTER SLEEPS.

[*Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.*]

The breath of June with sweet perfume  
Came stealing through the open door,  
And restless shadows in the room  
Played with the sunbeams on the floor.  
The buzzing voices croon and drone,  
And laugh aloud in willful way;  
The old schoolmaster on his throne  
Sleeps soundly on this sweet June day.

Away from noisy schools his dreams  
Have swept him back through paths of light,  
By dimpling mead and rippling streams,  
To childhood's home and morning bright.  
Soft, soft he sleeps, schoolmaster wise,  
With one eye open just a crack,  
So just in time he grabs Bill Blyes  
And makes the dust fly from his back.

WHY?

[*J. A. Waldron in the Judge.*]

In spring when all the streams are high  
And rain falls day by day,  
"It's too durn wet!" the farmers cry,  
"We're boun' tew lose our hay."

In August, when the sun comes out  
And shines with might and main,  
"The crops are sp'ilt by this ere drought,"  
The farmer sings again.

In autumn when the crops are in  
And great barns overflow,  
The farmer makes another din,  
"The market is too low."

Thus, when he journeys cityward  
To swap and scheme and plan,  
You don't endeavor to retard  
The blithesome bunco man.



## WAVELETS.

Mrs. Upalittle gushingly says that she "does so love to sit at the piano in the gloaming, and impoverish."

Mrs. X., hearing that Jullien's music was to be revived in New York, wanted to know if it was played on a "claretinet."

The coat-tail flirtation is the latest. A wrinkled coat tail, bearing the dusty toe marks, means "I have spoken to your father."

"What do you think of Fielding?" she asked young Mr. Tawnus. "Oh, its important, of course, but it won't avail anything without good batting."

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton is credited with being the first to introduce ice cream into American history. We might have known there was a woman at the bottom of it—tra-la.

On the veranda: "Have you heard Miss Screechwell sing since she returned from Europe?" "Yes, several times." "Don't you think she has improved?" "Wonderfully! she don't sing as much as she used to."

Said the crack tennis player to the judge, who isn't as congenial as he should be since the elimination of that thousand: "There are said to be nineteen metals more valuable than gold." "Yes," rejoined the erudite jurist, "certain species of brass may be set down as among them, by some folks."

"I've a perfect antipathy for the mountains," said Mrs. Gush to Mrs. Parvenu as they sat talking together on the Club-house piazza. "Have you?" said Mrs. Parvenu; "well, I've an Alpin stick, and the man said it was just the thing; but I'm sorry now I didn't buy an antipathy like yours."

At the pavilion: Doctor—"Have you, sir, ever tried the sea-shore?" Invalid—"Yes, I tried it once, but it's too hard work. Dressing and undressing is very tiresome." "I don't quite understand." "Well, you see, the doctor said I must be sure and take a toddy after each bath." "Yes, but suppose he did." "It keeps me in bathing all the time."

Young lady (who has just returned from the summer resorts)—"Oh Clara, I've had such a delightful time, and conquests! you wouldn't believe me if I were to tell you of the number I have made." Clara—"Oh, yes I would, but some other time dear. I have just been listening to your brother Jack tell of his success at fishing and am a trifle tired."

Mabel is of a very emotional nature and likes to read missives brimful of devotion, while Charles is of a cool and methodical temperament. "Charley, dear," she asked one day, "why don't you send your letters registered?" "Registered?" echoed Charlie. "Do you have any difficulty in receiving them?" "Oh, no," replied Mabel. "Then why should I register them?" "Because they are so cold."

Pet dogs' summer fashions are now ready. The dear things are to wear for collars bright hued velvet bands, chosen with reference to the dogs' coat, trimmed with dainty rosettes of ribbon and a silver bell tuned to the note A. The dude canine is also expected to appear in what is called the *bain de mer* coat, after a sousing bath in the sea with his loving mistress. This garment partakes of an ascension robe in beauty, being made of *café au lait batiste*, and richly embroidered in gold colored silk; or, should the darling be subject to the snuffles, a warmer wrap is provided in the "matelot," made of navy blue serge, trimmed with red, and a proper sailor collar turned over the back.

A GOOD DEMAND.—"Yes, I've had a big trade," said a commercial traveler for a down-town liquor house, on his return from a trip. "I think I sold whiskey enough to almost float the Great Eastern." "What part of the country did you visit?" "No particular part. I just took in the different watering places.—[*New York Times.*]

## SPLASHES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

"I hope, Edward," said the Sunday school teacher to her new scholar, "that your parents are good Christians?" "Well, ma is," replied Edward, "an' pa used to be, but I guess he is a little out of practice now."

Enfant Terrible—"Why have you gray hair, mamma?" Mamma—"Because you are such a naughty little girl." E. T.—"Then how very naughty you must have been, mamma! Grandmamma's hair is quite white."

Burtie and Alice had just received invitations to a birthday party at the home of one of their little friends. Alice, aged five—"Burtie, what does R. S. V. P. mean?" Burtie, aged seven—"Why! *Real Supper Very Punctual*, of course. I thought you knew that."

At one of the recent school examinations, the scholars of the intermediate grade were required in physiology to locate the liver. Evidently they knew, for the answer of one girl was this: "The liver is situated south of the stomach and a little to the right of it."

A little girl living in town, between three and four years of age, was asked what her kitty did in a fight between her and a dog. "Well," said she, "she humped up her back as high as she could, she made her tail as big as she could, and then she blew her nose in his face."

Bobby—"Mamma, didn't Methuselah have more'n one name?" Mamma reading the WAVE—"Only one, of course. Now don't bother me any more." Bobby (after a long pause)—"Mamma can't I ask you one more question?" Mamma—"Yes, yes." Bobby—"Was Methuselah his first or last name?"

San Jose Mother—"You brought this on yourself Charlie. I told you that all that apple pie you ate last night would throw your digestion out of order." Charlie—"Thaint out of order ma, it's in order." Mother—"Charlie! When you are suffering so, how can you say your digestion is in order?" Charlie—"Well, it is ma—in apple pie order." A faint smile.

Belle is very fond of taking homeopathic medicine, so fond that one day she came limping to her mother and said, "Mamma, my legs ache, both of em, don't you think I had better take some medicine?" Her mother laughed and gave her a few sugar pellets, when she was surprised to hear her shortly afterward say: "Mamma give me some more, that's cin'y enough to cure one; the other hurts awful."

Jimmy Jones's mother was away on the 4th of July, and wrote Jimmy to ask if any of them were hurt. Here is his encouraging letter:

Menlo Park July 6 1886.

"dear ma i cant write very good asa roman candle burnt my hand dreadful sam he got hit in the eye by a rocket stick and burnt his hair all off i got your letter but it got burnt in the house when it burnt you neednt hurry home as we are getting along just buly your affectionate sun Jimmy." His mother started on the next train.

"I tell you," said Robbie, eating his peach,  
And giving his sister none,

"I believe in the good old saying that each  
Should look out for Number One."

"Why, yes," answered Katie, wise little elf,  
"But the counting should be begun  
With the other one instead of yourself—  
And he should be Number One."

A snow-bird on the railing  
Was tripping to and fro,  
A little boy a snow-ball  
With all his might did throw.

The snow-bird on a twiglet  
Twitted "Alas, alack!"  
On seeing the boy's great effort  
Laid him upon his back.



## Correspondence

### LETTER FROM SAN ANTONIO.

THE ANCIENT AND MOSS-GROWN LIE NO OFTENER SWAPPED THERE  
THAN ELSEWHERE—A BUNDLE OF COOL FAGGOTS  
FROM THE "LONE STAR STATE."

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS,

August 24, 1886.

It has been my good fortune, during these many years, to have had an opportunity of wandering through different sections of our country at different times of the year, and thus I am enabled to draw comparisons. For instance, I have spent the months of July and August in Boston, New York, Washington, Atlanta, New Orleans and San Antonio; and, to tell the truth, I have never ceased to hear that well-known, stereotyped declaration of "This is, by all odds, the hottest day I have ever seen."

How many millions of times that nice old lie has been uttered by our Christian friends, eh? I have heard it, time and again, in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, New York and New Jersey, Ohio and Kentucky, Louisiana and Texas. There is no royalty on its use, you know; every man, woman and child may have a crack at it, until the dear old fabrication gets worn out entirely. I presume the Greenlander, when the great orb condescends to delineate the northern skies with its radiating warmth, relieves himself of his ulster and exclaims, "This is a stem-winder! I have lived here nearly seventy years, and this is the hottest day I have ever seen."

To tell you the truth, though, I did expect to find a good deal of really uncomfortable weather here and at Houston, but have been agreeably disappointed. It is, of course, hotter than a fellow would make it, if he had the getting of it up; but that is the case in New York and Boston.

What surprises me most, however, is the comforts of travel over some of these Southern routes, especially the Southern Pacific Company's road from New Orleans to this point, generally known as the Sunset Route. Let me tell you, fairly and squarely—which I can do with good grace, seeing that I have no interest whatever in the road and have received no courtesies other than those accorded my fellow traveler—that from New York to San Antonio there came at least a score of people—most of them drummers—over various routes, all of whom declared that the evening and night from New Orleans to Houston was the pleasantest and, seemingly, the coolest of any they had spent. On the whole, it was a trifle warm, but there was no more discomfort than there is in traveling over the Massachusetts or New Hampshire roads. This is an actual fact; indeed, there is more fuss and more mopping of faces to be heard and seen in the cars traversing the Northern States than exist anywhere in this country. The road from New Orleans to San Antonio is one of the best in the United States, and there is great pleasure to be derived by a ride over it. It is built of the heaviest steel rail, its construction is as perfect a piece of railway creation as can be found, it is stone ballasted nearly all the way, it is well cared for at every point, its bridges are all iron of the most expensive and approved pattern, its cars are of the latest make and supplied with all the newest appliances which insure safety and celerity, and the employés are unqualifiedly as courteous and agreeable as can be found on any road anywhere. The company now owns and controls all the eating-houses along its line, which means that a man gets good things to eat and drink at the eating stations. The journey is certainly through one of the richest and most beautiful and productive sections of country on the face of the earth, which I will say something about when I write you from El Paso.

San Antonio, while being considered warm enough in summer to produce little "cuss" monosyllables occasionally, is getting to be a famous resort for people afflicted with pulmonary complaints and neuralgia and rheumatism, especially in the fall and winter months. It is one of the prettiest places on the continent, and historically famous as being the place where Crockett and Bowie met their tragic ends at the Alamo, which was besieged by Santa Anna. It has also a number of old missions and ruins which it is worth the while of the tourist to travel a week to see. The Government barracks at this point, now under command of General Stanley, who was a dashing cavalry officer during our late war, is the most delightful of any in the country, and is beautifully located upon an eminence which commands a view in any direction.

ROBERTO.

### THE HEART OF THE CATSKILLS.

GOD'S BOOK OF NATURE AND HIS REVELATION IN THE GREAT MOUNTAINS.

At the GRAND HOTEL, Summit Mountain,

August, 1886.

I am writing in the Grand Hotel, on Summit Mountain, in the midst of the Catskills. It is not on the pinnacle of the loftiest, for many tower above me with such majesty as to cause one at this height of three thousand feet to feel himself on a plain whence Alps arise.

Since the railroad system pierced the mountain system, the ascent to these sublime seats is as easy as was the descent in days of old. I took my seat at New York, and without any change of car was brought right to the door of this house, through scenes of beauty, sublimity and grandeur. The morning papers which were to relieve the tedium of the journey were actually unopened, for each moment of travel unfolded a new leaf in God's great book of Nature, so grand, so new, so exciting, that the journey was one delightful morning of high converse with him who holds the rivers and the hills in his hands! And now as I write the mountains stand above me in silent grandeur, as if this were the vast amphitheatre for the world's millions to meet in, when he shall come in whose presence the mountains are to flow down and the hills to melt like wax.

To the east of us the sky is propped by the lofty crest of the highest of all the Catskill Mountains. It bears the inexpressive name of Slide. Three other mighty bulwarks of this enclosure are Bear, Table and Panther, while peaks and ridges and ranges are all around, a part of the literature and art history of the country. Before us is the long and lofty range of Belle Ayr, its summit and sides densely wooded and singularly indented with huge hollows filled with dark shadows, while the sun is shining on all the surface. Hundreds of acres are cleared and tilled, the farms creeping from the valleys along up the sides as in the high Alps. Looking westward, we have the valley of the Delaware, a wealth of hills and forests of such variety, beauty and magnificence, that the eye rejoices in the panorama as a perpetual delight. Those glimpses of bright water reveal the tributaries of the Delaware River, while on our left the streams are flowing into Esopus Creek in the Ulster Valley, and so on into the Hudson. The *divide* is at our feet, for we are on the water-shed, and a chip thrown to the right travels on the stream one way to the sea, and thrown to the left reaches it no less surely by the other. To convey any adequate idea of the extent and magnificence of such a view is simply impossible, and to make the attempt is only to pile long words on each other like hills on hills. The mountains of Switzerland are far higher and more sublime; clad in white raiment, celestial beauty crowns them with radiance and glory that eye hath not seen elsewhere; the glaziers—"frozen cataracts, torrents that heard a mighty voice and stopped amid their maddest plunge"—avalanches clothed with terror and with thunder rushing amain down—these are not seen nor heard in this Switzerland of New York; but if their lies before the weary pilgrim among the lakes and crags and summits of the land of Tell a sight more lovely, picturesque—yes, and more satisfying and memorable than this in which I seem to be floating as I write, and less than six hours' easy ride from my own door, then I have failed to find it in three successive tours of exploration through the sublimest scenery of the Old World. Hence it is that clergymen who are necessarily students of God's revelation in his written Word, rejoice in sitting at his feet where he reveals himself so gloriously in his Works.

In the charming valley where the brethren most do congregate, mountain streams of crystal clearness roar along amid the rocks and woods, and thousands of trout wait for a successor of the apostles to catch them. Dr. Sutton is famous in this line. The largest trout of the season accepted his son's invitation, and came out to meet him on the banks of Birch Creek. He (the trout), was a beauty, and as good as he was beautiful, as I happen to know, for the generous Doctor sent him with a dozen more as a present to me and mine, who rejoiced in them as one who has taken great spoil. Just now a party of gentlemen and ladies, including many of these already named, are off on a march to the summit of Panther Mountain, fifteen miles. I wish them all sorts of enjoyment, but I learned long since "how hard it is to climb the steep," etc., and am content to remember the joys that are gone.

These are pastimes of a summer among the mighty manifestations of God in the work of his hand. His Book of Inspiration often quotes from this broader page of Revelation: "Before the mountains were brought forth," etc. "Thy righteousness is like the great mountains." "His



foundation is in the holy mountains." "Praise the Lord, mountains and all hills, his glory is above the earth and heaven." "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem so the Lord is round about his people forever." And so in many pages of the divine Word the mountains are like great pictures, illustrations of the attributes which belong to the Infinite, Eternal and Unchangeable God. "The Sea is his, and he made it," an emblem of his Eternity, Mystery, Majesty and Might. So the mountains in their unbroken silence, like the stars with no speech or voice, are always eloquent in their Creator's praise. I know not which most to admire: as I lift up mine eyes to these hills, their beauty or their sublimity. As I look off to the east their grandeur awes me till I turn to the west where a world of wondrous loveliness lies in the lights and shadows of the sinking sun. There is a "bridal of the earth and sky." Heaven and hills kiss each other and melt into one.

On one of these evenings, half an hour before sunset, after a bright day, a black thunder storm swept up the valley of the Delaware. Soon it blotted out the sun and deluged the mountains until it seemed as if the hot! might be washed down into the valley. When the storm reached the Shandaken Valley in the east, and rested on the Slide and Panther Mountains, the sun burst forth beneath its tracks, and spanned its dark expanse with two brilliant rainbows. Rain still fell in torrents, lightnings flamed beneath the rainbows from horizon to horizon, and the sun blazed with noon-tide splendor from the west. All were gathered on the porch to witness the sublime spectacle which might not be repeated in a lifetime, the world illumined by the sun, the lightnings and the rainbows clothed in garments of gorgeous colors, adorned with the splendors of a new heaven and a new earth.

When the moon was full in this August, the heavens assumed the peculiar appearance called a mackerel sky. But instead of long rifts of clouds in successive layers, the whole concave was embossed with white shields, infinite in number, each one an illuminated picture; and we stood, hundreds, under the open canopy of heaven, gazing upwards, as if we were beneath the dome of the great Cathedral of the Universe, which needeth not the sun or moon to give it light. On such an elevation as this one seems to be between the earth and sky, and marvels whether the one or the other most declares the power, the wisdom and the glory of him who rides on the circle of the heavens, and gilds the mountains with his brightness as he passes by.

What wonderful cloud effects are constantly before our admiring eyes! As if some angelic artist, greater than Angelo, of the eternal city, had stretched his canvas over the globe, and flung upon it, with skill divine, his colors which excel in strength. The hand that made them is divine!

The everlasting hills! They are here to stay. How they speak of the eternity of Him who laid their foundations! Kingdoms pass away; tribes, nations, dynasties flow along like these babbling streams, but the great mountains, solemn, sublime and silent are here always.

And how good they are as well as great. They gather the clouds on their heads and along their wooded sides, and the snow cometh down and the rain from heaven; the rills and brooks and rivers water the earth, and make it bud and blossom to give bread to the sons and daughters of men. The strength of the hills is his, and blessed be his name for ever and ever.

IRENÆUS.

#### LETTER FROM PACIFIC GROVE RETREAT.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF PACIFIC GROVE FROM 1873 TO 1880.

PACIFIC GROVE, August 24, 1886.

In 1873 a Methodist minister by the name of Ross, and his wife, both being in feeble health, and having tried all the remedies that science could suggest, were advised to find some place where the temperature varied but little through the entire year, and where the fluctuations from heat to cold were merely nominal. After many months spent in research it was at length decided that Monterey was the most likely place to fill the bill. By the kindness of Mr. David Jacks, who at that time owned large tracts of land extending throughout what is now known as Pacific Grove and all the grounds acquired by purchase by the Pacific Improvement Co., they were induced to try a residence among the pines as being beneficial and conducive to the restoration of health. They accordingly came here and located on what is now known as Grand Avenue, and near where the restaurant now stands. After a short residence the effects were so palpable that Mr. Ross went back to his former home and brought with him his brother and his brother's wife, who were also troubled with pulmonary complaints. They all lived out of doors, they slept in hammocks under the trees, and ignored for the time being all indoor comforts, living principally on fish and game. Their recovery was almost miraculous, for in a few months they were perfectly restored to health.

In 1875 Bishop Peck, who was ever on the alert to do good, conceived the idea after a brief visit that this place so nearly resembled those health-giving retreats in the East, that negotiations were soon pending with Mr. Jacks for the purchase of a site that should at once form the nucleus around which could be built a retreat where spiritual and social comfort could be had without limit, and where the ever-rolling, restless sea would sing a sweet lullaby to woo the drowsy god and produce that sweet, refreshing sleep that is acknowledged by all scientists to be the great restorer of human nature. Here in this lovely spot, breathing the pure aroma of the pines and inhaling the pure ozone from the broad Pacific, with no one to trouble them or make them afraid, these people proved beyond all doubt that as far as they were concerned this was to them the Mecca for which they had so long and so persistently searched.

Mr. David Jacks saw at once that here was a chance to bring into market some of the many acres that were at that time considered almost valueless, and he gave, subject to certain conditions, fifty acres of land to be used for health and religious purposes, stipulating among other things that no intoxicating liquors of any kind should be sold or given away—that the place should be kept on strictly temperance principles. Articles of incorporation were drawn up, a board of directors appointed, and Mr. Ross, above referred to, was appointed superintendent. The good news was spread broadcast among the God-fearing, peace-loving people of California, and soon it became apparent that provision should be made for the accommodation of all who might come. Accordingly some dormitories and a restaurant on a very small scale were opened, a few lots were sold to those who wished to help the enterprise along, and a few houses were built of a cheap kind, to afford a temporary shelter during the summer or camping time.

The year 1876 saw a large influx of people from all parts of the State, and buying a lot and putting up a tent was the order of the day. This went on for some time, each year marking an improvement, both in the number of visitors and in the erection of buildings. About this time Mr. Ross resigned, having been called away; a Mr. Peterson was appointed. He did the preaching, whilst his better half attended to the *cuisine*, the whole of which was done on a No. 6 cooking stove. The water supply was always a vexed question, both as to quality and quantity, and the great problem of how to lay the dust was finally solved by bringing sawdust from the sawmill gulch and scattering it around the camping-ground, which, I need not tell you, at that time did not cover an extensive area. About this time Mr. Jacks built four tenement cottages, which then were looked upon as a marvel of enterprise. But alas! for the mutability of human affairs, for they were soon eclipsed by Mr. Laws, Mr. Strickland and the writer of this article each building in the order named a hard-finished cottage. In the meantime the place was each year assuming larger proportions, and with its growth came the necessity of enlarging the accommodations. A graduated physician was appointed superintendent and to look after the wants of the growing colony, but his ideas were not of the expansive order, and everything was done in the most primitive fashion.

Still the place each year received large additions of visitors, and provision had to be made to house and feed them. This was in 1878, and continued for two years under the management of Dr. Davis, the physician above referred to. The rules and regulations laid down by the prudential management were very arbitrary and exacting. No person was allowed to smoke on the grounds at any time; no bathing, no fishing, no boating was allowed on Sunday; in fact, it looked as though we had gone back about 200 years and had suddenly dropped among the Puritans of old. Everybody was recommended to be indoors and have all lights out by ten—a sort of curfew bell arrangement. But this state of affairs, like all sublunary matters, came to an end, for in the spring of 1880 the Pacific Improvement Co. purchased the land and at once assumed the management, built the world renowned Hotel del Monte, took entire charge of the grove and its surroundings for many miles, Mr. J. O. Johnson was placed in charge of the grove as superintendent, and "presto! change!" was the order of the day. The lots were all re-surveyed, maps made out and stakes driven, showing the location of each and every lot; a graduated scale of prices was established, fixing the price of lots 30x60 from \$25.00 up, according to location. The old preacher's stand, that in its day was considered quite a feature, was ruthlessly torn down and removed, and now does duty as a four-stall stable—"Alas! poor Yorick!" A spacious chapel was built, a large restaurant with a seating capacity for 450 people, the streets were graded and graveled—by which means nice drives were made around the grove—by Mr. H. J. Palmer, to whom great credit is due, not only for the way in which the roads throughout the entire seventeen-mile drive are kept in good order, but the dust is effectually laid over the



most traveled portion, *i. e.*, from the hotel to the grove and its immediate surroundings. Nor is this all. To meet the growing wants of the community a system of sewerage and drainage has been inaugurated that if continued and carried out as originally designed, will be all sufficient. The site is so admirably chosen, and the topography so favorable to a complete sanitary system, that if only common sense is used in making connection with the sewers laid down through the principal thoroughfares, no fears can reasonably be entertained of malaria, or the "thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to," arising principally from sewer gas and the foul odors engendered thereby.

In my next I will give you a description of what has been done since the advent of the Pacific Improvement Company.

W. H. J.

#### LETTER FROM PACIFIC GROVE RETREAT.

GRAND SCENERY—GROWING POPULARITY—INCREASED LITERARY  
ATTRactions—FUTURE POSSIBILITIES OF THE GROVE.

PACIFIC GROVE, August 20, 1886.

The name calls up delightful associations of walks among the somber but fragrant pines; of rambles along the shore; of quiet retreat from the pressure of business and professional engagements; of social enjoyments exempt from the exactions of society; of domestic quiet unbroken by daily routine; of delightful excursions on land and water; of literary and scientific pursuit; of religious intercourse and worship—and all this amid natural scenes so varied and yet so consonant that no discord disturbs the quiet harmony of a vacation at the Grove. One who has been there ever, wants to go again; and those who have been oftenest wonder that everybody does not come. But perhaps this resort is gaining favor as rapidly as it should. The attendance this season has been much larger than ever before; the hammer of the builder is heard in many new cottages, and scores of visitors have been turned away in a single day for want of accommodations. And this interest is permanent and growing.

The religious and literary atmosphere of the place will always attract the best people of the State. Most summer resorts on this Coast offer inducements to the gay pleasure seeker, and many of them to the vicious and abandoned. This invites to rest, to literary cultivation, to religious enjoyment. Its literary and scientific assemblies are religious, and its religious assemblies are literary and scientific. It is drawing together the best elements in both classes; they are destined to re-act upon one another, and this Retreat, if conducted according to the principles which have controlled it in the past, will become a great center of moral and religious and literary and scientific inspiration.

The railroad proprietors evinced their usual business sagacity in placing its moral and prudential control in the hands of Christian ministers and laymen, and their successors, for all time. The policy outlined opens the door to all Christian people, and organizations and assemblies, or to those sympathizing with them, and excludes nothing but vice or indulgences tending that way. With the growth of religious sentiment in California this Retreat must attract increasing multitudes.

It is the permanent headquarters of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle of the Pacific Coast. This organization embraces at least a thousand regular students in the State, engaged in the earnest pursuit of knowledge, and perhaps an equal number in addition pursuing its course of study in an irregular way. The annual assemblies extending over about two weeks aim to secure the most scholarly men of the State for the discussion of literary, scientific and social problems, and the increasing attendance from year to year evinces a growing public interest. A new feature introduced this year will doubtless add greatly to the interest of future assemblies. Heretofore the great attraction has centered in the popular lectures. Hereafter classes will be formed under accomplished instructors in appropriate branches of knowledge. In this way the assembly will take on more permanent features.

Summer schools are growing into great favor in the East, and here we shall have a summer school for the pursuit of sea-side botany, conchology, general botany, biology, microscopy, Sunday-school normal work, modern languages, vocal and instrumental music, all under professors of recognized attainments and ability. Doubtless other classes will be formed as the demand shall arise, and in this way the summer vacation, instead of dissipating the mind and enervating the body, will so blend innocent recreation and intellectual pursuit as to improve the entire man.

The day devoted to the Y. M. C. A. assembly this year, was one of the most interesting of the season. The gathering was large and the spirit jubilant, and all separated with the purpose of meeting again next year. This suggests new possibilities for the Retreat in this direction hereafter. The wise and liberal policy of the R. R. Co. made it possible for hundreds of young men to come from San Francisco and elsewhere and receive an impulse which will carry them through the year. A similar policy may bring together a still larger number of all classes at the approaching annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and, if permanent might eventuate in making this the great rallying point for temperance and other movements for moral reform, as well as the center for the annual gatherings of the great ecclesiastical bodies of the state.

With the growth of these religious assemblies as now held, increasing difficulty is experienced in providing entertainment for the members in private families, and the eyes of many in the East are turning toward these summer resorts, as places where, outside of the full season, suitable accommodations may be found close together and at moderate prices, for the great gatherings of the churches. The rush to the summer resort takes place during the heated term; the ecclesiastical gatherings are held earlier or later in the season, when the hotels and cottages are empty. Not long ago Saratoga offered her splendid accommodations to a great religious assembly for a dollar a day, and the experience of those who have tried the experiment discloses the fact that under these circumstances the attendants are closer together, lose less time, have fewer distractions and dispatch business more rapidly, than when they are accommodated in private families, and that religious services are better attended. In this way there is in the long run, no loss of money, but a great saving of self-respect and satisfaction in the sense of paying one's way. If those who have in charge the secular and spiritual interests of the Retreat will bear this fact in mind and offer suitable inducements, it may become more than its projectors ever dreamed.

Another feature not often referred to, should not be omitted in this connection. At the recent session of the C. L. S. C., Dr. Anderson of Santa Cruz, read a paper giving a brief profile view of the sea bottom from Santa Cruz to the Retreat. The fact was made prominent that the Salinas valley depression extends far out into the ocean, and that at its center, the water between these two points may be five or six thousand feet deep. Hence the conclusion, that as the ascending slopes of lofty mountains afford within narrow limits striking varieties of vegetable and animal life, so the descending bottom of this deep sea would always yield wonderful varieties for the student of marine botany and zoölogy. This fact is of special interest to the students who pursue their sea-side studies here from year to year, and may yet result in the establishment of a department of instructions similar in purpose to that of Azassy at Penikese, but in a far richer field.

As a retreat from the excessive heat and malaria of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys the Grove is too well-known to need mention, but it offers one inducement in this line which is not sufficiently known. It is perhaps more attractive in winter than in summer. The sky is generally clear; the frosts are so light that the tenderest plants will bloom all winter; the prevailing winds are broken by the protecting hills and pine groves, and the victim of over-work from among our own people, or of pulmonary weakness from the East cannot find elsewhere a spot more soothing or healthful.

When Dr. Vincent, who was so well acquainted with all Eastern summer resorts, visited Pacific Grove, he was at once struck with its great natural advantages for the summer assembly of the C. L. S. C., and when Dr. Worden, who had traveled so widely, was here this summer, he pronounced it the most attractive spot for a sea-side resort he had ever seen. It only remains therefore for those who have its interests in hand, to give it that prominence to which its natural advantages entitle it.

A liberal policy in a financial sense on the part of the custodians of its temporal interests will return in a larger financial prosperity; while a liberal policy in a catholic sense, on the part of its moral and prudential guardians will result in great accessions of moral and spiritual powers. The result of the experiments this year must be satisfactory to all.

C. C. STRATTON.



## DEL MONTE COMPLIMENTED.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 29, 1886.

Sophocles has said, "It becomes a man, if he *hath received aught grateful to his mind, to bear it in remembrance* ; it is kindness that gives birth to kindness, when recollection of a benefit meets from the thought that man could not have been of generous birth." Believing every word of the above, I would be untrue to my convictions if I did not express my joy and gratitude for a visit to San Jose, Del Monte, Pacific Grove, Santa Cruz, etc., on the Northern Division of the Southern Pacific Railway. As the guest of Mr. Lucian D. Stone, who has proven himself a true benefactor to the Grove, Monterey and Del Monte, of course, every facility for pure enjoyment was afforded, and sure it is that his clerical guests will not prove of "ungenerous birth." Having heard much of the country through which the Northern Division passes, and read the descriptions of Del Monte and surroundings, I was somewhat prepared for their beauty and comfort ; but like one of old who came from afar to see great things, I could only exclaim, "*the half has not been told.*" Indeed I doubt whether it is in the power of tongue or pen, even of those most gifted with descriptive faculties, to tell of the beauty and glory, the sublimity and comfort of charming Del Monte. Words and imagination fail to paint the *reality* of this picture. It has been my privilege in the line of my work, to visit almost every city in the United States and Canada, as well as also the beautiful Chautauqua, Lakeside, etc., but *nowhere* have I found such an *Eden of beauty*, neither such a hotel as DEL MONTE. In the hope of inducing many to come from the East and West, North and South, to see and enjoy that which can never be described to them,

I am, gratefully yours,

SAM'L B. BARNITZ,

Western Sec'y, Lutheran Home Missions.

## FURS BETTER THAN DIAMONDS.

Time was when a lady would select either diamonds or laces as the one thing of all others which she would like to possess. This holds good with a number to-day. But, nevertheless, where one well-bred woman would choose an ordinary diamond or a rich piece of lace, a score at least will select a sealskin, which imparts more regal finish, more comfort and more substantiability than any other article of woman's wearing apparel known. The diamond lights up a fair one's eye with a lustre which makes the gem look pale, while the present of an exquisite piece of point is in excellent taste. But if one wishes to create a shaft of sunshine which shall warm a woman's heart forever toward husband or lover, let him make the medium for such, a sealskin, and make his bliss ineffable. In this connection we call attention to the advertisement of Messrs. H. Liebes & Co., Nos. 111, 113, 115 and 117 Montgomery Street, near Sutter, opposite the Occidental Hotel, dealers in sealskin saques, sealskin dolmans, sealskin mantillas, rich fur rugs, rare skins and other novelties in furs. We do this partly for the information of tourists and excursionists, and to show them that they may purchase all things in the fur line at at least forty per cent. lower than they can get the same line of first-class goods in the East. Messrs. H. Liebes & Co. have their own vessels and men employed in trading and hunting, and are so situated, geographically, as to obtain the furs of the world in greater varieties and at lower rates than any other firm in the same business anywhere else in the world. Tourists visiting here from the East should make it a point to call and see the beautiful stock, even if they do not care about purchasing, as the store of Messrs. Liebes & Co. is regarded in San Francisco as second to no other exhibition or museum upon the Pacific Coast. The proprietors and assistants take great pleasure in showing their goods and explaining the history of the fur-bearing animals of the Northern Pacific waters.

## CLUBS ARE TRUMPS.

An uptown policeman received a nervous shock last Tuesday night from which he has not yet recovered. He refuses to tell what caused it, but it is suspected that some one awakened him on his beat.

"So you are troubled with drowsiness?" said a physician to a policeman. "Yis, sorr ; that's f'what's the matter wid me." "Well, then I would advise you to get a position as a reporter on a live morning paper. It is a sure cure for somnolency."

## FOR DUDES ONLY.

"A Dude Nearly Drowned at the Seashore" is the provoking head on a telegraph dispatch. His escape is easily understood. His head was too light to sink.

"Why that cruel, heartless look, Archie dear," she asked, "have you ceased to love me?" "No, dear Isabel, but I am studyin medein, you know, an I have to pwactice so much that I suppose I do seem heartless, doncher know."

"I shall nevah speak to Fitzpercy again," observed Le Gush to De Sappy. "Aw! what is the mattah?" inquired De Sappy. "In the couse of conversation last evening, doncher know, he weferred to his walking-stick as a cane—the vulgah bwute." "Weally, you suppwise me."

"Horace, why don't you sit down? You've been standing there for over an hour." "Cawn't sit down, Fweddie. Going to the reception, you know." "Well, what of that? It's early yet." "Just had my twowsers cweased, Fweddie. Do you twink I've got s-s-s-softening of the bwain?"

"I say, Gawge, I thought you said those lavendaw trousers were toe tight. They fit you supawb." "So they do, Oscah, mai deah fellah. You see yesterday, I submitted mai nethew extwemities to a Wussian bawth, and that clewaw device weduced the copowosity of my pewambu-lators; don't chew know!"

McTurk—(trying to be a dude); "Ello! Buffkins." Jones—"Ello! Why, what's the matter, McTurk? Trying to be a dude and drop your h's." McTurk—"Hof course. Grand hidea, don't you see? Even the detectives will take me for a genuine John Bull hinstead of han Hamerican defaulter. Grand hidea. You 'ad better catch hon."

"I say, Gawge, do you know where I can puwchase a lawvender-tinted pug dawg?" "Naw, Oscah, but what in the deuce do you want of a lawvender colored pug?" "Weally, now, don't chew know? Why, I want the cweature to match my lawvender pawnts, old fellah, for a yellow dawg would n't hawmonize, and my two Anglaise acquaintances would dwop me if they saw me dwessed in such hawid taste."

"I'll nevah use tobacco ; nah,  
It is a filthy weed,  
I'll nevah put it in my mouth,"  
Said little Robert Reed.

"I'll nevah use tobacco ; nah,  
It's use all woe begets ;  
I scorn the weed in ev'ry form ;  
"I'll just smoke cigarettes."

"Oh, yes," said young Miss Sniffles, "By the way, did you notice my Charley's mustache?" "Naw," said Mr. De Soflay, "I never knew dat he had one." "You did n't? Why, it's just lovely." "Why, I did n't tink," said Mr. De Soflay, "dat dar was nough hair on his hupper lip to get wet." "Huh," said Miss Sniffles, "I wish I had a dollar for every hair on Charley's upper lip." A friend of Charley told him of the above conversation, and the next day he had it cut off, and after much figuring it was decided that Miss Sniffles was entitled to \$3.50, allowing all perquisites.

Dude—"Why—aw—what is the mattah with you, my—aw darling?" Dudine (sobbing)—"Oh! oh! oh! my do-o-o-gie is dead." Dude—"Yaw dawnt say! But, aftah all, there's—aw—no use cwying about it, yaw know. You can get another one. Come, let me dwy your teahs. There, my pooah swicken child, you were quite bwave when your fither died." Dudine—"I know, but—and to think of it, I am just out of mourning for that sad event and now I must put it on again." Dude—"Well, my love, there's some consolation—you look charming in black." Dudine (drying her tears and smiling)—"Do you weally think so? Then praps it is a blessing after all,"



# DEL MONTE WAVE.

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DEL MONTE PUBLISHING CO.

MONTEREY, CAL. - - - SEPTEMBER, 1886

ENTERED AT THE MONTEREY POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

"EUGENE L. DIDIER accuses Tennyson of plagiarism." Tennyson? We have heard of Didier; but who in the Dickens is Tennyson?

It is an interesting question whether the removal of Miss Cleveland to another sphere of intellectual development will detract from the vividness and inspiration of the President's messages.

It was a spectacle to break the heart of a sour-mash merchant when the entire population of a Canadian village, numbering two thousand, marched into the parish church and "swore off," for a year.

"THERE is a tide in the affairs of man which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." Which reminds us that Joe Spanier's famous Del Monte cigars are favorites with all who have smoked them. Mr. Spanier is just receiving a lot of the new crop from Havana.

IN a recent breach of promise suit the "course of true love" was traced in this manner: "Dear Mr. Smith," "My dear John," "My darling John," "My own darling John," "My darling John," "Dear John," "Dear Sir," "Sir," and all was over.

THE Yosemite travel this year has been immense, and no mistake. This is partly owing to the fact that the only unromantic part of the trip is now made by rail; and to the fact further, that the waterfalls have never been seen to better advantage. The people booked for Sept. are already reaching into the hundreds, and Sam Miller, the agent, has his hands full, and no mistake.

A NEWSPAPER man, who writes obituary notices and financial articles, went into a restaurant the other day while suffering from a severe cold. "Here! you have made a mistake!" The waiter looked perplexed. "You have put the *carte* before the hoarse," explained the newspaper man, and the waiter immediately struck for higher wages. And no wonder!

WE only express the opinion of the many when we say, that the Geyser Soda is the most delightful mineral water that is bottled on the Pacific Coast. It is especially nice mornings and evenings, and would have made Ponce de Leon go even wilder than he did over the discovery of the water which he made poetically famous.

A BEAUTIFUL circular has been sent out which contains the following: The "Raymond," South Pasadena, California. W. Raymond, of Raymond's Vacation Excursions, Boston, Mass., Proprietor; C. H. Merrill, of the Crawford House, White Mountains, N. H., Manager. The finest winter resort in America, situated in Southern California, amid the orange groves and vineyards of the beautiful San Gabriel Valley, eight miles from Los Angeles, by the Los Angeles & San Gabriel Valley R. R., opens November 1, 1886.

Most people, says the New York *Tribune*, suppose that navy officers when away on a three years' cruise on a foreign station, forget all about the "girls they have left behind them," and spend a greater portion of their time in pleasant excursions on shore. They not only spend much of their time when off duty in writing letters for the "next mail" home, but not a Saturday night passes that does not find them assembled around the mess-table, talking of home, calculating the weeks and months, or years, that must elapse before they return, and drinking, over a glass of wine, the health of their "wives and sweethearts."

No tourist ever leaves San Francisco without visiting Taber's famous Photograph Gallery, No. 8 Montgomery street. The reputation of this establishment is known all over the world. The exquisite work it turns out has been admired in almost every clime nature has produced. It is admitted that for accuracy, artistic posing of the subject, and elaborate finish, these photographs have no equal. An album of Taber's views of Pacific Coast scenery and objects of interest, interspersed with pictures of the eminent men and women who have been photographed at this great gallery, would constitute one of the most interesting books which could be placed on a reception parlor table to amuse the guests. Those who wish to obtain satisfactory photographs should go to Taber.

THIS story is told as illustrating the ready wit of the late Dr. Howard, of Chelmsford: He had for a patient a very pious woman who lived in Billerica, who sent for him one day quite urgently. He did not respond so promptly as his patient desired, and when he did arrive she upbraided him sharply. "When I send for a doctor," she said, "I expect him to come right away," "But, my dear madam," he replied, "what does the Good Book say about it?" "I didn't know the Good Book referred to the subject," she testily replied. "Yes, it does," retorted the doctor, "it says that the expectation of the wicked shall be cut off." The old lady was mollified.

THE Palace Hotel, San Francisco, under the combined management of Geo. Schonewald (late of the famous Del Monte, at Monterey,) and Alexander Sharon, has just been painted outside and in, and newly carpeted and re-furnished and renovated throughout, and is again in excellent condition to accommodate all who wish to avail themselves of the comforts and luxuries of the finest and most complete hotel in the world, at the same rates charged by other first-class hotels in San Francisco. And that reminds us that the new management have set apart a limited number of excellent rooms for transient patrons at a dollar a day. Parties going to San Francisco should bear this fact in mind, and that there is a very nice restaurant attached to the hotel.

THE WAVE has special advertising advantages, one or two of which we enumerate: In the first place it is put in the hands of all tourists who visit Del Monte, and also sent to many of the fashionable patrons of that place who are at times elsewhere. It is also on sale for a month at the news stand at Del Monte, and on all the trains running between San Francisco and Monterey. It is the organ of the Northern Division of the Southern Pacific, and the country through which it passes, which includes the cities and towns of San Mateo, Menlo, Redwood, Santa Clara, San Jose, Gilroy, Santa Cruz, Pajaro, Watsonville, Castroville, Salinas, Paraiso, Soledad and Monterey. The libraries, club houses, hotels, rooms of the Christian Association, Turkish bath houses, and other prominent places of resort in San Francisco, are kept supplied with copies of the WAVE during the whole of each month.

## FOR TOURISTS.

For the information of strangers who desire to carry with them lunch baskets upon leaving the city, we would say that the best place to be accommodated in this line is at the extensive store of Messrs. Lebenbaum Brös., 215 and 217 Sutter street. It is centrally located and is within a block or two of the Palace, Lick and Occidental Hotels. We are free in guaranteeing perfect satisfaction at Messrs. Lebenbaum.



*GROVE HALL.*

Is the title of a new cottage at Pacific Grove Retreat at Monterey. It is beautifully located, and contains thirteen apartments, and promises to be one of the attractions of this popular resort. The permanent citizens as well as transient visitors, look upon it as quite a benefit to the Grove.

It was erected for Dr. C. L. Roe, a lady physician, who now occupies it as a permanent residence, and has commenced the practice of medicine at the Grove. Dr. Roe is a regular graduate of a New York medical college, and is a registered physician according to the laws of the State. She has had twenty-three years' practice in New York City, and comes to this Coast as a physician of marked ability. Besides answering to calls at the Grove and vicinity, she proposes opening her cottage for the treatment of invalids, and furnish them rooming accommodations. In cases where persons are unable to go to the regular restaurant for board, meals will also be served to patients.

Grove Hall cannot help but become a desirable place for any one in need of medical treatment. The healthful climate at the Grove, as well as its various attractions and restful surroundings, alone is sufficient to attract the invalid, and the opportunity to enjoy this beautiful Grove, and at the same time be under the treatment of so eminent and able a physician as Dr. Roe, is a chance rarely offered. Grove Hall is therefore looked upon as an important addition to the many improvements at Pacific Grove Retreat.

*CAPITOLA.*

The season at Capitola, Santa Cruz County, opened on the first day of May, under very favorable auspices. Over two thousand persons were present, and it was very complimentary to Messrs. Cahoon and Son, the new managers and proprietors of this popular sea-side resort, to hear the many expressions of surprise at the greatly improved appearance of the place. Since that time there have been accessions daily, so that at present there is a mighty swarm of people at Capitola, in hotel, cottage, tent, and a number who have no roof except the canopy of heaven. The time is not far distant when double the accommodations now obtainable at Capitola will not accommodate the half who will apply for rest and recreation at this delightful summer resort. So far as nature has had a chance, she has put in her prettiest work. The bay, the beach, the bathing, are all fine, and the latter is nice and warm these days. It is now the very charm of summer at Capitola—there are days of warm sunshine and delicious evening breezes; the trees are all in full leaf; the grass is as soft and green as in winter; wild and cultivated flowers are in profusion; the music of the mocking bird and the linnet meet the ear in all directions, made more melodious by the baritone of the ocean's roar, and all Nature seems to smile serenely at this captivating place. There has been thrown at us many times the general order of "See Naples and die." We would rather pass a few days at Capitola and live.

*THROUGH THICK AND THIN.*

It is an old adage that "you can't squeeze blood out of a turnip," nor juice either out of many of those you find for sale. There is all the difference in the world in the nutrition one derives from good or from bad vegetables. You might eat a cart-load of the shriveled-up, dry, coarse and spongy kind, and you'd remain as thin as a rail, while good nutritive vegetables make one fat as well as healthy. This is why the stalls Nos. 30 and 31 California market of Brown & Wells are so liberally patronized. Persons buying there once never go elsewhere thereafter, because they get there the worth of their money. At five o'clock in the morning may be seen the best people in the city, including all our hotels and boarding-houses, making their selections of green peas, string beans, onions, celery, asparagus, young sweet corn, radishes, cucumbers, lettuce, oranges, strawberries, cherries, and indeed the whole list of fruits and vegetables that make life worth living. Brown & Wells certainly understand this business, and are now reaping the rewards of their experience. Drop in and see them.

*DR. LORVEA'S*

New Hammam, 218 Post Street, between Dupont and Stockton, San Francisco, is the finest Turkish, Russian, Electric and Medicated bath-house in that city. Single bath, one dollar. Twelve tickets for ten dollars. Open day and night, Sundays included.

*A CARRIAGE EMPORIUM.*

Until of late it has not been generally understood that Truman, Isham & Co., Nos. 421-427 Market Street, San Francisco, kept constantly on hand, in connection with their warehouse, for the sale of agricultural and other farming implements, a full line of everything in the shape of wagons and carriages, and especially the latter, which includes buggies of all noted makes. Landaus, rockaways, hacks, carriages and coupes, dog-carts, sulkies, skeleton wagons, phaetons, etc., etc. All of these are made to order, not only for California, but for various parts of California, thus: the firm carry carriages, wagons and buggies which they have had manufactured especially for San Joaquin Valley, which they would not sell to a man wanting a vehicle for San Francisco use, or for use in Sonoma, Napa or Solano counties. This has given this well-known and prosperous firm the best name of any party in the State, dealing in such things, and the compliment is deserved. Their buggies are of the best Brewster or of cheaper, and the cheapest patterns carried by the trade, and all made to order for California use. We have not been so interested in many a day as we were at the establishment of Truman, Isham & Co. last week.

*BYRON SPRINGS.*

There are few people in our midst who are aware that there is, only a few hours' ride from San Francisco, and only three miles by stage from a railway station, a resort that ranks as a sanitarium, and a place to regain health higher, really, than any other springs in California. It has been the custom of sufferers to make long trips, at great expense, to visit places whose waters are not wonderful for their efficacy, while there are more healing waters closer at home. We know it to be a fact that hundreds of people have been cured of many complaints at the Byron Springs, and that no person has ever visited them that has not felt relief in two or three days. We are acquainted with a prominent railroad man who obtained great relief from increasing kidney pains and disorders, in from a visit from Friday to Tuesday. It is an absolute fact that, for the positive cure of all such complaints, or great relief, there is no place on the Pacific Coast that can touch these wonderful waters. Persons suffering from general debility and nervous strains may be greatly refreshed and recuperated by a stay from Saturday to Monday.

At Mrs. Mackay's recent dinner to the Prince of Wales, of course the list was submitted to the Prince. He suggested that Lady Tatton Sykes and Lady Randolph Churchill be asked. Mrs. Mackay wrote his Royal Highness that these ladies had accepted her invitation once and then treated her with scorn at Ascot, not speaking to her, and she would not ask them again.

It is said that the autograph fiend is again actively engaged in the pursuit of his nefarious industry. One of them wrote to General Sherman the other day for his autograph and a lock of his hair. He promptly received the following answer: "I regret to state that as my orderly is bald, and as the man who formerly wrote my autographs has been dismissed, I cannot comply with your request." No signature was appended.

SAM W. SMALL, the Georgia revivalist, has written a manly letter to the editor of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* in reply to printed charges recently made against him for seeming neglect to discharge moneyed obligations to persons in that city. The concluding paragraph reads: "I owe many hundreds of dollars yet in Texas, Georgia, New York, and elsewhere. In my days of drunkenness and recklessness I had an unfortunate habit and facility for contracting debts. Now I am grievously suffering the penalty. I deserve it and bear it all, I hope, with becoming patience. God helping my honest resolutions and efforts I will soon be free from these burdens and these taunts. Then, I trust, those who thus pursue me, seeking to destroy my usefulness and drive me from my duty to the Master, will be able to lay aside their ill-will and regret the cruel wounds they are now so unmercifully inflicting upon me."

MORE POINTED THAN POLITE.—Fond Father—"Don't you think I ought to have my daughter's voice cultivated?" Tortured Guest—(impressively)—"I think you ought to have something done to it."



# THE PALACE HOTEL

## SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. D. Sharon and G. Schonefeld, Lessees.

George Smith, Chief Clerk.

The PALACE HOTEL, occupying an entire block in the centre of San Francisco, is the model Hotel of the World.

It has double the accommodations of any other Hotel in the City.

It is thoroughly Fire and Earthquake-proof, has five broad, easy stairways, and five elevators.

Every Room is extra large, light and airy. The system of ventilation is perfect, combining flue from fire-place, inlet flue for fresh air from outside and outlet flue to the roof.

A bath and closet adjoin every room.

All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors leading from the glass-covered court in the center of the building.

The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, broad balconies around it on every story, its carriage way and its tropical plants, is an attractive feature; one hitherto unknown in American Hotels.

Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The Restaurant is an adjunct to the Hotel, and is the finest in the City.

Its commodious and elegant character is assured by the fact that in the inception of the enterprise, the owner, the late HON. WILLIAM SHARON, instructed his Architect to visit the Hotels of the principal cities of the United States and Europe, for the express purpose of including in the plans of the PALACE, all existing improvements, and such additional ones that experience and observation had suggested, he desiring it to be a Palatial Hotel in every respect.

The Palace Hotel occupies the entire block upon the southwest corner of New Montgomery and Market streets, rearing its huge fronts a hundred and twenty feet, extending two hundred and seventy-five feet westerly up Market and Jessie, and stretching its vast flanks three hundred and fifty feet southerly along New Montgomery and Annie, this architectural monarch lifts its colossal bulk above the very business and social centres of the Pacific Metropolis.

Lines of horse-cars connecting directly with all principal streets, business centres, leading places of amusement or resort, and all notable localities, constantly traversing the entire city, even to its remotest suburbs, run directly by, or within a minutes' walk. At the neighboring foot of the city's Grand Central Avenue, which passes directly under its northern front, are the stations and docks of the Great Overland Railway Terminus, with the piers and slips of the principal steam ferries, which swiftly bridge the broad Bay in every habitable or pleasurable direction. A few blocks south lie the immense docks and basins of the P. M. S. S. Co., with their grand fleet of Trans-Pacific Mail Steamships for the Sandwich Islands, China, Japan, Australia, India, and the Nations of the Orient.

The general style of architecture, within and without, is almost severely simple. Amplitude, solidity, strength and permanency reign in every part. Of the imposing exterior of the stately structure, with myriads of bay windows diversifying its four immense fronts, from top to bottom, and partially relieving the oppressive massiveness which must otherwise characterize it, of its stupendous proportions and its absolute immensity.

Ninety-six thousand, two hundred and fifty square feet, or nearly two and a quarter acres, underlie the stupendous structure itself, while the sub-side-walk extensions increase the basement area to upwards of three acres. Its general form is an immense triplicate hollow quadrangle, including one grand central crystal-roofed garden court, flanked by a lesser and parallel court on either side. Seven lofty stories surmount the deep and airy basement, and through a considerable portion it has eight. The lower story has a height of twenty-seven feet, the uppermost sixteen. The deep foundation wall is twelve feet thick; stone, iron, brick and marble are the chief materials. Of the brick alone, its construction consumed thirty-one millions. All outer and inner and partition walls, from base to top, are solid stone and brick built around, within and upon a huge skeleton of broad wrought-iron bands, thickly bolted together, and of such immense size as to have required three thousand tons for this purpose alone. Thus, the building is really duplex—a huge self-supporting frame of iron of enormous strength, within massive walls of firm-set brick and solid stone. The outer and visible walls are proof against fire; the inner and invisible frames secure against earthquake. The supporting columns, within and without, are iron; the cornice of iron and zinc. Four artesian wells, having a tested capacity of 28,000 gallons an hour, supply the great 630,000 gallon reservoir under the central court, besides filling seven roof tanks, holding 130,000 gallons more. Three large steam fire-pumps force water through 45 4-inch wrought-iron upright fire-mains, reaching above the roof, and distribute it through 327 2½-inch hose-bibs, and 15,000 feet of 5-ply corbolized fire-hose, thus doubly

and trebly commanding every inch of the vast structure from roof to basement, within and without.

Five patent safety-catch hydraulic elevators, running noiselessly within fire-proof brick walls, ascend even to the roof promenades. Electric fire-alarms, self-acting, instantly report at the office the exact locality of any fire, or even of extraordinary heat in any parlor, bedroom, closet, hall, passage, stairway or storeroom. Special hotel watchmen regularly patrol all parts of the building every thirty minutes, day and night. A self-acting and self-registering tell-tale indicator instantly reports at the office any neglect or omission of their duty. Besides all these precautions, a fire-proof, iron staircase, inclosed in solid brick and stone and opening through iron doors upon every floor, ascends from basement to roof. Every floor has its exclusive annunciator, and its own tubular conductors, carrying all letters for the post-office directory to the main letter-box in the general office. A pneumatic dispatch tube instantly conveys letters, messages, or parcels to and from any point of the different floors. Two thousand and forty-two ventilating tubes, opening outward, upon the roof from every room, bath-room and closet, insure constant purity and thorough sweetness of air in every part. The grand central court, 144 by 84 feet, has a carriage and promenade entrance through the east front on New Montgomery street, of 44 feet width, expanding into a circular driveway fifty-two feet in diameter, surrounded by a marble-tiled promenade and a tropical garden of rare exotics, with choice statuary and artistic fountains. Within this court, opposite the main entrance, is the music pavilion, in which the instrumental band, exclusively attached to the Palace, render choice selections, at stated intervals, during every afternoon and evening.

Off the central court opens the main entrance to the hotel-office, 65 by 55; entrances to the breakfast room, 110 by 55; the grand dining room, 150 by 55; the music and ball room, 65 by 55; the ladies' lower reception parlor, 40 by 40; reading room of the same size; billiard rooms, 65 by 40; barber shop and bath rooms, 40 by 40, committee rooms and other general apartments, devoted to the pleasure or convenience of guests and patrons.

On the second floor are private dining rooms, childrens' dining hall, and the ladies' drawing room, 84 by 40. *The total number of rooms exclusively for guests above the garden floor is 755.* Most are twenty feet square—none less than 16 by 16. They are equally well finished and furnished throughout. The heavy carpets, of the most artistic and beautiful designs, were manufactured exclusively for this hotel. The massive furniture, original and unique in design, was made by special contract in San Francisco, of the finest and most beautiful native woods, at an aggregate cost of over half a million of dollars. The rooms are expressly arranged for use, either singly or in suites of two or more. Their connections and approaches are such that an individual, family, or a party of any size, can have a suite or any number of rooms, combining the seclusion of the most elegant private residence, with the numberless luxuries of the most perfect hotel. Every outer room has its bay window, while every parlor and guest chamber has its own private toilet, ample clothes closet and fire grate.

The capitals of the columns along the upper corridors are crowned with elegant urns and vases of rare and beautiful flowers and plants, whose twining tendrils in luxuriant growth gracefully festoon the balconies, while the delicious fragrance of this tropical conservatory pervades the air of the court as well as that of the neighboring rooms, with delightful perfumes. Independent of outward atmospheric changes, this crystal-roofed garden enjoys its own local sub-tropical climate of perpetual summer, where, as in some charming nook of fairyland, the balmy breath of incense-laden air may at once refresh and recreate its delighted guests. Classic statues of the four seasons also adorn the corridors of this aerial tropical conservatory.

From broad walks and observatories, surrounding the lofty roof, and readily accessible by the elevators, the guests enjoy a panoramic view unsurpassed in breadth and beauty.

Within and without, in all approaches, appointments and belongings the kingly structure, far surpassing, not only in size but in grandeur, all the hotels of Europe and America, richly justifies the propriety of its happily chosen name—The Palace Hotel.

The salubrious and equable character of the climate (the thermometer at San Francisco, in Summer, ranging from 60 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit, and in Winter from 50 to 60 degrees) extends such an inviting welcome to travelers, that every endeavor has been made to have the Palace fully harmonize with it in its attractive features by combining the comforts and conveniences of American and European hotels, with the greatly prized luxuries of oriental life,

A. D. SHARON AND G. SCHONEFELD, LESSEES.



The Leading Private Educational Institution  
**FOR BOYS**  
 ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

**St. Matthew's Hall**  
 SAN MATEO, CAL.

Thirteen  
 Teachers  
 OF  
 Reputation  
 AND  
 Ability.



Prepares  
 FOR  
 College  
 OR FOR  
 Business.

#### LOCATION.

THIS Institution, founded in 1866, is situated near the village of San Mateo, which is noted for its beauty and seclusion; also, for the equability and healthfulness of its climate. It is within twenty miles of San Francisco by rail, and easily accessible by carriage, and therefore particularly suited to parents in the city who wish their sons within reach in case of emergency. Trains of the Southern Pacific Company run frequently, allowing visitors to go and return several times daily.

#### DISCIPLINE.

THE Principal exercises a fatherly care and discipline over the pupils, seeking to influence and kindly lead rather than drive. The military discipline is used in a modified form, sufficient to secure regular exercise and erect carriage by drill, and habits of promptness and obedience, with orderly movements in the school-room. Experience has proved that the military drill, thus modified, is beneficial and not objectionable. Particular attention is given to the morals and manners of the pupils by both principal and teachers, it being considered an indispensable part of their training to make them gentlemen as well as scholars. This is the atmosphere of the school.

#### SESSIONS.

THE School year is divided into two sessions of twenty weeks each. The Easter session begins about January 6th; the Trinity session about July 20th, with a Summer vacation of eight weeks and a Winter vacation of four weeks. Pupils will be received at any time.

FOR CATALOGUES AND OTHER INFORMATION, ADDRESS

**REV. ALFRED LEE BREWER, M. A.**

PRINCIPAL.

**W. P. L. WINHAM,**  
 Real Estate & Insurance Agent

**SALINAS CITY,**  
 MONTEREY COUNTY.

Has upwards of Sixty Farms for sale, all of which are situated in Monterey County, California, varying in size from forty to twelve hundred acres each.

Also other large tracts for sale in lots to suit purchasers, consisting of Agricultural, Dairy, Stock farms, and lands adapted to the raising of vegetables, grapes and fruits of almost every kind. Complete lists and descriptions sent by mail upon application, and all correspondence promptly answered.

**FREE MUSEUM**  
 On the Beach, Santa Cruz,  
 THE LARGEST AND BEST COLLECTION OF  
**Sea Shells and Mosses,**  
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A Fine Assortment of Santa Cruz Views on hand and For Sale. Moss and Mineral Work done to Order.

**J. F. PARKER.**

**THE "FAMOUS"**

**CROCKERY AND FANCY GOODS CO.**

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The Leading House on the Pacific Coast

**CROCKERY, GLASS AND PLATED WARE,**

Cutlery, Lamp Stock, and House Furnishing Goods,

Fancy Goods, Statuary and Bric-a-Brac.

PRICES ALWAYS THE LOWEST. IMPORTATIONS ALL DIRECT.

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**STRONGEST AND MOST DURABLE HOSE MADE.**

Also, Rubber Hose of Extra Fine Quality.

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256 MARKET STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

**BYRON SPRINGS**  
 NEW MANAGEMENT. NEWLY FURNISHED.  
 OPEN WINTER AND SUMMER.

68 Miles from San Francisco.

Three Hours by Rail.

**HOT MUD BATHS, HOT SALT BATHS, HOT SULPHUR BATHS**  
**AND VARIOUS MINERAL WATERS.**

*A well-known Physician, of large practice, who recently visited Byron Springs, expressed himself as follows:*

"Its location, as regards distance (68 miles from San Francisco) and climate, makes the place especially desirable as a Winter Resort for Invalids, and in that respect has no equal on the Pacific Coast."

**THE EBBITT,**

WASHINGTON, D. C.

ARMY AND NAVY HEADQUARTERS.

Four Iron Fire Escapes, and the Finest and Most Commodious Elevator in the World.

TERMS: \$3 and \$4 Per Day.

THE EBBITT is on the corner of Fourteenth and F Streets, on both horse railroads, and is equidistant from the Capitol and White House.

C. C. WILLIARD, Proprietor.



# THE WONDER OF CALIFORNIA.



## PARAISO SPRINGS,

MONTEREY COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

One Hour's Ride from the Southern Pacific  
Railroad Depot at Soledad.

A Spot Where the Sun Ever Shines.

**NO FOGS! NO WIND!**

Especially Adapted for a

**SUMMER AND WINTER RESORT.**

RECENTLY OPENED MUD BATH!

STRONGEST IRON WATER KNOWN! SODA WATER!

SULPHUR WATER!

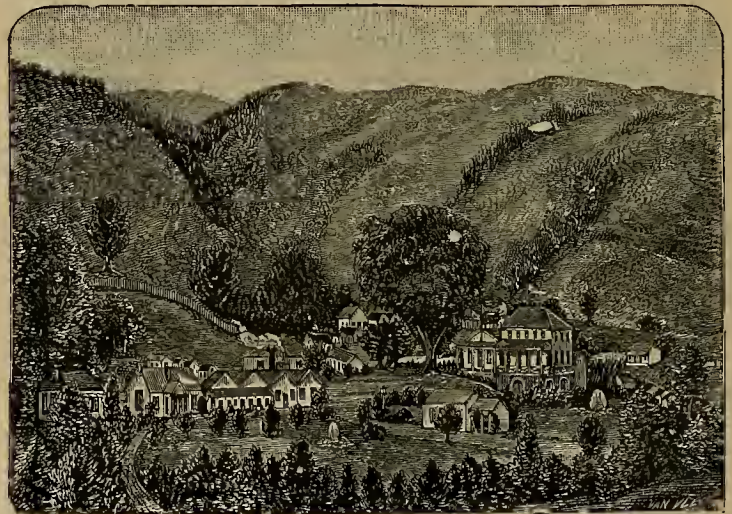
BOTH PLUNGE AND SIDE BATHS!

Wonderful Cures wrought in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Troubles, Skin Diseases, Etc. The place for Convalescents to Recuperate. Fourteen Hundred Feet above the Level of the Sea. Admirably adapted to Consumptives. Both Sight and Hearing have been benefited by the soothing Soda Water.

Round Trip Tickets, DIRECT TO THE SPRINGS, from San Francisco, \$10.50

ED. J. FOSTER,  
Assistant Manager.

J. G. FOSTER,  
(Late of Cliff House) Proprietor.



## WINDSOR HOTEL, MONTREAL, CANADA.

GEORGE ILES, Manager.

*THE WINDSOR is much the best Hotel in Canada. Conducted on the American and European plans, on the methods of the leading hotels of New York. High in site, airy in construction, and just enough removed from the business center to be quiet, without being out of the way.*

## ST. JAMES HOTEL,

**SAN JOSE, CAL.**

TYLER BEACH, - - - Proprietor.

This Hotel is elegantly furnished, with all the Modern Improvements. The rooms are large, airy, and beautifully situated in front of St. James Park, next door to the Court House. No expense has been spared in making this a First-Class Hotel in every respect.

AMERICAN PLAN. RATES, \$1.50 to \$2.50 PER DAY.

SPECIAL PRICES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.

Coach and Carriage at Depot on Arrival of all Trains.



**TOURISTS AND EXCURSIONISTS**

Visiting California should not fail to

VISIT

**Santa Cruz**

THE

**Newport**

OF THE

**PACIFIC.**

And Stop at the

**Pacific  
Ocean  
House**The Largest and  
Best Hotel in  
the City.

Street Cars pass the door every few minutes for the Beach. — The Table is supplied with the best the Market Affords.

**RATES:** \$2.00 AND \$2.50 PER DAY,  
\$12.50 AND \$17.50 PER WEEK.

Special Rates given to Families and Monthly Guests.

**E. J. SWIFT, Prop.****THE POPE HOUSE**

Is the largest family boarding house, and is beautifully situated on the plateau overlooking the city. The buildings and grounds occupy six acres. A number of cottages have recently been erected on the grounds, and furnished same as the main building, for families and parties desiring more secluded and quiet accommodations. Croquet grounds, shuffle-boards, billiard parlor, swings, etc., for guests and their friends.

Santa Cruz is situated on Monterey bay, eighty miles south of San Francisco, in easy access by the Southern Pacific Railroad, the South Pacific Coast Railroad, and the Pacific Coast Steamship Co. Fare from San Francisco, by rail, \$3.50; by steamer, \$2.50. Two trains daily from Monterey to Santa Cruz, fare, \$2.00.

The climate is delightful in all seasons, and affords a greater contrast to that of the Atlantic States than any other place on the Pacific Coast.

For particulars address

**E. J. SWIFT, Prop.****J. H. HORSNYDER,**

152 Pacific Avenue, - - - SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

**Druggist and Chemist,**

AND DEALER IN

**MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, TOILET****AND FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.**

Physicians' Prescriptions and Family Recipes Accurately Compounded.

**CHESNUTWOOD'S  
Business College***Santa Cruz, Cal.,*

Is the cheapest and best Business College on the Coast.

Pupils can enter at any time. No classes. Individual instruction given.

Our graduates are elegant penmen and are qualified to keep any set of books.

TERMS: For a Six Months' Business Course, \$42.

Good board and room \$16 per month.

For circulars containing full information, address the Principal,

**J. A. CHESNUTWOOD,**  
Box 43, Santa Cruz, Cal.**HENRY SKINNER,**  
*President.***E. J. CON,**  
*Cashier.***The Bank of Santa Cruz Co.***Santa Cruz, Cal.*Capital, Paid up, - - - \$80,000.00  
Surplus and Reserve, - - - 12,000.00**N. THORSON,  
TAILOR****PHILAN BUILDING,**

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Rooms 1, 2 and 3. TAKE THE ELEVATOR.

**PROFESSIONAL.****G. B. RICHMOND, Jr., M. D.**

Graduate University of New York.

OFFICE, SALINAS CITY, CAL.



Far the Most Popular Drink

**Geyser Soda**

Effervesces like Champagne.

Purely Natural Gas

Bottled at the Springs.

**GEYSER SODA****Lemonade**

Is delicious.

FOR SALE

IN ALL

First-Class Saloons

Ask for it!

Take no other!

Families Supplied.

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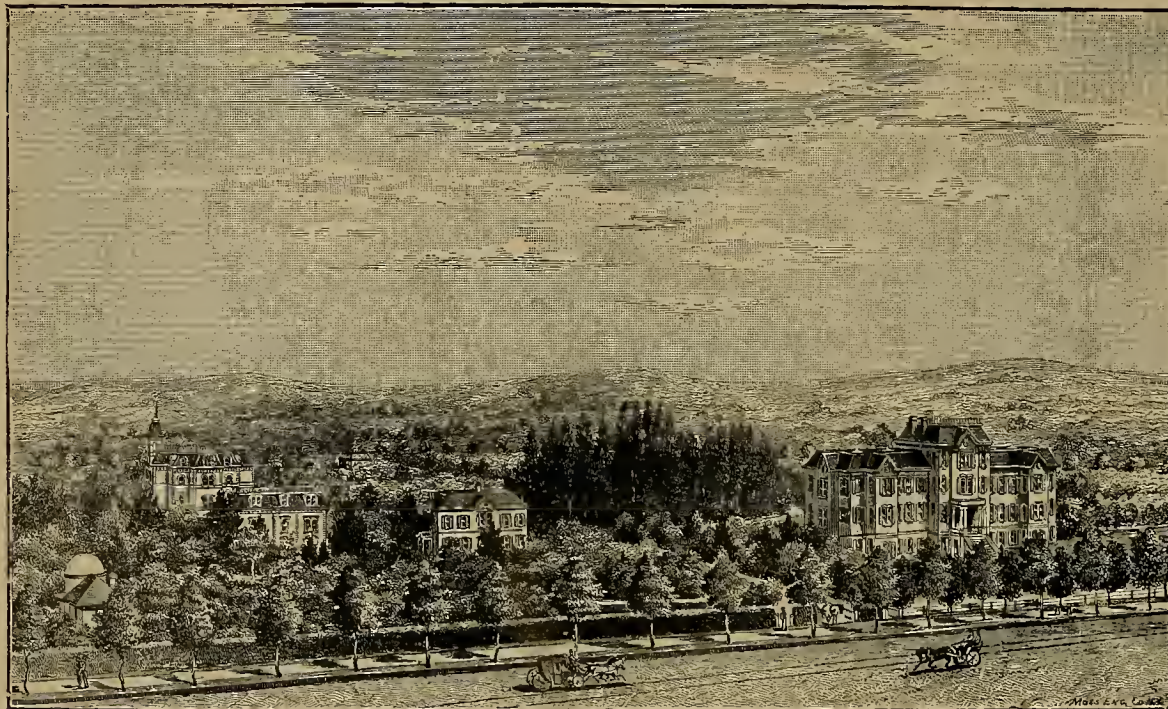
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New Montgomery St.



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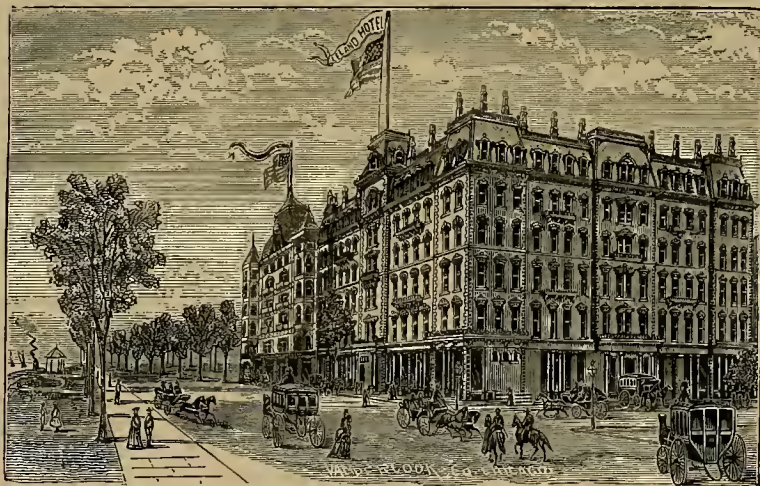
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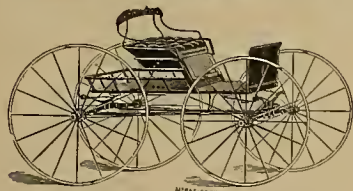
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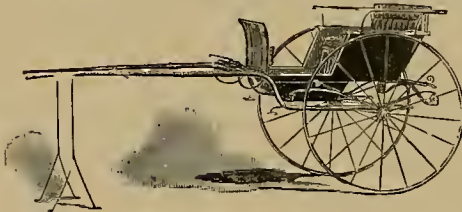
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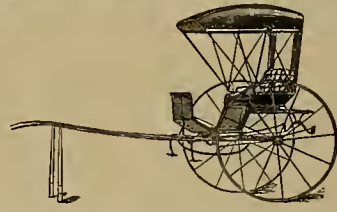
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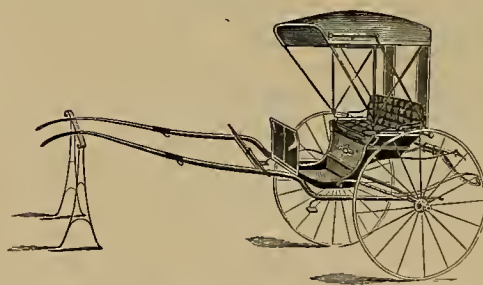
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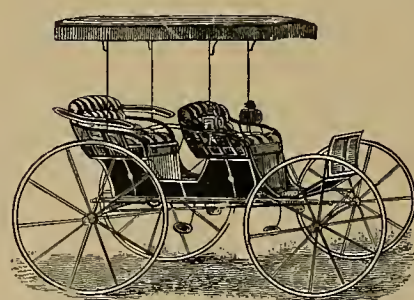
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# DEL MONTE WAVE.

Vol. I. No. 10.

Monterey, California, October, 1886.

10 Cents.

## CALIFORNIA'S LONG BRANCH.

Correspondence—*Omaha Bee.*]

SAN FRANCISCO, September 16, 1886.

Mr. William Wallace, of the *Omaha National*, said to me just before the Nebraska Editorial excursion left Omaha for the Pacific coast, "If you go to California, visit Monterey and the Hotel del Monte—even if you see nothing else in the whole State." With this injunction on my mind, I left the excursionists (whose itinerancy did not include Monterey) and took a run down there with a party of friends, including Mr. and Mrs. Dewey and Miss Belle Dewey, of Omaha. We spent yesterday (Sunday) in admiring the beauties of the place, its unequalled drives, its cosy hotel, and we urge upon other Omaha friends who may travel this way, the same injunction that Mr. Wallace gave me.

The fastest train on the Pacific coast runs from San Francisco to Monterey, 125 miles scuth in three and one-half hours. It is through a beautiful country, the Santa Clara valley, past long stretches of cultivated fields and by suburban towns where the wealthy people of San Francisco have their homes—Menlo Park, Redwood and San Jose.

One feels at home as soon as he enters the spacious rotunda at the Hotel del Monte, especially if it be evening and the ladies are gathered about the big fire-place, where the logs burn merrily. For, be it known, the nights are always cool at Monterey, and the days of such agreeable, delightful temperature that the difference between the winter and summer range of the thermometer is marked by but a few degrees. The hotel is roomy and comfortable, the dining room one of the most cheerful I have ever seen, and the cooking quite perfect, including glorious fish from the bay near at hand.

One runs over to the club house, if it is evening, and watches the belles and beaux play at ten pins; or lingers in the spacious parlors or the ladies' billiard room, reserving the walk around the grounds until morning. And when morning comes, and you glance out at the artificial lake, with its geyser-like fountain sending up a cloud of water from the center, on which the sunbeams turn to violet and crimson and gold, and through the waving branches of the giant oaks beyond catch a glimpse of the turquoise blue of the Pacific, which bears a brighter color near Monterey, they say, then you exclaim, "This is, indeed, the resort of all resorts; if there be a paradise on earth it is here."

Then step out into the grounds, for which Nature has done much, but for which a corps of forty gardeners is constantly doing more. A range of pebbled walks runs out under the trees through grass-plots of emerald greenness, bordered with flowers, such as one only sees in California, with a cactus garden here and a fernery there, and "hollyhocks all in a row," and hedges of foxgloves ten feet high, and roses without end! In shaded nooks are swings and teters and slides for the children, while the older young folks take delight in the croquet and tennis-grounds. There are three tennis courts made on meadows, the division lines being painted plainly, and all surrounded in the high retaining nets of wire, making the most complete arrangement for the game I have ever known. There is a trimness and a finish about the improvements here that display a master hand.

The little town of Monterey, historically famous, lies about a mile away, and on the road is situated the immense bath house, on the decorations and improvements of which \$75,000 have been lavished. There are two hundred and ten dressing rooms, and the four immense tanks are heated by steam. As for surf bathing, one can get that outside in the bay, a magnificent sheet of water twenty-eight miles from point to point, and the beach is considered by many to be the finest on the coast.

The sleepy old town is quite a study for the eastern bred who, for the first time, sees a relic of the Spanish dominion here. It was in December, 1602, that Don Sebastian Vizcaino, acting under instructions from Philip III, of Spain, sailed into the placid waters of this bay and took possession of the country, which he named in honor of Caspar de Zuniga, Count de Monte Rey, Viceroy of Mexico, and projector of the expedition. It was

their intention to found a church there, but one hundred and sixty-eight years passed before a white man again trod that shore, when the good padre Junipero Serra, of whom we have all read in Helen Hunt Jackson's beautiful novel "Romona," headed sixteen missionaries from the Franciscan convent of San Fernando, and founded the Carmel mission, the second in California.

To reach this ancient building, now in ruins, but still showing its admirable design, one takes the celebrated seventeen mile drive, undoubtedly the most picturesque in America. It is through grand woods, full of wild flowers, every now and then emerging to skirt the foam-flecked shore or climb some jutting promontory that gives a far-off view across the deep blue sea. Did I say blue? That is not enough; we see a prism here, a dash of sapphire now and then, and emerald, mingled with opal and cream white, all rising and falling and changing tones with every swell of the ocean or every passing cloud. On rocky islands near the shore seals and sea birds disport themselves, and at Cypress Point one comes upon a grove of trees that is worth crossing two continents to see—giant, ghost-like trees, shrouded in moss and flecked with sunlight, all heavy topped with gnarled and twisted limbs and stumps.

A little beyond the end of this macadam road is Carmel mission, where lie the remains of fifteen Governors of the State, and the tomb of the apostle of California, Junipero Serra, who died in 1784. Here the first potatoes in California were raised, in 1826, about the time when the mission was wealthiest, and the fathers possessed 90,000 cattle, 50,000 sheep, 3,000 horses, with merchandise valued at \$50,000, and silver to the amount of \$40,000, all of which were converted to secular uses ten years later by a decree of the Mexican congress, and the peaceful existence of the little community rudely interrupted.

CLEMENT CHASE.

## CREOLE HOUSEKEEPING.

When a Creole lady gives a dinner party or a midnight supper one may be sure that the whole bill of fare has passed under her personal supervision, and she herself will add to the gumbo that exact proportion of file necessary to its perfection. While in the pot of gumbo, as it were, it may interest readers to know that at all evening entertainments, which are kept up until the small hours, a plate of this steaming sacrifice, with a snowy island of dry rice, is passed to each guest about two hours before supper, and a most staying, comforting prologue it is, says *Harper's Bazar*. This custom has given way to newer methods in New Orleans, but is kept up in the plantation houses. The creole mistress prepares her own mayonnaise, bisque, devilled crabs, ices and sweets, and is most particular that coffee is strong and abundant enough. To come up to the required standard of strength it must dye the cup, but then a very small quantity is drunk. Every Creole, of high or low degree, believes that coffee was the Olympian nectar. The Creole woman can usually rely upon good service from her domestics, for she trains them well and treats them with consideration, even affection, never with that *de haut en bas* air which the Anglo-Saxon often assumes toward his inferiors. She has her reward, for her servants stay with her, love her, and serve her faithfully, and such efficient cooks and nurses do they become under her tutelage that Creole servants, as they come to be called, are in demand among all the American housekeepers.

## TRUSTING ONE ANOTHER.

A writer on the staff of the *New York Times* says: "One of the signs of the times, and an evidence that the North and the South are beginning to trust one another, is shown by the fact that pupils from the Southern States in Canadian military academies are drifting back to similar schools on this side of the lakes. There have been many of these young men in the Dominion's institutions this season, as a practical educator explains it to me. The people of the South are now, as they always have been, deeply interested in military matters. At the close of the war the few who were able to send their boys away to school were unwilling to put them in the academies of the North. The battles and bloodshed and devastation were too fresh in men's memories then. Now that the old war feeling is dying out, Southern youngsters are coming to Northern colleges and are learning to realize that because a man lives on one side of Mason and Dixon's line he is not necessarily a boor or an ogre. As an illustration of the extent to which Northern military schools were patronized by the South in ante-bellum days, I was surprised to learn the other day that one New England institution which sent 300 young men into the Union army furnished very many more than that number to the ranks of the Confederacy."



## SCENES AT LONG BRANCH.

[Ben C. Truman in *New York Times*.]

Long Branch is the antipodes of Newport in all social phases, and in many other respects. The former is for the million, the latter for the millionaire. Long Branch is cosmopolitan and jolly; Newport is haughty and severe. The top side of New York society scatters its gold at the one place, while the masses go down into the bottom of their pockets for spare silver at the other. Surf bathing is indulged in by all hands at the famous Jersey resort, while, with few exceptions, only children and their Milesian nurses with French caps revel in the waves which thunder upon the shores of the antiquated municipality on Rhode Island. Long Branch is all sunshine—Newport is delicious twilight instead.

When one stands upon the beach at Long Branch, in particular, one becomes greatly impressed with the fact that old ocean is a wonderful leveler, and that it is alike indifferent to creed and station. The same wave which rolls the well-fed possessor of preferred bonds well up among the flotsam and jetsam, grotesquely tangles his blue-veined limbs with the unsubstantial legs and arms of the cadaverous stationer who printed them. Knights of labor and chevaliers of idleness strike out into and get struck by the same billows. The Flora McFlimseys of Madison-square and the Milesian madonnas from Corkonian precincts still further up town go down into the saline suds from the same shore-side shanty, and are unceremoniously pitched up into the sand together by a trident that knows no grade. Indeed, the millionaire and the mudsill, the merchant and the mechanic, the freckled-face lass from the country and the frescoed-cheeked belle from town, the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the good and the bad, the homely and the fair, the timid and the brave, the weak and the strong, the coarse and the refined, the fat and the lean, the short and the tall, the gentleman and the tough, the lady and the lady's maid, the sloven and the dude, saint and sinner, Jew and gentile, Talmadgian and Ingersollian, and countless other specimens of tarnished and untarnished humanity may be daily seen promiscuously clinging to the same ropes, and reveling in an embroidery of exhilarating water over which only the Almighty has complete control.

And right here upon this beach at Long Branch may be seen a variety of shapes and habiliments and performances, and may be heard a medley of murmurings and insinuations and ejaculations which no pen can faithfully delineate or pencil portray. Last Sunday was a perfect day; and as I strolled along the beach in front of the Ocean House, from 10.30 to 12, I witnessed many sights, a number of which I may describe: A conspicuous tub of adipose was enjoying himself hugely and enraging his tiger-looking wife on shore and annoying every one around him by ducking in deep water a little 3-year-old girl who was screaming with fright and pain—such old fools are to be met with at every sea-side resort.

A long, gaunt, demure-looking duffer, with thin gray hair and gray whiskers, came slowly and proudly down the beach, as if the eyes of Delaware were upon him, and saluted the lowly Nazarene by his full name and further exclaimed: "It is too damned cold!" Now this old chap looked like a good man, but he was not, for he took the name of the Master in vain and lied about the temperature of the water, for at that very same moment I heard a dozen such expressions as "This is nice and warm," "It's just like a pudding this morning," "This is awfully nice," "Oh it's so lovely," "It couldn't have been nicer if I'd ordered it," and even more. So I am sure the old fellow was guilty of not only profanity but prevarication as well.

Here comes a female three-hundred-pounder padded so as to look like one piece, with a circumference of ankle that would shame a telephone mast, and a massiveness of bust which sets half the hungry babies present crying. She goes straight into the surf, tries to look placid, gives a little chirp like a bird as a preliminary wavelet puts its arm around her so-called waist, squats down, and throws some handfuls of suds over her caparisoned shoulder blades, then turns to address a dripping friend, and is fired up on the beach and landed on her beam ends by a wave which Neptune must have gotten up for the purpose of knocking out the wife-whipper Sullivan—I make use of this expression at a respectable distance—or some other eminent Hub Puncher, and there was no one among that gallant throng, in water or out, to lend a helping hand to that unprotected female, who was laid up high if not dry among the tomato cans and lobster shells which sometimes fringe

the beach when the sun is at or near its meridian. Had she been thrown out of a hay wagon or lost her equilibrium in a naughty skating rink, men and women would have rushed to her assistance, transformed themselves into derrick, and placed the unfortunate behemoth again upon her feet; but she remained untouched and unobserved for some time where the ungallant billows had deposited her, when, all of a sudden, she gathered herself up and went down into the water at a pace that would have astonished the judges at Monmouth.

Ah! here comes the Jumbo of the day. His mammoth tympanum records not the reflections made by hungry-looking observers upon his girth, nor sees he the derisive smiles of beings who may laugh all their lives, yet cannot grow fat. He holds up his head like a bribe-receiving Alderman, throws out his chest like a Brigadier on retired pay, surveys himself in front and in rear and frowns to see if his precious tissue is all held decently within his capacious rig, then folds his lusty arms and marches into the briny as if he owned the world; whew! two waves in unexpected succession hit him in the part designated by the Marquis of Queensbury as the bread basket, a tin can which a delicately armed dude attempts to hurl into the air strikes him fairly in the face, he is tripped up by an 18-year-old terror, who endeavors to swim under water between his elephantine legs, the unreliable twine which holds his garments together has parted, and what was a magnificent specimen of well fed humanity a few moments before, is now spread out in about a foot of water like an Apollo Belvedere on the half shell, while the scamps who pass him on their way to the shanties which contain their duds run their toes into his quivering stomach and address him familiarly as "Fatty" and "Pud."

Here she comes at last. "She is a daisy and no mistake," says some one. "She's a New York belle," declares another. She is as beautiful and as becoming surely as a New York, or even a Boston, belle. And she attracts a good deal of attention, by the way. She is faultlessly attired in blue jersey cloth, trimmed in red and white, with black silk stockings upon her incomparable limbs; and right here I may say that the eyes directed upon her are not at an angle of 45 degrees; oh, no; if they were, none would know whether the prettily limbed Hebe appeared in stockings or the natural buff. She approaches the receding waters and waits for the wavelets to play a little taglet between those infinitesimal toelets of her Cinderella feetlets. Here comes a wavelet, and the timid one exclaims daintily, "Oh my! it's so awfully cold." Then she turns around to satisfy herself that she is the "observed of all observers;" then she poses for a moment like a nymph upon the margin of the deep blue sea, and then advances heroically toward the gulf stream until the insolent waters lash themselves furiously around the damsel's exquisitely chiseled ankles, and then she again exclaims in a minor key, "Oh, my! it's so awfully cold." Who is this nymph whose charm of face and person excite the admiration of all who behold her? She must surely belong to one of New York's best families. "Right you are," interposes a Western Union Telegraph operator standing near, and who knows her by sight; "she really does belong to one of the best families of Henry Street, and she is cashier in one of the 5 and 10 cent buffets on Broadway, between Fulton and Liberty." This unwelcome information somewhat spoiled the poetry of the situation and curtailed the interest taken in the fair one to some considerable extent; still, there she stood, as peerless, seemingly, as the heiress to a proud estate, and less likely, in all probability, to elope with a coachman than the spoiled one from Murray Hill.

There, they have just saved another man from drowning. Do you not recognize him? He is at all the ocean-side resorts. He is the insufferable nuisance who knocked about among the modest bathers for half an hour daring some of them to accompany him out beyond the surf. "I'm not afraid of no undertow!" he cried; "I'm a swimmer from base; what if the tide is running out? who cares if there is strong currents 'long general line o' the shore? what d'yes come here for? Here goes!—Help! help!" And two expert swimmers obeyed the summons and dragged out the barbarian by the hair of his head just as he was going down the third time. Why in the name of heaven didn't they let him drown? Why, oh, why, didn't the fraud wear a wig?

But it would require a book to enumerate and particularize all who are sousing themselves. Every man and woman before us has a history, however. Some of these may or may not be exciting or interesting. All, too, have their peculiarities of person and disposition. All grades of life are represented by that motley-looking crowd bobbing up and down like fantoccini. But you can't tell the difference between any of them out there in that big bowl of water. Not much. Old ocean treats them all the same. I wonder if that big blue expanse isn't something like the great illimitable space which most of us seem to think exists away beyond?



## FLOATING AROUND.

A young man asks: "How can I gain a copious flow of language?" Step on a carpet tack in your bare feet.

There are more swells upon the beach at Monterey Sundays, than upon any other day in the week—dude to one more.

He was bound to be accurate, and he described the woman's costume thus: "She wore an elegant suit of something or other, cut bias and trimmed endwise."

"It is abominable; that piano in the next flat is going all day and annoys me dreadfully." "Have your shut your door?" "Certainly." "Well, why don't you lock it? You've got to keep the noise out somehow."

"Yes," said the old man, "my sons are very ambitious, and they are getting along well. One is the captain of a tow-boat and the other is a physician, and each is trying his best to see who can make the most money." "Ah!" said the listener, "a sort of heal and tow match."

"Yes," said the lady lecturer, "women have been wronged for ages; they have suffered in thousands of ways." "There's one way they never suffered in," said a henpecked man, rising. "What is that," demanded the lecturer. "They have never suffered in silence."

"You want to marry, do you?" "Well—ahem!—I should like to have one bear my name for life." "Lady or gentleman?" "A lady of course." "Then why don't you engrave your name on the back of a turtle? She will bear your name for life if that is all you want."

Mr. Average—"My dear, I never refused you money in my life. What do you go through my pockets that way for?" Mrs. Average—"Bless you, love, I do not look through your pockets in search of money." Mr. Average—"What then?" Mrs. Average—"The letters I give you to mail."

A clergyman's wife, calling on Mrs. Gladstone at Hawarden, remarked, in speaking of the elections, that these were troublous times. "But," ejaculated she, piously, "there is One above that will guide us." "Yes," said Mrs. Gladstone, "he will see through it; and if you will take a seat, I dare say he will be down stairs in a few minutes."

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Tocker to her husband, "I've found out in the paper that when you are playing cards some one may bring in a cold deck. Now, Charley dear, you know there is consumption in your family, and I hope that when you play at the club you'll wear gloves or else take care to have the cards warmed before you use them."

"Real alligator," said the dapper clerk, impressively, showing the pocket-book to a lady customer. "Real alligator, I assure you!" "Real alligator!" exclaimed the same clerk, not so impressively, as he climbed a tree-stub in a Florida bayou two months afterward. "Real alligator this time, I assure you. What a fool I was to think that other was the real thing."

Miss Ethel Clark—"I do so admire diamonds, Mr. Oldboy; in fact, of gems of every sort I am very fond." Mr. Oldboy (a bachelor)—"I rather like gems myself." Miss Ethel Clark—"I am so delighted to hear you say so. It makes us *en rapport*, as it were, at once. Which of the different gems are you most fond of, Mr. Oldboy." Mr. Oldboy—"Graham Gems."

Spriggins—"You are a society reporter, aren't you?" Pennibs—"I have that inexpressible felicity." Spriggins—"You write up the fashions, don't you?" Pennibs—"That is one of my numerous functions." Spriggins—"Well, how much will you charge for a paragraph stating that a plain gold band is now the proper thing for an engagement ring? I have to buy one for Mamie to-morrow, and if I could show her such a paragraph, it would be a hundred dollars in my pocket."

## SPLASHES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

School-teacher to little Jessie—"Where is the North Pole?"—"At the top of the map, marm."

A little boy once asked his mother the question: "Mamma, what part of heaven do people go to who are good but not agreeable?"

Teacher—Can any boy tell me at what time the sun rises? Small Boy (shrill and prompt)—Just the minute father calls, down at our house.

Teacher—How many mills make a cent? Little Girl—It depends on whether the hands are on a strike or not. Sometimes none of 'em make a cent.

Teacher to Fannie—What is the half of five? Fannie whispers to the next girl—Now he has got me in a tight place; if I say two it's not enough and if I say three it's too much.

Uncle (to conductor)—"I suppose you won't charge for this little man?" Conductor. (to child)—"How old are you, little sir?" Boy. "I am five when I am at home, but three when traveling."

Papa to Mamma—"We must live more frugally, my dear. Our expenses for the current year"—Little Bess—"What is a current year, papa?" "This year, pet." "Why, no papa! Last year was the currant year. We had n't none this year."

"Mary, I wish you would be a better little girl," said a father to a wee tot of four. "You have no idea how sorry I am that mamma has to scold you so much." "Oh, don't worry about it, papa," was the reply; "I'm not one of those sensitive children. Half the time I don't hear what she says."

Sunday-school teacher—And what is your favorite book my little boy? Little Boy—The Bible, sir. Sunday-school teacher—And you love the Bible? Little Boy—Yes, sir. Sunday-school teacher—And why do you love the Bible more than any other book? Little Boy—Because pa gives me five cents every time I read it.

A little city maiden, on a visit to her uncle's farm, in San Joaquin Co., saw a threshing-machine in operation for the first time. "Oh, mamma!" cried she, rushing into the house all out of breath, "there's something out in Uncle Joe's back-yard with two horses in it, and they keep going and going and never get anywhere."

A Gilroy school-teacher lost one of his scholars very suddenly and unexpectedly. The class was parsing a sentence. "What is the imperative of the verb to go?" asked the teacher. "I dunno." "Go!" shouted the teacher. "Thank you!" murmured the lad as he shot out the door before the teacher could prepare his veto message.

Bertie—It's very wrong, ma, to tell a falsehood; is n't it? Mother—Of course it is, dear. Bertie—And it's wicked to ask a little boy to tell lies? Mother—Why, yes. Bertie—Well, that's what my teacher made me do to-day. Mother—Gracious me! made you tell a lie, Bertie! Bertie—Yes, mamma; she made me promise to be always a good boy in the future.

Uncle John—Bobby, which would you rather have—a fishing-pole or a drum? Bobby—What kind of a drum? Uncle John—Oh, a big one. Bobby—Red drum? Uncle John—Yes. Bobby—Good nice sticks? Uncle John—Yes. Bobby—Four or five snares? Uncle John—Hm-hm. Bobby—Two heads? Uncle John—Yes. Bobby—I'd rather have the fishing-pole.

A little girl was sent to Sunday-school for the first time, last Sunday. The conversation on the part of the teacher was to show the existence of a Divine Being and his abode in heaven. The lesson was about over, when the new-comer, who had been an attentive listener, said: "Does Dod live up there?" pointing out of the window to the expanse of beautiful blue that formed the sky overhead. "Yes," replied the teacher. "What teeps him from fallin' frough?" was the next question of the little scholar.



## Correspondence

### LETTER FROM EL PASO.

EL PASO, TEXAS, August 26, 1886.

EDITOR WAVE:—The trip from San Antonio to this point is replete with pleasant effects and scenic attractions. I see no change in the smooth rolling of luxurious Pullmans and coaches over a handsome steel track from that which characterizes the road from Algiers to San Antonio, and which I elaborated freely upon in my last letter, so I will not repeat myself, except to say that the Sunset Route of the Southern Pacific Company is, in all respects, one of the finest, safest and fastest in the land all the way from New Orleans to El Paso, and I presume, of course—as the ownership is the same—all the way through to San Francisco. Most of the road is ballasted with stone or gravel, and most of it is laid along a rocky formation. The rails are of new and heavy steel, so that very fast time can be made if necessary. Indeed, the "Sunset" is the fastest freight route, according to its mileage, there is in the country, and I believe, in the world. The locomotives are of the newest and most approved patterns of heavy engines, and all the freight cars have been built with an especial consideration for strength and celerity, and all have automatic brakes, which have been lately attached at an expense of nearly half a million dollars.

I found the trip from San Antonio to this point, like that from New Orleans to San Antonio, agreeable in every way, and instead of our suffering from warm weather, the days are no hotter than in the North on an average, especially through Texas, while the nights are much cooler. All through Louisiana the eye rests upon rice, corn, cotton and cane; and, with the exception of the former, the same may be said of Northern Texas. After awhile, as we approach San Antonio, the cane ceases to come under cultivation, and corn, cotton and grazing pursuits make up the industrial procession. There is a great amount of pretty country for a hundred miles west of San Antonio, but it is in spots and not much of it has as yet come under cultivation.

The country between Algiers and San Antonio is rapidly filling up, and local business in sugar, cotton and timber is immense. With its through and local freight, the "Sunset" must be doing a tremendous business. There are a good number of pretty and thriving towns along the line of the Southern Pacific, and I noticed a great many young men at work. The eating houses, which are run by the railroad managers, are well kept. I have heard many people speak of them in terms of praise, and I can vouch for what I have heard as facts; for, to tell you the truth, I have never missed a meal from the Mississippi to the Rio Grande, and I therefore know whereof I speak. The soups, meats, vegetables and puddings, and the tea and coffee were all good and hot, and there were plenty of them, and nice fresh good bread and butter, and either fresh or canned fruits, and generally both. There is no need of making such a statement if it were not true, as the managers invite travelers to "send in their complaints" and thank them for so doing. The water is good too, at all the eating stations, and no liquors or wines are sold, although the traveler may procure beer by the bottle, which, I think, is the correct way of doing things. There is too much whiskey, generally, along the lines of many of our first-class roads for the general good of the owners of, and travelers upon railways in the South and West.

El Paso is a strange admixture of the American and Spanish, but an interesting old place nevertheless. And Paso del Norte, across the river is even more of a revelation. Just now we are in an unbecoming state of turmoil, on either side of the river, on account of the strange performances of a disturber of the peace named Cutting, and the stranger antics of Mexican justice. Indeed, there are rumors of war, and there are many who already smell blood and would like to wallow knee-deep in Greaser gore; but by the time this reaches you the two republics will still continue to be at peace—at least that is the opinion of your correspondent.

ROBERTO.

"Ah," said Bagley, in a retrospective tone, "I used to long for pies when I was a boy, and now I can't bear to see one in the house." "Without eating it," said Mrs. B., and then escaped.

"These editors are hateful fellows. Here is my sketch returned." "Perhaps he was no judge of merit." "I feel sure of it! Oh, if I could revenge myself on the ignorant wretch." "You might send him a poem."

### WAVELETS.

Is it the correct thing for a "man dressed in a little brief authority" to go into the surf without a suitable suit?

He was very fond of birds, particularly "swallows" which accounts for his semi-hourly trips to the Club-house.

There is a new game of cards called matrimony: If the man wins he takes the girl; if the girl wins she takes the man.

Sea-side flirtations are said to be rapidly approaching a point at which they must either be broken off or referred to the stern parent.

In the dining-room of Del Monte: "Upon my word, this vegetable soup is very fine, do n't you know?" "Indeed it is—eighteen carrot fine."

There is one old woman who makes a good deal of trouble wherever she appears, who has not yet been heard of at Monterey—we mean old Ma Laria.

He: "Women are always looking into a glass—men seldom do." She: "Unless there's something to drink in it." It nearly threw him off his feet.

Short dialogue heard on the veranda: "So, you really do n't believe in a hell?" "I most assuredly do not!" "Have you ever been married?" "No." Selah.

"Have you read the new book 'How To Be Happy Though Married?'" "Heavens, no! I have n't kept up at all with the fiction of the present day."

After all, old Adam's costume wasn't half so abbreviated as many we see nowadays, upon some of our dudes not a hundred miles away from Monterey and Santa Cruz.

"How do you like the *Spirit of the Times*?" inquired one gentleman of another, meaning the newspaper of that name. "O, excellently well," he replied—and then moved toward the Club-house.

She: "There is Mamie, again, with her dearest friend." He: "Well, I don't admire her taste, you know—in fact, I think her dearest friend is deuced common." She: "Oh! I don't mean the guy looking this way—that's her husband."

"Ma can't see you at present." "Is n't she well?" "Yes, but she's busy." "But she will see me." "No, she won't; for she's trying on her new bathing suit with corsets, and if it makes her look stunning, she's going down to the pavilion."

"You do n't keep a book store, do you, Mr. Rumpunch?" she asked. "Why, no; what put that in your head?" "Well, I heard Ned Greenway say, last evening, that you had your little periodicals." The old gentleman was n't seen again for five days.

"How long has Charlie been married?" inquired one lawn tennis player of another, a few evenings ago at the Club-house. "Did n't know he was married." "I could n't swear to it myself, but I've noticed how pale he turns every night when the clock strikes eleven." "Do n't give him away."

It was a moonlight night, and they wandered down as far as the beach in front of the pavilion, and at last sat themselves down in the sands by the shimmering waves of the Pacific: She—"Don't you think it beautiful here, by the sea?" He—"Beautiful? I never saw anything half so beautiful." And the scamp looked her straight in the eye.

Brown—"Is n't it a pity that Jones, who has such a smart wife, should himself be such a fool?" Smith—"Never mind that. Jones will soon have more sense than his wife." Brown—"What makes you think so?" Smith—"Because she gives him a piece of her mind every day. He will soon have all of it."



## WHY MEN SMOKE.

[*St. James Gazette.*]

A number of literary men smoke simply to make an income. They have learned that with a pipe in their mouths thoughts not only come more readily, but in better order, and that while it is often difficult to get the proper word if they are not smoking, it runs to the point of the pen the moment they "light up." Psychologically this is the most interesting; and the reason womankind cannot grasp it probably is that psychology is not, unfortunately, taught in ladies' seminaries. Smoking is a great safeguard against infectious diseases. It is only by reading up the subject scientifically in medical treatises that one thoroughly gets to understand the thousand risks of this kind that we run every day. In the country during the summer months, when men are on their holidays, they look forward to having a temporary respite from smoking. Then it does not so much matter how the temperament is: living so much in the open air, the smoking of other persons has little effect on them, and there is less danger of infection. It is to keep off the flies that men smoke at the sea-side and on the hills. Their own weather-beaten countenances can stand the flies, but these little demons would not only spoil the summer for our susceptible wives and sisters and children, but would disfigure them as well. That is what a man cannot endure. You may have seen picnics on the river or among the fields, with all the men smoking and the ladies standing quite near them. With many men, smoking is merely an excuse for staying at home. A man looks foolish of an evening doing nothing. Yet he is too tired to do much. A cigar supplies the amount of labor he requires, and he does not mind the trouble of smoking it so long as it enables him to stay at home without loss of dignity and look over it admiringly, and yet undemonstratively, at his wife. Should a man with a small income be an epicure, or naturally of an irascible temper, it will add greatly to the happiness of his home if he compels himself to smoke. And at present, when times are so hard as to effect every one more or less, a cigar is a cheap and excellent substitute for expensive amusements.

## GROVE HALL

Is the title of a new cottage at Pacific Grove Retreat at Monterey. It is beautifully located, and contains thirteen apartments, and promises to be one of the attractions of this popular resort. The permanent citizens as well as transient visitors, look upon it as quite a benefit to the Grove.

It was erected for Dr. C. L. Roe, a lady physician, who now occupies it as a permanent residence, and has commenced the practice of medicine at the Grove. Dr. Roe is a regular graduate of a New York medical college, and is a registered physician according to the laws of the State. She has had twenty-three years' practice in New York City, and comes to this Coast as a physician of marked ability. Besides answering to calls at the Grove and vicinity, she proposes opening her cottage for the treatment of invalids, and furnish them rooming accommodations. In cases where persons are unable to go to the regular restaurant for board, meals will also be served to patients.

Grove Hall cannot help but become a desirable place for any one in need of medical treatment. The healthful climate at the Grove, as well as its various attractions and restful surroundings, alone is sufficient to attract the invalid, and the opportunity to enjoy this beautiful Grove, and at the same time be under the treatment of so eminent and able a physician as Dr. Roe, is a chance rarely offered. Grove Hall is therefore looked upon as an important addition to the many improvements at Pacific Grove Retreat.

## TWO ROSES.

[*Richard E. Burton in The American.*]

A wild rose spake to a city rose :  
 "How sad is your lot, your life !  
 You miss the kiss of the wind that blows  
 In the open field, where the glad stream flows  
 And the days with summer rife."  
 The city flower softly smiled,  
 For she knew what things are best ;  
 "How little you dream of love, poor child !  
 What time you are out in the tempest wild  
 I sleep on my lady's breast."

## ELOCUTIONARY AND THEATRICAL GIRLS.

[*From the Inter-Ocean.*]

There are at least by a reasonable calculation 5,000 girls in New York who have the mark of elocution on their showy brows. They are separated into categories of readers, reciters, narrators and spouters. The readers are at the present moment the thickest. Sometimes the spouters have the upper hand. The reader is usually thin, fair skinned, blue-eyed, slightly wan and intellectual. She sits in the back row at the party demurely and waits for Algernon Sydney Perkins to say: "I see that the brilliant and accomplished reader, Miss Clianthe Cake, is present, and I suggest that she give us a specimen of her ability." Then Clianthe is dragged out, shoves down the pins in her back hair, rolls her eyes and says that she will, with their permission, read that beautiful poem, "Aux Italiens." She has the book in her hand, but only refers to it occasionally. Not to have the book would be a reciter, and there is a broad line between them. One is intellectual, the other is dramatic; one is literary, the other is stagy; one sticks to poetry, the other sheers off a little on pantomime. The reciter is usually a robust girl, who thinks she is emotional and mimetic and humorous. One uses her eyes, the other her hands. The reader has glances, the reciter gesticulations. Robust girls, as a rule, are not emotional until after they are married. The pensive reader is usually emotional before. As a rule husbands will put up with moderate reciters, but they will not tolerate readers. There is probably a suggestion of the lecturer in them. Besides, the reader always has you at a disadvantage so long as she has the book in her hand. She can read the whole of "Manfred" or "Coriolanus" and not break down. The reciter, thank heaven, can't. There is a wise provision of nature which ordains that memory shall not be equal to misery. Young ladies who give readings of "Faust" and "Child Harold" are ignorant of the capacities of the opposite sex. After the first hour the male brute begins to groan. The second hour makes him hate his species. These readers have to undergo the most severe training in athletics. They practice with Indian clubs two hours in the morning, walk five miles before breakfast, put on the gloves for an hour with their trainer, eat a raw egg, are sponged off with whiskey, and then kept on the parallel bars till dinner time. They thus acquire staying power. The narrators are quite a different order of creatures. They tell short stories—generally Mark Twain's, though they usually have one or two they have written themselves. These stories are fashioned to exhibit some peculiar trick or gift of the young lady. Thus, for example, the gifted Miss Ophelia Lamsphat, of Lamsphat-on-the-Grove, always narrates a story with the line in it of

Charge! Stanley, charge!

because her father is a wealthy plumber, and she has inherited the gift of throwing a depth and power of sincerity into the words that are marvelous. It was always said of the beautiful Miss Sidonie Sacks, before she died of the measles, that she could sing the line that referred to the unnecessary weeping of a body that met another body coming through the rye, with a pathos that carried her listeners, as with angels' wings, to the fact that her father was a distiller.

## STYLES IN STATIONERY.

The variety of writing paper used at the present time almost baffles description. The "Mikado" craze has brought an endless assortment of odd styles to the fore, the popularity of which, from their very eccentricity, cannot fail to be of but short duration. The most novel is the highly colored Mahdi and Afghan. The former is a crimson, heavy paper, with ragged edges. The Afghan is orange or flame tinted. These appear in the standard octavo size, with square envelopes to match. Another pronounced note paper looks very much like wall paper. The ground is of a peach-blow color, decorated with bronze designs of fabulous animals. This also has torn edges, and is an imported paper. Another novelty is so rough upon the surface that it is called etching paper; is heavy as drawing board and very agreeable to the pen. A favorite is linen cloth, an exact imitation of the genuine goods, showing the fibre upon the surface of the paper. This is made in a variety of shades and remains entirely distinct from the royal Irish linen paper that with all the numerous fancy styles introduced still retains its popularity. Sealing-wax is the fashionable freak of the season; consequently envelopes cannot be ornamented. The device of whatever kind it may be is now cut upon the seal and used upon the wax instead of the paper. The paper is still stamped with monograms, initials or with the address. The latter is most popular. Note cards are not as much used and the tendency is towards their disappearance. Wedding invitations now have the word "honor" used instead of pleasure in requesting your presence. For gentlemen's use the small English card is fashionable. Ladies' cards are larger and inclined to square rather than oblong shape. The simple script letter is used. Flirtations in sealing wax are now in vogue. Red is for business only, black wax is for mourning and condolence, pink for congratulations and white for wedding invitations. Blue means love, and the color is used in various tints to mark the different stages of affection. Variegated colors are said to indicate conflicting emotions.



## HOTEL \* DEL \* MONTE

## ABC Primer

By MAJOR BEN. C. TRUMAN,

"POET LAUREATE" TO THE QUEEN

(OF AMERICAN WATERING PLACES).



HOTEL DEL MONTE, MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA.

Scot. 1876

**A** IS for Atlas, with the world on his back,  
Who trudges along, like a tramp, with his pack;  
He carries a million hotels, without rest,  
And claims the "Del Monte" as always the best.  
Like a gorgeous midsummer night's dream is the same—  
Of Fashion's attractions, the crème de la crème.



**B** IS for Bath-house—an adjunct complete—  
And always in order, and cleanly, and neat;  
The guests of Del Monte point to it with pride,  
As best on this slope of the Rocky divide.  
Its waters ne'er chill the most sensitive skins,  
And are quite efficacious in cleaning our sins.



**C** IS for Club-house, a nice rendezvous  
For ladies and gentlemen, and children too;  
And where one gets cobbles, and punches and slings,  
For at the Del Monte they sell no such things,  
But, if for a seance with spirits inclined,  
A medium willing you quickly may find.



**D** IS for "Daisy," the fast daily train  
Which leaves at 3.30 P. M., shine or rain,  
And reaches Del Monte ere fading of light,  
Then, on to El Pueblo to stay over night.  
You can leave all your cares in the city behind,  
And here renew vigor in body and mind.

**E** IS for Ease, which all, sometimes, should take,  
At a place where guests neither shiver nor bake.  
Is there such a blest spot in the world's mighty space?  
Of course! and the Hotel Del Monte 's the place.  
There, buds ever blossom, and birds ever sing,  
And fragrance floats soft on the breath of the spring.



**F** IS for Fish, which we all like, when good,  
For the brain recommended as nourishing food;  
At the Hotel Del Monte, fish, fresh from the bay,  
Is served up for breakfast and dinner each day.  
Trout, salmon, rock cod, barracuda and pike,  
To strengthen the "tissue"—or, whale, if you like.



**G** IS for Girls, and Del Monte is proud  
Of having, always, a magnificent crowd  
Of mighty fine specimens, with black eyes and blue,  
And gray eyes, and brown eyes, and hazel eyes, too.  
And hair of all colors—such ravishing curls!  
And teeth, in their glitter, like Orient pearls.



**H** IS for Horses, to drive or to ride—  
The Del Monte stable proprietor's pride—  
With carriages, buggies, and phaetons nice—  
The finest vehicles, at very low price.  
If you wish to secure a proud belle for a bride  
Just order a turn-out, and give her a ride.



I

IS for Italy—very nice place  
For old fogies effete, and the rest of that race ;  
But, then, no Del Monte in Italy stands,  
To beckon her guests with her gem-jeweled hands,  
Not Naples, so blest, with her climate and bay,  
(So tourists declare,) as our own Monterey.



J

JUNIPERO ! his mission still stands,  
As watching, in love, o'er the soft sighing lands ;  
And gazes as 'rapt, on the fairy-like scene—  
On gorgeous Del Monte's bright glory and sheen.  
The form of the padre is ashes and dust,  
But still keep the faithful his soul's holy trust.



K

IS for Kitchen, Del Monte's proud boast—  
Excelling all things of the kind on the coast—  
Where the manner of preparing food is *au fait*,  
"Ne plus ultra," "excelsior," "way up," you will say.  
You can feast till you think of Macbeth and Macduff,  
And are ready to parley, and cry, "Hold ! enough !"



L

IS for Light-house, a few miles away  
From Del Monte ; and stands on a point in the bay ;  
The view from its lookout is charming and grand—  
Embracing expanses of ocean and land.  
Romantic the spot, as romantic can be—  
Just drive with your lady-love, over and see.



M

IS for Monterey, slumbering long,  
Like sleeper awakened by loud-sounding gong  
To behold, not far off, the Hotel Del Monte,  
Which rose as by magic one fine summer day,  
The work of enchantment, like Prospero's isle,  
A fairy creation, to soothe and beguile.



N

NATATORIAL ; simply which means  
Of swimming the art ; and suggestions of scenes  
Occurring each day on the Del Monte beach  
That would make the most rigid old anchorite screech.  
Proud crafts, that the kiss of the billows array,  
Capsized, on there beam-ends, a wreck, cast away.



O

IS for Opinion—that which is opined.  
Well, the author of this is strongly inclined  
To believe that the Hotel Del Monte 's the queen  
Of sea-side resorts on this planet terrene.  
Here, boating and bathing fond lovers attract,  
A feature the Garden of Eden e'en lacked.



P

IS for Pacific, the name of a Grove  
Not far from Del Monte where Methodists rove,  
And hold their camp-meetings, and sing, shout and pray,  
And have a good time keeping Satan at bay.  
Here no requirements of fashion restrain,  
And satins and swallow-tails, all may disdain.



Q

IS for Quail ; gallinaceous bird !  
Which served up on toast (you can just take our word)  
At the Hotel Del Monte—for breakfast, let 's say—  
(Well, "when we get left it's a very cold day.")  
Here epicures dream on soft luxury's breast,  
And feast upon all things, the rarest and best.

R

FOR Recreation, right royal, will do.  
Friend, go to Del Monte and you 'll never rue  
(Just take the advice of a tourist who knows)  
The day you a trip to this fairy-land chose.  
Relief from life's cares would you find ?—then, away  
To the scenes that environ soft, fair Monterey.



S

IS for Southern Pacific, the road  
That takes you, like Ariel, to the abode  
Of genii and fairies, as bright as of yore  
Wrought magical change, in Arabian bore—  
To the Palace Del Monte, that rose at the will  
Of capital and labor, genius and skill.



T

IS for Trout—most delicious of fish—  
Of which you can surely catch all that you wish  
In the streams that abound in the hills round the bay  
That almost encircle Hotel Del Monte.  
In the waters of Carmel, Clemente and Sur  
You 'll find enough beauties to jump at your lure.



U

FOR Utopia—perfection ideal—  
A myth ; but the claims of Del Monte are real.  
The dreams of his fancy might Sir Thomas More  
Have realized here on Monterey's shore.  
Not envy, nor malice, nor sorrow, nor care  
May enter to mar our enjoyment while there.



V

FOR Veranda, the gay promenade  
Of the Hotel Del Monte, where matron and maid,  
The dashing young swell, and the children so bright,  
Hold exquisite converse from morning till night.  
And, (whisper it softly,) here matches are made  
And lovers caress in the midnight's deep shade.



W

IS for Winter, with frost, snow and ice  
All over the East ; but, here, ah ! how nice !  
No winter is seen at Hotel Del Monte,  
With the mercury fifty and sixty each day.  
Here, storm never casts its dark shadow of fear,  
And song-birds make music throughout the whole year.



X

FOR Xcelsior ! that motto so grand  
For the Hotel Del Monte may properly stand ;  
Not Long'ellow's youth on the far Alpine height,  
Saw glimpse of such glory, or vision so bright ;  
Such soft gleaming splendor, such bright, dazzling sheen,  
As plays 'round the crown of fair Monterey's queen.



Y

IS for Youth, that may here be renewed  
'Mid scenes of soft splendor and sweet solitude ;  
Such healing possessed not De Leon's famed spring  
As the baths at Del Monte to invalids bring.  
And, here, may your little ones romp without fear,  
Where mocking birds sing every night in the year.



Z

IS for Zephyrus—gentle west wind—  
Bringing health for the body and peace to the mind.  
What sweet, tender fancies, what visions of bliss,  
It brings to the heart with its soul-soothing kiss.  
Soft-sighing, it flits, like a fairy at play,  
With the guests hide and seek at Hotel Del Monte ;  
And, hoping you, here, your lost strength may renew,  
Kind reader, we bid you a friendly adieu.



# DEL MONTE WAVE.

Published Every Month at One Dollar a Year, which includes Postage in delivery,

BY DEL MONTE PUBLISHING CO.,

AT MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO AGENCY,

ROOM NO. 220, LICK HOUSE.

ISAAC RUDISILL, Traveling Agent and Business Manager of the WAVE, is *alone* authorized to receive moneys for subscriptions and advertisements. All his transactions for the Paper will be honored by

DEL MONTE PUBLISHING CO.

MONTEREY, CAL. - - - - OCTOBER, 1886

ENTERED AT THE MONTEREY POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

A WOMAN never forgets her lovers. Ever and anon she recalls them in a sweet, sad dream, and she counts them as a nun counts her beads in her devotions. But a man forgets. He don't care much. A woman at sixty is always serious and sensible, and if left a widow she lives true to her memories and comforts herself with her children and grandchildren. But a widower of three score years is the biggest fool upon earth. There ought to be a reformatory prison for boys under sixteen and widowers over sixty. An old widower will put crape on his hat and dye on his beard, and start out on a matrimonial skirmish in two or three months after the funeral.

ONE would hardly credit a statement of the extent to which certain society ladies gamble, and the large bets which some of them make would stagger most amateurs in any other part of the country. Poker is the chosen game and is played at a high limit. "Saturday Night Poker Parties" were quietly started last winter, and have been continued this year with many new names added to the list of players. These are facts which none will fail to deplore. The effects of gambling, especially among women, cannot be other than demoralizing upon society at large, especially when the circle which is looked upon as representative of our best people sets an example which is eagerly followed by their imitators.

ON April 30, 1789, George Washington took the oath of office as President of the United States in New York City, at the place where now stands the sub-treasury, on the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets. A statue of Washington was placed on the sub-treasury steps in 1883, and in front of it, on the pedestal, rests the identical slab of stone on which the Father of his Country stood when the oath was administered to him. That day was the commencement of the constitutional government of the United States, and on April 30, 1889, it is proposed to celebrate the centennial of the great event. It is understood that steps will at once be taken to arrange for one of the grandest celebrations ever held in this country.

THERE is a plain, little, red church in Albany, (N. Y.,) in which the Quakers have worshipped for more than half a century. Formerly the edifice was filled every Sabbath by a prim, quiet congregation, who gathered from the surrounding country. Of late years the membership has gradually decayed, until now there is no pastor, but at eleven o'clock on Sundays the door is unlocked and seven or eight persons enter and take seats. No word is spoken usually, and after an hour's quiet meditation, the oldest one present will arise and stretch out his hand to the one sitting nearest him. Hands are shaken all around and the congregation departs to repeat the same thing the next Sunday. If the spirit moves anyone to pray or speak he does so. Four times a year a general meeting is held, and then twenty or twenty-five persons gather, and once or twice a year a preacher attends.

THE "goddess bodice" has reached London drawing-rooms, where it was introduced by a professional beauty with telling effect. The costume of the lady is described as a skirt and waist of transparent material, with a band of velvet crossing the right shoulder, and shaped so as to fit the chest and the left side of the waist. The velvet was used to make large bows, which slightly draped the skirt on the left side. The thin material used was crystal-studded illusion, and so many folds of it were employed that the costume was really pretty and modest, and the idea of the designer of the costume was only apparent to those who saw it from a distance; to them the lady appeared like a statue half draped in velvet.

THE New York *Sun* is responsible for the following: "A stately and handsome man registered at a California watering place as an English Lord. With him were his wife and two daughters. They took the best rooms in the hotel, ordered extra delicacies in food and the finest wines, and in every way common to such resorts spent money without stint. It was soon discovered that their claim to aristocracy was fraudulent, and they departed as soon as the exposure caused a cessation of social exaltation. But they paid all their bills, gave the menials generous fees and betrayed no other reason for the deception than a desire to be lionized. In that they were fully gratified. Their identity was not ascertained, and it is only certain that they possessed wealth, education and politeness.

WE commend the nomination of Joseph D. Lynch for Congress by the Democrats of the 6th Congressional District to all voters in said district, regardless of politics. It is the best nomination ever made by either party. It is the presentation of intelligence instead of politics at last; and great gainers will the people of the 6th district be, if they see to it that Mr. Lynch is elected. The nominee is an educated man, and a thorough Californian, and has done more for Southern California with his pen, than any other ten men in his district. We trust that Monterey County will do its duty and send Lynch away ahead of his ticket. We are proud to admit that the writer, although a Republican, will vote for, and work for Mr. Lynch with all his might. The one superior thing about Mr. Lynch is that he is *no* demagogue, and that he fearlessly performs what he believes to be right, and that he is generally right.

THE sea serpent has been a good thing for the Massachusetts and Maine ocean-side resorts during the past season. The enterprise of the sea-shore landlords who have at great expense procured this curiosity as an attraction for the waning and somewhat unsatisfactory season, was appreciated, and the venerable but versatile and pleasing snake, played to a full house throughout his engagement. It is admitted that a school of porpoises was once seen in the immediate neighborhood of the serpent, and this may be regarded by unbelievers as a ground for suspicion. But preparations for the serpent's appearance had been made with great care. A surveyor was on hand with his instruments, and wise forethought had provided him with witnesses in the shape of two or three Boston schoolmasters and an artist. How, then, can anyone dare to say that the "ten or fifteen ridges" of the snake's back were only so many curving porpoises? It should be mentioned that among those who occupied orchestra chairs were "a small number of hotel guests."

THE Stonewall Jackson Association, of Boston, held its annual meeting in that city lately, and there was a large attendance of members. The hall was trimmed with evergreens, and upon the platform were potted plants of the pine, palm and palmetto. The white peace flag of the association, presented by the ladies of New England a few years ago, was draped in mourning in memory of the death of Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson, May 9, 1863. President Capt. Ronaldson Parker welcomed the members in a brief speech, and said that there will be no sectional strife, as the States were reunited by the people at the ballot-box Nov. 5, 1884, and reason had a victory over prejudice after many years. He referred to Jackson as one of the greatest generals, and one who was magnanimous and kind-hearted in peace and war. All Federal soldiers, he said, who were captured or wounded found a good Samaritan in Jackson. At the close of the welcome speech, Miss Mattie Shaw, of Boston, presented the association with a large wreath, and a floral Southern cross and crescent attached, with the dying words of Jackson: "We will cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."



"THERE is a tide in the affairs of man which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." Which reminds us that Joe Spanier's famous Del Monte cigars are favorites with all who have smoked them. Mr. Spanier is just receiving a lot of the new crop from Havana.

WE only express the opinion of the many when we say, that the Geyser Soda is the most delightful mineral water that is bottled on the Pacific Coast. It is especially nice mornings and evenings, and would have made Ponce de Leon go even wilder than he did over the discovery of the water which he made poetically famous.

THE Yosemite travel this year has been immense, and no mistake. This is partly owing to the fact that the only unromantic part of the trip is now made by rail; and to the fact further, that the waterfalls have never been seen to better advantage. The people booked for Oct. are already reaching into the hundreds, and Sam Miller, the agent, has his hands full, and no mistake.

No tourist ever leaves San Francisco without visiting Taber's famous Photograph Gallery, No. 8 Montgomery street. The reputation of this establishment is known all over the world. The exquisite work it turns out has been admired in almost every clime nature has produced. It is admitted that for accuracy, artistic posing of the subject, and elaborate finish, these photographs have no equal. An album of Taber's views of Pacific Coast scenery and objects of interest, interspersed with pictures of the eminent men and women who have been photographed at this great gallery, would constitute one of the most interesting books which could be placed on a reception parlor table to amuse the guests. Those who wish to obtain satisfactory photographs should go to Taber.

THE Palace Hotel, San Francisco, under the combined management of Geo. Schonewald (late of the famous Del Monte, at Monterey,) and Alexander Sharon, has just been painted outside and in, and newly carpeted and re-furnished and renovated throughout, and is again in excellent condition to accommodate all who wish to avail themselves of the comforts and luxuries of the finest and most complete hotel in the world, at the same rates charged by other first-class hotels in San Francisco. And that reminds us that the new management have set apart a limited number of excellent rooms for transient patrons at a dollar a day. Parties going to San Francisco should bear this fact in mind, and that there is a very nice restaurant attached to the hotel.

THE WAVE has special advertising advantages, one or two of which we enumerate: In the first place it is put in the hands of all tourists who visit Del Monte, and also sent to many of the fashionable patrons of that place who are at times elsewhere. It is also on sale for a month at the news stand at Del Monte, and on all the trains running between San Francisco and Monterey. It is the organ of the Northern Division of the Southern Pacific, and the country through which it passes, which includes the cities and towns of San Mateo, Menlo, Redwood, Santa Clara, San Jose, Gilroy, Santa Cruz, Pajaro, Watsonville, Castroville, Salinas, Paraiso, Soledad and Monterey. The libraries, club houses, hotels, rooms of the Christian Association, Turkish bath houses, and other prominent places of resort in San Francisco, are kept supplied with copies of the WAVE during the whole of each month.

#### FOR TOURISTS.

For the information of strangers who desire to carry with them lunch baskets upon leaving the city, we would say that the best place to be accommodated in this line is at the extensive store of Messrs. Lebenbaum Bros., 215 and 217 Sutter street. It is centrally located and is within a block or two of the Palace, Lick and Occidental Hotels. We are free in guaranteeing perfect satisfaction at Messrs. Lebenbaum.

#### DR. LORVEA'S

New Hammam, 218 Post Street, between Dupont and Stockton, San Francisco, is the finest Turkish, Russian, Electric and Medicated bath-house in that city. Single bath, one dollar. Twelve tickets for ten dollars. Open day and night, Sundays included. Newly-fitted Department for Ladies.

#### BYRON SPRINGS.

There are few people in our midst who are aware that there is, only a few hours' ride from San Francisco, and only three miles by stage from a railway station, a resort that ranks as a sanitarium, and a place to regain health higher, really, than any other springs in California. It has been the custom of sufferers to make long trips, at great expense, to visit places whose waters are not wonderful for their efficacy, while there are more healing waters closer at home. We know it to be a fact that hundreds of people have been cured of many complaints at the Byron Springs, and that no person has ever visited them that has not felt relief in two or three days. We are acquainted with a prominent railroad man who obtained great relief from increasing kidney pains and disorders, in from a visit from Friday to Tuesday. It is an absolute fact that, for the positive cure of all such complaints, or great relief, there is no place on the Pacific Coast that can touch these wonderful waters. Persons suffering from general debility and nervous strains may be greatly refreshed and recuperated by a stay from Saturday to Monday.

#### THROUGH THICK AND THIN.

It is an old adage that "you can't squeeze blood out of a turnip," nor juice either out of many of those you find for sale. There is all the difference in the world in the nutrition one derives from good or from bad vegetables. You might eat a cart-load of the shriveled-up, dry, coarse and spongy kind, and you'd remain as thin as a rail, while good nutritive vegetables make one fat as well as healthy. This is why the stalls Nos. 30 and 31 California market of Brown & Wells are so liberally patronized. Persons buying there once never go elsewhere thereafter, because they get there the worth of their money. At five o'clock in the morning may be seen the best people in the city, including all our hotels and boarding-houses, making their selections of green peas, string beans, onions, celery, asparagus, young sweet corn, radishes, cucumbers, lettuce, oranges, strawberries, cherries, and indeed the whole list of fruits and vegetables that make life worth living. Brown & Wells certainly understand this business, and are now reaping the rewards of their experience. Drop in and see them.

#### FURS BETTER THAN DIAMONDS.

Time was when a lady would select either diamonds or laces as the one thing of all others which she would like to possess. This holds good with a number to-day. But, nevertheless, where one well-bred woman would choose an ordinary diamond or a rich piece of lace, a score at least will select a sealskin, which imparts more regal finish, more comfort and more substantiability than any other article of woman's wearing apparel known. The diamond lights up a fair one's eye with a lustre which makes the gem look pale, while the present of an exquisite piece of point is in excellent taste. But if one wishes to create a shaft of sunshine which shall warm a woman's heart forever toward husband or lover, let him make the medium for such, a sealskin, and make his bliss ineffable. In this connection we call attention to the advertisement of Messrs. H. Liebes & Co., Nos. 111, 113, 115 and 117 Montgomery Street, near Sutter, opposite the Occidental Hotel, dealers in sealskin sacques, sealskin dolmans, sealskin mantillas, rich fur rugs, rare skins and other novelties in furs. We do this partly for the information of tourists and excursionists, and to show them that they may purchase all things in the fur line at at least forty per cent. lower than they can get the same line of first-class goods in the East. Messrs. H. Liebes & Co. have their own vessels and men employed in trading and hunting, and are so situated, geographically, as to obtain the furs of the world in greater varieties and at lower rates than any other firm in the same business anywhere else in the world. Tourists visiting here from the East should make it a point to call and see the beautiful stock, even if they do not care about purchasing, as the store of Messrs. Liebes & Co. is regarded in San Francisco as second to no other exhibition or museum upon the Pacific Coast. The proprietors and assistants take great pleasure in showing their goods and explaining the history of the fur-bearing animals of the Northern Pacific waters.

An old maid school-teacher declares that any woman who is fool enough to get married ought to lose her place. (N. B.—She has stood ready to lose her place any time in the last thirty years.)



# THE PALACE HOTEL

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. D. Sharon and G. Schnewald, Lessees.

George Smith, Chief Clerk.

The PALACE HOTEL, occupying an entire block in the centre of San Francisco, is the model Hotel of the World.

It has double the accommodations of any other Hotel in the city.

It is thoroughly Fire and Earthquake-proof, has five broad, easy stairways, and five elevators.

Every Room is extra large, light and airy. The system of ventilation is perfect, combining flue from fire-place, inlet flue for fresh air from outside and outlet flue to the roof.

A bath and closet adjoin every room.

All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors leading from the glass-covered court in the center of the building.

The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, broad balconies around it on every story, its carriage way and its tropical plants, is an attractive feature; one hitherto unknown in American Hotels.

Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The Restaurant is an adjunct to the Hotel, and is the finest in the city.

Its commodious and elegant character is assured by the fact that in the inception of the enterprise, the owner, the late HON. WILLIAM SHARON, instructed his Architect to visit the Hotels of the principal cities of the United States and Europe, for the express purpose of including in the plans of the PALACE, all existing improvements, and such additional ones that experience and observation had suggested, he desiring it to be a Palatial Hotel in every respect.

The Palace Hotel occupies the entire block upon the southwest corner of New Montgomery and Market streets, rearing its huge fronts a hundred and twenty feet, extending two hundred and seventy-five feet westerly up Market and Jessie, and stretching its vast flanks three hundred and fifty feet southerly along New Montgomery and Annie, this architectural monarch lifts its colossal bulk above the very business and social centres of the Pacific Metropolis.

Lines of horse-cars connecting directly with all principal streets, business centres, leading places of amusement or resort, and all notable localities, constantly traversing the entire city, even to its remotest suburbs, run directly by, or within a minutes' walk. At the neighboring foot of the city's Grand Central Avenue, which passes directly under its northern front, are the stations and docks of the Great Overland Railway Terminus, with the piers and slips of the principal steam ferries, which swiftly bridge the broad Bay in every habitable or pleasurable direction. A few blocks south lie the immense docks and basins of the P. M. S. S. Co., with their grand fleet of Trans-Pacific Mail Steamships for the Sandwich Islands, China, Japan, Australia, India, and the Nations of the Orient.

The general style of architecture, within and without, is almost severely simple. Amplitude, solidity, strength and permanency reign in every part. Of the imposing exterior of the stately structure, with myriads of bay windows diversifying its four immense fronts, from top to bottom, and partially relieving the oppressive massiveness which must otherwise characterize it, of its stupendous proportions and its absolute immensity.

Ninety-six thousand, two hundred and fifty square feet, or nearly two and a quarter acres, underlie the stupendous structure itself, while the sub-side-walk extensions increase the basement area to upwards of three acres. Its general form is an immense triplicate hollow quadrangle, including one grand central crystal-roofed garden court, flanked by a lesser and parallel court on either side. Seven lofty stories surmount the deep and airy basement, and through a considerable portion it has eight. The lower story has a height of twenty-seven feet, the uppermost sixteen. The deep foundation wall is twelve feet thick; stone, iron, brick and marble are the chief materials. Of the brick alone, its construction consumed thirty-one millions. All outer and inner and partition walls, from base to top, are solid stone and brick built around, within and upon a huge skeleton of broad wrought-iron bands, thickly bolted together, and of such immense size as to have required three thousand tons for this purpose alone. Thus, the building is really duplex—a huge self-supporting frame of iron of enormous strength, within massive walls of firm-set brick and solid stone. The outer and visible walls are proof against fire; the inner and invisible frames secure against earthquake. The supporting columns, within and without, are iron; the cornice of iron and zinc. Four artesian wells, having a tested capacity of 28,000 gallons an hour, supply the great 630,000 gallon reservoir under the central court, besides filling seven roof tanks, holding 130,000 gallons more. Three large steam fire-pumps force water through 45 4-inch wrought-iron upright fire mains, reaching above the roof, and distribute it through 327 2½-inch hose-bibs, and 15,000 feet of 5-ply corbolized fire-hose, thus doubly

and trebly commanding every inch of the vast structure from roof to basement, within and without.

Five patent safety-catch hydraulic elevators, running noiselessly within fire proof brick walls, ascend even to the roof promenades. Electric fire-alarms, self-acting, instantly report at the office the exact locality of any fire, or even of extraordinary heat in any parlor, bedroom, closet, hall, passage, stairway or storeroom. Special hotel watchmen regularly patrol all parts of the building every thirty minutes, day and night. A self-acting and self-registering tell-tale indicator instantly reports at the office any neglect or omission of their duty. Besides all these precautions, a fire-proof, iron staircase, inclosed in solid brick and stone and opening through iron doors upon every floor, ascends from basement to roof. Every floor has its exclusive annunciator, and its own tubular conductors, carrying all letters for the post-office directory to the main letter-box in the general office. A pneumatic dispatch tube instantly conveys letters, messages, or parcels to and from any point of the different floors. Two thousand and forty-two ventilating tubes, opening outward, upon the roof from every room, bath-room and closet, insure constant purity and thorough sweetness of air in every part. The grand central court, 144 by 84 feet, has a carriage and promenade entrance through the east front on New Montgomery street, of 44 feet width, expanding into a circular driveway fifty-two feet in diameter, surrounded by a marble-tiled promenade and a tropical garden of rare exotics, with choice statuary and artistic fountains. Within this court, opposite the main entrance, is the music pavilion, in which the instrumental band, exclusively attached to the Palace, render choice selections, at stated intervals, during every afternoon and evening.

Off the central court opens the main entrance to the hotel-office, 65 by 55; entrances to the breakfast room, 110 by 55; the grand dining room, 150 by 55; the music and ball room, 65 by 55; the ladies' lower reception parlor, 40 by 40; reading room of the same size; billiard rooms, 65 by 40; barber shop and bath rooms, 40 by 40, committee rooms and other general apartments, devoted to the pleasure or convenience of guests and patrons.

On the second floor are private dining rooms, childrens' dining hall, and the ladies' drawing room, 84 by 40. *The total number of rooms exclusively for guests above the garden floor is 755.* Most are twenty feet square—none less than 16 by 16. They are equally well finished and furnished throughout. The heavy carpets, of the most artistic and beautiful designs, were manufactured exclusively for this hotel. The massive furniture, original and unique in design, was made by special contract in San Francisco, of the finest and most beautiful native woods, at an aggregate cost of over half a million of dollars. The rooms are expressly arranged for use, either singly or in suites of two or more. Their connections and approaches are such that an individual, family, or a party of any size, can have a suite or any number of rooms, combining the seclusion of the most elegant private residence, with the numberless luxuries of the most perfect hotel. Every outer room has its bay window, while every parlor and guest chamber has its own private toilet, ample clothes closet and fire grate.

The capitals of the columns along the upper corridors are crowned with elegant urns and vases of rare and beautiful flowers and plants, whose twining tendrils in luxuriant growth gracefully festoon the balconies, while the delicious fragrance of this tropical conservatory pervades the air of the court as well as that of the neighboring rooms, with delightful perfumes. Independent of outward atmospheric changes, this crystal-roofed garden enjoys its own local sub-tropical climate of perpetual summer, where, as in some charming nook of fairyland, the balmy breath of incense-laden air may at once refresh and recreate its delighted guests. Classic statues of the four seasons also adorn the corridors of this aerial tropical conservatory.

From broad walks and observatories, surrounding the lofty roof, and readily accessible by the elevators, the guests enjoy a panoramic view unsurpassed in breadth and beauty.

Within and without, in all approaches, appointments and belongings the kingly structure, far surpassing, not only in size but in grandeur, all the hotels of Europe and America, richly justifies the propriety of its happily chosen name—The Palace Hotel.

The salubrious and equable character of the climate (the thermometer at San Francisco, in Summer, ranging from 60 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit, and in Winter from 50 to 60 degrees) extends such an inviting welcome to travelers, that every endeavor has been made to have the Palace fully harmonize with it in its attractive features by combining the comforts and conveniences of American and European hotels, with the greatly prized luxuries of oriental life.

A. D. SHARON AND G. SCHNEWALD, LESSEES.



# THE WONDER OF CALIFORNIA.



## PARAISO SPRINGS,

MONTEREY COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

One Hour's Ride from the Southern Pacific  
Railroad Depot at Soledad.

A Spot Where the Sun Ever Shines.

**NO FOGS! NO WIND!**

Especially Adapted for a

**SUMMER AND WINTER RESORT.**

RECENTLY OPENED MUD BATH!  
STRONGEST IRON WATER KNOWN! SODA WATER!  
SULPHUR WATER!  
BOTH PLUNGE AND SIDE BATHS!

Wonderful Cures wrought in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Troubles, Skin Diseases, Etc. The place for Convalescents to Rejuvenate. Fourteen Hundred Feet above the Level of the Sea. Admirably adapted to Consumptives. Both Sight and Hearing have been benefited by the soothing Soda Water.

Round Trip Tickets, DIRECT TO THE SPRINGS, from San Francisco, \$10.50

ED. J. FOSTER,

Assistant Manager.

J. G. FOSTER,

(Late of Cliff House) Proprietor.



## WINDSOR HOTEL, MONTREAL, CANADA.

GEORGE ILES, Manager.

*THE WINDSOR is much the best Hotel in Canada. Conducted on the American and European plans, on the methods of the leading hotels of New York. High in site, airy in construction, and just enough removed from the business center to be quiet, without being out of the way.*

## ST. JAMES HOTEL,

**SAN JOSE, CAL.**

TYLER BEACH, - - - Proprietor.

This Hotel is elegantly furnished, with all the Modern Improvements. The rooms are large, airy, and beautifully situated in front of St. James Park, next door to the Court House. No expense has been spared in making this a First-Class Hotel in every respect.

AMERICAN PLAN. RATES, \$1.50 to \$2.50 PER DAY.

SPECIAL PRICES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.

Coach and Carriage at Depot on Arrival of all Trains.



# THE FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION!

— OF THE —

**Santa Cruz Fair Building Association**

WILL BE HELD UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

**SIXTH SENATORIAL DISTRICT AGRICULTURAL**

— AND THE —

**SANTA CRUZ FAIR BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS**

AT THEIR PAVILION, COMMENCING

Wednesday, October 6th, and ending Saturday,  
October 9th, 1886.

# TENTH ANNUAL FAIR

— OF THE —

**Monterey Agricultural Association,**

**DISTRICT No. 7,**

TO BE HELD AT

**SALINAS CITY,**

Commencing October 5th, and ending October 9th, 1886.

**W. P. L. WINHAM,**  
**Real Estate Insurance Agent**

**SALINAS CITY,**  
**MONTEREY COUNTY.**

Has upwards of Sixty Farms for sale, all of which are situated in Monterey County, California, varying in size from forty to twelve hundred acres each.

Also other large tracts for sale in lots to suit purchasers, consisting of Agricultural, Dairy, Stock farms, and lands adapted to the raising of vegetables, grapes and fruits of almost every kind. Complete lists and descriptions sent by mail upon application, and all correspondence promptly answered.

A BEAUTIFUL circular has been sent out which contains the following: The "Raymond," South Pasadena, California. W. Raymond, of Raymond's Vacation Excursions, Boston, Mass., Proprietor; C. H. Merrill, of the Crawford House, White Mountains, N. H., Manager. The finest winter resort in America, situated in Southern California, amid the orange groves and vineyards of the beautiful San Gabriel Valley, eight miles from Los Angeles, by the Los Angeles & San Gabriel Valley R. R., opens November 1, 1886.

**THE "FAMOUS"**

**CROCKERY AND FANCY GOODS CO.**

SUCCESSORS TO ACKERMAN BROS.

The Leading House on the Pacific Coast

— FOR —

**CROCKERY, GLASS AND PLATED WARE,**

Cutlery, Lamp Stock, and House Furnishing Goods,

— Fancy Goods, Statuary and Bric-a-Brac. —

PRICES ALWAYS THE LOWEST. IMPORTATIONS ALL DIRECT.

123 KEARNY ST. and 207 & 209 SUTTER ST.

**W. T. Y. SCHENCK,**

SOLE AGENT PACIFIC COAST

"EUREKA," "PARAGON," "RED CROSS" and "MILL"

BRANDS OF

**Cotton Rubber Lined**

**Fire and Garden**

**HOSE!**

**STRONGEST AND MOST DURABLE HOSE MADE.**

Also, Rubber Hose of Extra Fine Quality.

**HOSE CARTS AND CARRIAGES,**

Hook and Ladder Trucks, Fire Engines and Fire  
Department Supplies generally.

Manufacturer of Schenck's Celebrated Square Flax Packing, the best in the  
World for Water and Steam.

256 MARKET STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

**BYRON SPRINGS**

**NEW MANAGEMENT.**

**NEWLY FURNISHED.**

**OPEN WINTER AND SUMMER.**

68 Miles from San Francisco.

Three Hours by Rail.

**HOT MUD BATHS, HOT SALT BATHS, HOT SULPHUR BATHS  
AND VARIOUS MINERAL WATERS.**

*A well-known Physician, of large practice, who recently visited Byron Springs, expressed himself as follows:*

"Its location, as regards distance (68 miles from San Francisco) and climate, makes the place especially desirable as a Winter Resort for Invalids, and in that respect has no equal on the Pacific Coast."

**THE EBBITT,**

WASHINGTON, D. C.

ARMY AND NAVY HEADQUARTERS,

Four Iron Fire Escapes, and the Finest and Most Com-  
modious Elevator in the World.

TERMS: \$3 and \$4 Per Day.

THE EBBITT is on the corner of Fourteenth and F Streets, on both horse railroads, and is equi-  
distant from the Capitol and White House.

C. C. WILLIARD, Proprietor.



# TOURISTS AND EXCURSIONISTS

Visiting California should not fail to

VISIT

Santa Cruz

THE

Newport

OF THE

PACIFIC.



And Stop at the

Pacific  
Ocean  
House

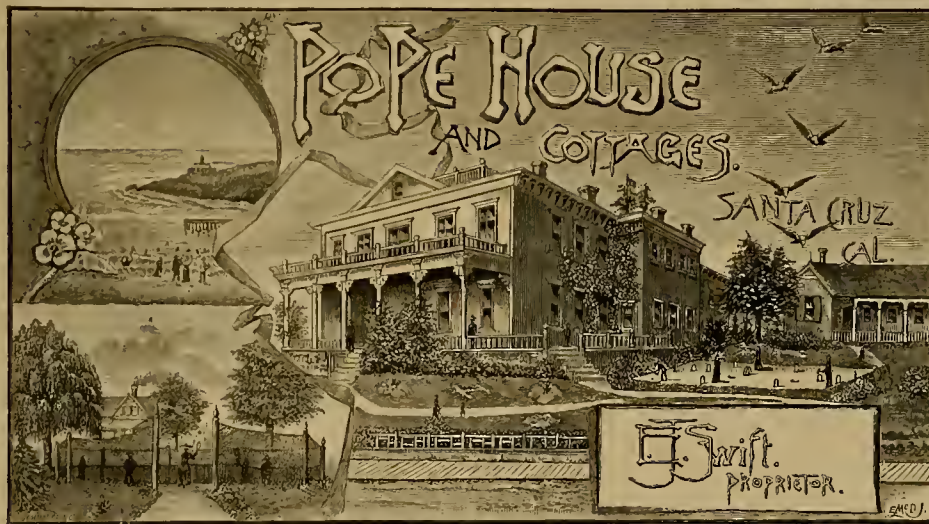
The Largest and  
Best Hotel in  
the City.

Street Cars pass the door every few minutes for the Beach — The Table is supplied with the Best the Market Affords.

**RATES:** \$2.00 AND \$2.50 PER DAY,  
\$12.50 AND \$17.50 PER WEEK.

Special Rates given to Families and Monthly Guests.

E. J. SWIFT, Prop.



## THE POPE HOUSE

Is the largest family boarding house, and is beautifully situated on the plateau overlooking the city. The buildings and grounds occupy six acres. A number of cottages have recently been erected on the grounds, and furnished same as the main building, for families and parties desiring more secluded and quiet accommodations. Croquet grounds, shuffle-boards, billiard parlor, swings, etc., for guests and their friends.

Santa Cruz is situated on Monterey Bay, eighty miles south of San Francisco, in easy access by the Southern Pacific Railroad, the South Pacific Coast Railroad, and the Pacific Coast Steamship Co. Fare from San Francisco, by rail, \$3.50; by steamer, \$2.50. Two trains daily from Monterey to Santa Cruz, fare, \$2.00.

The climate is delightful in all seasons, and affords a greater contrast to that of the Atlantic States than any other place on the Pacific Coast.

For particulars address

E. J. SWIFT, Prop.

## BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

Maskey's  
FAMOUS  
CANDIES.



TUFTS'  
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To "Del Monte" and "Pacific Grove" visitors: Our large and well-selected stock, including a comprehensive assortment of everything usually found in a well appointed drug and stationery store merits your attention.

We study to please, and are confident we can supply you with everything you want in our line economically and satisfactorily.

Trusting to see all the readers of the DEL MONTE WAVE at our store shortly, we are,

Very Truly Yours,

FRANCIS M. HILBY.

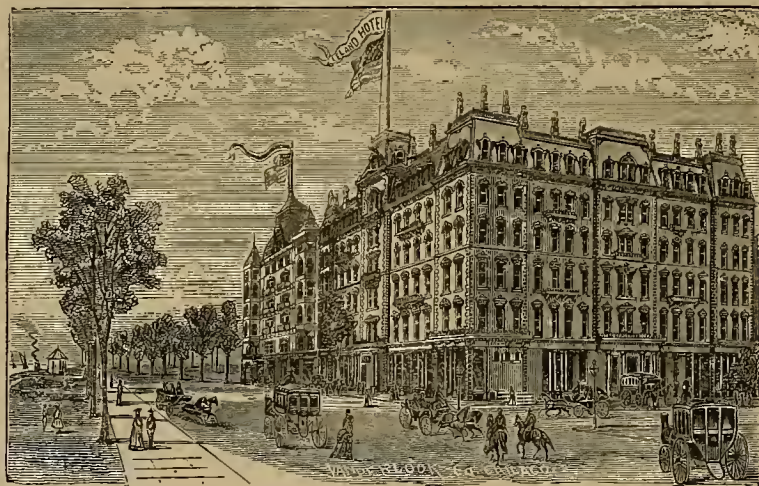
## A CARRIAGE EMPORIUM.

Until of late it has not been generally understood that Truman, Isham & Co., Nos. 421-427 Market Street, San Francisco, kept constantly on hand, in connection with their warehouse, for the sale of agricultural and other farming implements, a full line of everything in the shape of wagons and carriages, and especially the latter, which includes buggies of all noted makes. Landaus, rockaways, hacks, carriages and coupes, dog-carts, sulkies, skeleton wagons, phaetons, etc., etc. All of these are made to order, not only for California, but for various parts of California, thus: the firm carry carriages, wagons and buggies which they have had manufactured especially for San Joaquin Valley, which they would not sell to a man wanting a vehicle for San Francisco use, or for use in Sonoma, Napa or Solano counties. This has given this well-known and prosperous firm the best name of any party in the State, dealing in such things, and the compliment is deserved. Their buggies are of the best Brewster or of cheaper, and the cheapest patterns carried by the trade, and all made to order for California use. We have not been so interested in many a day as we were at the establishment of Truman, Isham & Co. last week.

## LIKE A MIDNIGHT APPARITION.

Like a midnight apparition that cannot be shaken off, the cigarette-consumed young man haunts one daily in the streets and nightly in the theatres and saloons. His sallow countenance, betokening the signs of early dissolution, appears ever and anon between the masses of death-laden smoke which arise and are wafted into the faces of healthy pedestrians, causing sensations of a sickly nature. The smile with which he greets you is only an alleged smile, and the hollow voice which utters his equally hollow words on the ear makes one think of how a skull might talk if skulls were gifted with speech. His walk is a totter, his breath savors of a charnel-house, and his eyes wear a pitiful, painful, idiotic look. The rising generation promises to be largely composed of cigarette-consumed young men, unless stringent measures are taken to counteract existing tendencies. It were better that Mother Shipton had been right, or that the sun hurry up and reach the earth, than that such a result transpire. It would be vastly better for the young man to be sun-consumed than cigarette consumed. The cigarette-consumed young man is a bore, and the world is tired of seeing him around.

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## A FASHIONABLE BOXING CLUB.

[Baltimore Sun.]

A new organization for the culture of athletic and gymnastic exercises has been formed by a number of prominent club men in this city. So far there are 60 members. It is expected that twice that number will be had in a few weeks. The annual dues have been placed at \$15. From the backing the association has, it is more than likely it will be a success. A well-known member of the first branch of the City Council, himself a leader in one of the most promising clubs here, has been chosen president. At Beach's, on Howard Street, opposite the Academy of Music, quarters have been secured and are now being handsomely equipped with the latest apparatus for physical development. Mr. Jake Kilrain, of Boston, a heavy-weight pugilist and an exceedingly clever hitter, who has won his battles with the best of those who are striving to approach the only Sullivan, has been en-

gaged as athletic director. He arrived in the city yesterday and went to work at once pushing preparations for the club opening toward completion. The enterprise has been christened the Cribb Club, after Tom Cribb, the great London sporting man of the last century. It is modeled after the organization in Boston of that name, which is patronized by leading citizens and also after the Manhattan Athletic Club, of New York, with which Mr. William R. Travers, formerly of Baltimore, is so closely identified. Like those, it will follow, the Cribb Club here will make a feature of boxing. The Boston club and that in New York have recently had under their auspices in their respective rooms several rattling fights, in which George Le Blanche, "The Marine," Pete McCoy, Kilrain, Joe Lannan, and other pugilistic talent have participated.

De Bags—"I know how to manage my wife." Bagley—"You do? Then why don't you manage her?" De Bags—"She won't let me."

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An Experienced and Well-known Hotel Manager, and will be conducted in a First-Class Manner, and perfect satisfaction will be guaranteed in every particular.

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BOARD PER WEEK,	- - - - -	\$7 00
THREE MEAL TICKETS,	- - - - -	1 00
SINGLE MEAL TICKETS,	- - - - -	50

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Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumes, Druggist Sundries and Fancy Goods, Fine Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes

Also a full line of Bandages, Brushes, and Chest Protectors.

Arctic Soda Fountain, and Mineral Water. Siphons

filled to order. Stationery Department, Compr-

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Stock of

**Pure Drugs and Chemicals,**

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Fine Groceries and Table Delicacies.

Tea and Wine Merchants.

215 and 217 Sutter Street, adjoining Centre Market,  
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SAN FRANCISCO.

This Firm enjoys a well deserved reputation for supplying the freshest goods, the best quality, and the most extensive variety to be found on this Coast. At the same time the vast extent of their trade makes it possible for them, by giving their Patrons the benefit of wholesale rates, to sell at lower prices than are to be obtained anywhere else. The principles of unqualified straightforwardness which characterize their dealings with the Public, have won for LEBENBAUM BROTHERS the implicit confidence of their patrons, comprising to a large extent the élite of the Coast who find it a convenience to be relieved, in a measure, from the worry of a minute personal control of their household arrangements.

LEBENBAUM BROTHERS' stores, both at 215 and 217 Sutter Street, a few doors up from that lively corner at Kearny and Sutter, and at the California Street corner of the Polk Street thoroughfare, are stocked with the choicest domestic and imported delicacies. Their arrangements for supplying exquisite Lunch Provisions in the most tasty baskets for Picnickers and Excursionists are unsurpassed, and the limit of our advertisement precludes the naming of all the Patés and Dainty Viands imported for this season. Suffice it to say that the excursionist may enjoy through the agency of this house, all the luxuries forming the delight of the sojourner at Brighton or Cowes, Boulogne and Trouville, or Helgoland and Ostend, in addition to the pick of Eastern dainties and the delicious gifts of our own California.

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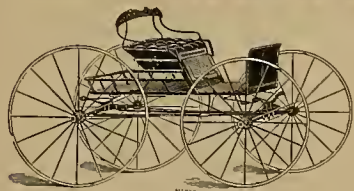
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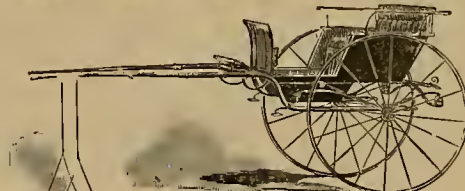
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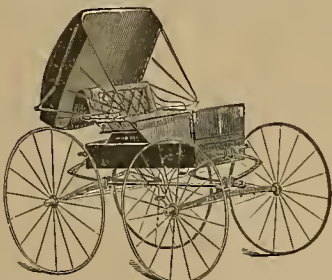
A very handsome Ladies' Cart.

Price.....\$80.00



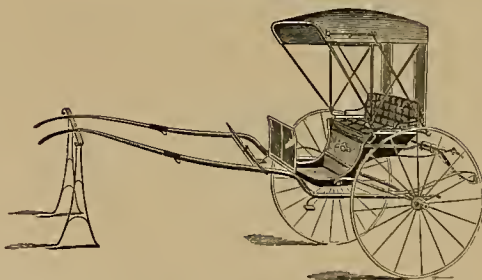
No. 517 F.—San Leandro Phaeton.

Price ..... \$130.00  
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Our California Standard.

No. 501.—1 in. Axle, Piano Box, narrow or full lazy-back, no top..... \$100  
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No. 503.—1 in. Axle, Piano Box, full leather top, rubber side curtains..... 140  
Pole extra, \$15; 1½ Axle, \$5.



No. 515 a.—Monterey Sea-side Phaeton.

A very Stylish Cart, and used extensively at the Sea-side.  
Without Top..... \$100  
With Top ..... 125  
Brewster's Buggies from \$500.00 upwards.



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A very fine, Stylish Vehicle.

No. 246 A.—Canopy Top and Shafts..... \$350

1½ Steel Axles, Lamps and Fenders.

**We have the FINEST CARRIAGE REPOSITORY on the PACIFIC COAST.**

Take the Elevator and ride to the 4th and 5th Floors. We are agents for McCormick Mowers, Reapers and Twine Binders, Randolph Headers, David Bradley Manufacturing Co., J. B. BREWSTER & CO., and E. M. MILLER & CO'S Fine Buggies, and Jas. Cunningham, Son & Co's fine Carriages, Coupes, Cabriolets, Victorias, Landaus, and Hearses. Send for new Illustrated Catalogue. Address

TRUMAN, ISHAM & HOOKER,

421-427 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.



# DEL MONTE WAVE.

Vol. I. No. II.

Monterey, California, November, 1886.

10 Cents.

## A RAMBLE WITH FLORA.

[From the "New York Times."]

It occurred to me last evening, as I witnessed the presentation of a pyramid of floral offerings to a favorite actress, and then glanced over the crowded auditorium and saw a multiplicity of miniature gardens gently and gracefully undulating upon voluptuous outlines, that possibly not a few of your Sunday readers might care to indulge in a ramble with the Roman goddess—who has been an idol, you know, from the earliest times, and whose worshipers have been the whole world, and whose mythological achievements have been perpetuated in a shaft or temple which for hundreds of years reared its colossal pile near the ruins of the *circus maximus*—and see what new or strange or grand specimens of buds and blossoms we might pluck, could we but gain admission into the myriads of nature's gardens which, scattered here and there in all sections which have been penetrated, seemingly festoon and enliven the globe.

\* \*

First of all, we will speed ourselves to Russia to admire the discovery by the great botanist Anthoskoff, who, in 1870, found in Siberia the ravishing snow flower, the seeds of which he took to St. Petersburg, and which flowered in December in the presence of the imperial family. This beautiful and impressive member of the floral kingdom is perfectly white—leaves, stalk and flower—and it springs up to the height of three feet in three days! The plant possesses only three snow-white leaves, and its flower buds blossom and fade in twenty-four hours. It is in the shape of a star, about four inches in diameter, and possesses petals of great length. It exhales a slight and delicate odor, but if touched by a warm hand both it and the leaves and the stock on which they rest dissolve instantly into a substance that seems almost wholly pure snow. It would appear indeed, that it was a kind of snow fungus, but it produces seeds which can be transplanted, and which, when sown in the snow, readily come to maturity and produce flowers. It thrives in the sempiternal snows of Siberia, and has all the appearance of being composed of snow and ice. It is frequently mentioned in Russian, Tartar, and Norse poetry, but up to its actual discovery by a botanist of high standing less than twenty years ago, its existence had been generally considered fabulous.

\* \*

If the reader will now accompany me to the Pacific Coast I will take him up into the Sierra Nevada Mountains to some point above the snow line—for the flower I am about to describe never deigns to appear below an altitude of 4,000 feet—and show him the most magnificent crimson glory he ever saw growing right up out of the snow, and which may be selected as an every way fit companion for the stately beauty of Siberia. It is called the snow plant of the Sierra, and is the *Sarcodes sanguinea* of John Torrey, the botanist. Pilgrims to the Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa and Calaveras groves of *Sequoia* (or big trees,) and to Lake Tahoe from May to July, may see hundreds of these crimson spikes forcing their exquisite points through the surface of the snows, which during those months lie lingering in the lap of Summer, here and there throughout the timber. The portion of the plant which is visible above the snow is a bright rosy-crimson in color, and presents the very strongest contrast to the dark green of the foliage of other plants and the shimmer of the snow. Its root is succulent, thick and full of moisture, and attaches itself to the roots of other plants; so it is probably one of those curious members of the vegetable world which are known to botanists as parasites, and is, consequently, entirely incapable of cultivation. It can be transplanted, however, and sometimes remains as fresh for weeks as when first taken up. The deer which roam in large numbers throughout the Sierra are extremely fond of it, and it is not an uncommon circumstance to find a number of the plants uprooted and robbed of the fleshy part of their underground growth (which is white) by these dainty marauders. The snow plant of the Sierra belongs to the natural order

*Orobanchaceae*, and is met with occasionally through the whole of the Sierra region at an altitude of rising 4,000 feet, but becomes rarer and rarer as the Rambler approaches the point of southern connection of the Sierra Nevada Mountains with the Coast or Sierra Madre range.

\* \*

While we are on the Pacific Coast we will visit an abandoned silver mine in Nevada, where I once came across a remarkable fungus. It was growing from a beam four hundred feet below the surface of the earth, and was three feet four inches in length, and was of a light buff color. It consisted mainly of a three-parted stem two or three inches in diameter, attached by means of a disk eight or ten inches wide. The stem was divided into short branches, greatly resembling in shape and arrangement the young antlers of a stag—the three terminal ones being much the most vigorous and conspicuous, forming a perfect trident. This plant is called by the Nevada miners the "Lily of the Mine," and has been named by the naturalist first describing it *Agaricus tridens*.

\* \*

I once saw a magnificent specimen of the floral kingdom at a variety store in Santa Ana, Cal.—a large tropical flower of many petals and striking beauty. It was called the chameleon vine, was imported from Madagascar by a Mr. Kendall, and possesses the peculiarity of changing color three times in the course of a year, varying from green to red. By far the most gorgeous flower that grows in America, in my opinion, is the yucca, which may be found in various parts of Southern California. It is of a rich yellow and gold, and blossoms into clusters in shape like immense bunches of grapes. Next in point of great tropical beauty and attractiveness are the rich crimson flowers of the cactus plants which grow and blossom in great profusion all over Southern California and Arizona, and of which Humboldt says there are many thousands of kinds.

\* \*

One of the most exquisite wonders of the sea is called the opelet, about the size of the German aster, and looking, indeed, very much like one. Imagine a very large double aster, with a great many long petals, of a light green color, glossy as satin, and each tipped with the color of a blush rose. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places, however, but wave about in the water while the opelet clings to a rock. You have no idea how pretty and innocent it looks on its immovable bed. Would any one suspect that it would feast upon anything grosser than dew and sunbeams! Let us watch this satanic plant—for it is a devil of a flower—a while, and see what it will do with those pretty, graceful arms. You will see in a moment—for there comes a foolish little fish—do you see that little fish wriggling and sinking?—ah! it has disappeared. Yes; it was struck dead by poison by those pretty arms, which was as fatal as the rattlesnake's bite, and in an instant a tremendous mouth opened and the victim was swallowed whole—by the innocent-looking opelet—a scaly thing for a flower to do, surely.

\* \*

There are devils in flowers upon land also; and they are worse devils than the opelet. At Timor, near the island of Java, there is a plant called the Devil's Leaf, whose petals being of a thorny nature, possess a fatal sting when penetrating the flesh. I once met a gentleman in Honolulu who had been stung by this plant who barely escaped death, and who still had a great raw sore—like that sometimes made by the stingray of Southern Pacific waters—on his left arm. He alluded to it facetiously as his strawberry mark, and said he thought he should pose as the long-lost brother—a term often thrown at us with other "chestnuts" from the minstrel stage.

\* \*

In 1876, Brazil introduced at the Centennial Exhibition, a plant under the name of the crimson calla, which in shape resembled the *Calla Ethiopica*. Its flower is a dark purple, eighteen inches long, and shaped somewhat like a calla. It is of velvety smoothness, and its edges are serrated and silken in lustre. It exhales a nauseating odor as of a sick-



house or from decaying human flesh. The under side of the flower is green, and from its centre rises a long stamen of the same dark, rich collar as the blossom. The stalk of the plant is smooth and spotted like a milk snake. It grows straight up from the ground, and sends out a cluster of small leaves which surround the flower.

\* \*

Some seventeen years ago, while driving from Los Angeles to Santa Monica, Southern California, I came across a wonder in the shape of a sun-flower, and which has since been named *Helianthus Oliveri* by Prof. Asa Gray of Harvard College, in honor of its discoverer, Prof. J. C. Oliver, of California. The one I saw was seventeen feet in height, and had on one hundred and forty-eight blooms, which I counted. The flowers are about two inches in diameter and are pale yellow in color. The leaves are ashy gray. It is almost needless to add that its discoverer was as "happy as a big sunflower."

\* \*

I once came across a curious rose while traveling in Mexico with ex-Gov. McCormick of Arizona. It was during the spring of 1867, and we had gone into camp in Sonora, near the line, below Tubac, and I went in search of some saponaceous grasses for our animals—which grew in bunches all around and which we mowed with a "cane hoe"—when I came across a flower resembling a cluster of Hermosa roses, except that they were creamier in tint and as void of aroma as the camelia. The stem and leaf resembled the cotton plant. The bush was about seven feet in height and twice that distance across, and it carried at least a hundred sprays of flowers.

\* \*

I saw, while in New Orleans last spring, at the *Picayune* office, one day, a very strange and very beautiful flower handed into the editor by Joseph C. Railey, who is training the same as a floral symbol of the "Lost Cause," and who called it the Confederate rose—on account of its being white in the morning and red in the evening—presenting the red, white, and red of the Confederate banner in twenty-four hours. It is without odor, and grows in clusters like the Duchesse de Brabant.

\* \*

The most remarkable flower I have ever come across in more ways than one, is that lonely little thing that grows 14,000 feet above the sea on Mount Whitney—the highest mountain not only in California, but in the United States—and 1,500 feet above the timber line, and at a point among the clouds where all other vegetation has utterly ceased to exist. It is the monarch of the world among flowers, however, and is radiant with beauty and freights the atmosphere with aromatic sweets. There is no soil, not even a thimbleful, and no moisture except snow and hail and ice where it grows and looks pretty and proud. In fact, this little flower during its short existence, goes to sleep in icy capsules every night and faces the sunlight in the morning dripping with tears of opal and pearl. It is shaped like a bell flower, and is gaudy in colors of red, purple and blue. It is called *Polemonium confertum*, or Jacob's ladder. Its fragrance partakes of the white jasmine, with an assimilation of musk. It blooms alone, for it not only has no floral associates, not even a spear of grass or shrub, but there is no creature, not even bird or insect, to keep it company a single minute in the year.

BEN C. TRUMAN.

EIGHT HOUR FARM LAWS—Young man in search of a place—Do you need any hands Mr. Hayseed?

Farmer Hayseed—Need 'em? Certainly I do. Pull off your coat and pitch right in.

"How about the—er—eight hour rule? Do you believe in that?"

"That's the rule on this farm, young man. You go to work at four in the morning and knock off at noon. Then you go on again at one o'clock and work till nine. Eight hours at a time is enough for me, I tell you."—*Philadelphia Call*.

MAKING RAPID STRIDES—Boston young lady (visiting in Chicago)—I am very agreeably surprised in Chicago. I had no idea it was a city of so much refinement and culture.

Chicago young lady—Oh, yes; we are making Chicago a very dizzy place for cult.—*Life*.

## WAVELETS.

Sixty in the shade—an old maid under a parasol.

Can anyone inform us why old maids are so fond of the man-dolin?

"There's music in the bay this morning." "Yes, I noticed the chopped C's."

"Did you know that there was always music on the Castillian tongue?" "Si, Senor."

"I have got a bad cold and cannot sing to-night," she said; and Dargie pronounced it a hoarse-chestnut.

Monterey is not at present famous for its marine views; nevertheless, there may be seen daily a good many schooners crossing the bar.

It is funny, very funny, that the same exclamations are used at the refreshment end as at the bowling-alley end of the clubhouse—"set 'em up!"

"That isn't the moaning of the tide—that's a quiet little quarrel between the old couple in 38, and the make-up cry of the madam." "Well, isn't that the moaning of the *tied*?"

"The most enjoyable day I ever had was when I saw the Apennines!" she said; and the most dazzling moment of my life was when the Haverlys thrashed the picked Nine of the rush-sheet—and that's all he said, as she quietly tapped her foot, looked tired, and walked toward the shuffle-board.

He had tarried at the club-house until an unseasonable hour, and complained to his wife the next morning of a pain in his right arm. "Yes," she replied, unfeelingly, "You must have lifted a great deal of glass last night." And he went out and braced himself up to the third finger above the bar.

She was fond of handsome hosiery, and so was he. "Do you enjoy the national game?" she enquired, daintily, but modestly displaying a slight bit of gaudily-sheathed ankle. "Greatly; I'd walk twenty miles any day to see the red stockings." And he said it so neatly that she didn't catch on.

He was swinging idly in a hammock. He had on her hat, with the ribbons tied under his chin, and they were talking about dancing. "I am passionately fond of the valse," he said. "Do you reverse?" she asked. "Oh, my, yes," he replied. Then he leaned a little too far back, and she knew that he had spoken the truth.

"Do you know," the Oakland dude asked, of one of San Francisco's prettiest and brightest girls, "that there is one institution that I have never seen at Monterey?" "And, pray, what is it?" "An organ-grinder." "We occasionally come across a monkey, though, don't we?" And he looked like a man sometimes does the first few hours at sea.

"I've a good mind to box your ears," she said, vivaciously. "Nothing would please me more than to get a nice little box from you, miss," he replied. "But it wouldn't be a little one," she quickly exclaimed, "although it would be difficult to find a box really big enough." He caught on, and then went off and hated himself on account of his tremendous ears.

She quickly took the \$20 he gave her, and then wished her husband were like the mandolin. "Why, my dear?" he pleasantly inquired. "Because," she answered, with a bewitching smile, "the mandolin has to repeat every note several times before one gets enough." When she returned from San Francisco she had made way with the hundred dollars he had handed her in the morning.



## Correspondence

### LETTER FROM PACIFIC GROVE RETREAT.

PACIFIC GROVE, October 22, 1886.

October is the month that marks the "Alpha and Omega" of seasons at Monterey. We cannot follow the train of Eastern correspondents who now send their journalistic friends such artistic etchings of forest scenes in picturesque America, which, under Autumn lights, are so beautiful. Indian summer scenes in the far away mountains of New England, the soft, hazy atmosphere of late October enveloping the landscape—pictures of ripened golden grain, the glowing brilliancy of sunset colors in the maple woods—naught of such dreamy beauty can we tell of the tropic land on the slope of the Pacific, but the eternal law of compensation is still in active force.

Winter and Summer alike, the beautiful breakers keep up their stately march from sea to shore. The pines hold themselves as regally aloft in all the majesty of their glory, monarchs of forest life. The flowers bloom day by day, one little child from floral land on faithful duty, while another sleeps, and so the months pass away.

The whirl of the "maddening crowd," forever on the move, is over for the season; it has been a ceaseless throng, "moving, moving, moving" for months past; now the Grove assumes a more settled air, and residents are beginning to collect their bearings again.

The climate is always most delightful after the first rains, the pleasantest weather therefore is after the Summer guests have winged their homeward flight; so the greeting is generally of the nature, "hail to the coming," and "speed the parting;" when the 1st of October closed the Summer season, often it had undoubtedly proved the most successful to be cited in the history of the place—formerly acknowledged, so we understand, by all the "oldest inhabitants" (our readers will pardon our use of so hackneyed a quotation, but the Pioneers of Pacific Grove are sensitive on the subject, and demand recognition of their prerogatives.)

Owners of private cottages and tents had no reason to regret their speculative operations, for there was a greater demand for accommodations than could be filled, both at the time of the Chautauqua Assembly and the M. E. Conference, in July and September.

At the present writing, Winter guests, generally of a more permanent character, are seeking quarters, and filling up the homes that are for rent. Many improvements are going on all over the grounds; new cottages rising here, there, and everywhere, with startling rapidity, and the general style of architecture is far more in accordance with modern taste, than people have been prone to follow heretofore. I am reliably informed that over fifty new cottages will be built this Winter; most of the choice lots owned by the Pacific Improvement Co., have been sold resulting in some extensive sales—the last sixty days registering one of the heaviest land booms they have yet created.

On October 10th, Pacific Grove was honored by a visitation from the high official dignitaries of the great R. R. Corporation. They were driven through the grounds in true "Del Monte" style in order that they might note the remarkable enterprise of the Pacific Grove residents; visited the new Chautauqua Museum, which has recently been erected in the Plaza; last and most important of all, they sighted the grounds where the Company propose erecting a new lodging house. They left doubtless with the unerring conviction long cherished in this community, and ably expressed by Dr. Stratton in a recent letter to the *Wave*, that a liberal policy in a financial sense on the part of the custodians of temporal interests, will return in a larger financial prosperity. The new lodging house is therefore, no longer a matter of speculation—work on the ground is to be begun immediately. The building will be located on Grand Avenue, about twenty feet distant above the Restaurant, connected by corridor with the dining hall; the frontal will be on Grand Avenue, with an ell extending back to Fountain Avenue. It will be three stories in height, and contain over one hundred and twenty rooms.

The place so far as understood, is a most admirable one, and no doubt need be expressed but that in future, the guests at Pacific Grove will be cared for in the most hospitable manner. The quarters thus furnished by the new building will not only be another feature of attraction to the Grove, but will still the long outcry that is circulated abroad on the poor accommodations to be obtained, especially by persons coming to the place uninformed as how they can find boarding places.

If in the near future a place can be developed for suitable bathing facilities, it will be a long stride forward in accomplishing what materially effects the advancing interests of the Pacific Improvement Company, as well as other property owners and residents.

It no longer seems to be a question of doubt that the Rail Road Co. are looking and recognizing their opportunity in this direction. That the Railroad will be extended to this point is now stated authoritatively—a matter not left to the very indefinite future, but near at hand.

Little birds prophesy wonderful things for the next few years to accomplish in Pacific Grove. The stranger, returning after an absence, notes a vast transformation scene taking place as the months come and go.

If you spend a season there you cannot lack for occupation. There is a broad field to enter if you will desire the opportunity. Organizations enough to stock a metropolis—W. C. T. U., Good Templars, Band of Hope, C. L. S. C., Ladies' Social Union, Guild of St. Mary's, etc., *ad infinitum*.

Our last item of interest pertains to the visitations of the students from the several San Jose institutions on Friday, Oct. 8th. There were fifty representatives from the "State Normal," with Prof. Kleburger, and twenty "youths and maidens fair" from the University of the Pacific with Prof. George.

It seems to be quite a popular arrangement of the schools in the near vicinity to take advantage of short vacations and holidays to bring classes to the sea-side for rest and recreation. The time afforded, from Friday afternoon until Monday morning, allows considerable time to be spent at Monterey, and enables students to make the trip without trespassing on the hours of regular school sessions.

On the last expedition here an unusually large number came down, and judging from general observations, they put in the time most enjoyably, in excursions and drives. In true scholastic style, the departure was made from the Grove at 5:30 Monday morning.

R.

### IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS AT HOTEL DEL MONTE.

OCTOBER 21, 1886.

The motto of the management of Hotel del Monte should be *Nunquam Dormio*, for an untiring vigil is kept, with an eye to everything or anything that can conduce to the comfort and safety of its patrons. They have just introduced a novel system for completely flooding their roofs in case of fire. The apparatus in the shape of hose and hook and ladder, has always been considered very effective, but the recent large fires in San Francisco have demonstrated the fact that to combat successfully a fire in a large building, it must be grappled with immediately, and in order to do so effectually it is necessary to completely deluge the building from dome to base. How this can be done at a minute's notice I will endeavor to explain. In the first place eight-inch pipes have been laid under ground the entire length and breadth of the building; to these are connected four and six-inch pipes running in every conceivable direction, and all connected directly with the roof of the building, and which is covered with perforated pipes running along every ridge and every hip and gable, and so neatly and artistically has this work been performed that it is all hidden from view. The pipes are of galvanized iron, three inches in diameter and perforated, so as to give a mammoth shower to the whole building at once, or any desired portion of it. There is what is termed by the trade a *manifold*, that looks at a glance just like the ordinary brake on a street car (of the old style), or rather, a number of them, all placed in a row, and each one marked and designating the particular portion of the roof to which it is connected. This manifold stands in an open court yard, is centrally located and so easy of access at all times that a ten-year-old boy, who can read English, can as effectually flood any part of the building as the man who originated the design and superintended its construction.

The apparently simple method by which this great safeguard is achieved is simply marvelous, and must be seen to be fully appreciated and understood. By the kindness and courtesy of Mr. M. Dorgan (who is the master spirit of the whole arrangement) we have been permitted to see this thing in successful operation, and the exclamation that falls spontaneously from every beholder is, "wonderful." Now, in order to show the immensity of this stream of water, it is only necessary to state, the main building is 385 feet long and 115 feet wide, and the arm is 225 feet long and 50 feet wide, with all its spurs and angles; the whole making a grand total of 3,500 feet of perforated pipe, and throwing, when in full force, 210,000 gallons per hour. Nor is this all. Large hydrants have been placed at short intervals around the house, making a perfect cordon on the outside.

With such unequalled attractions as are presented, coupled with its natural advantages, backed by brains and money, the which is applied without stint, together with this new addition, furnishing, as it does, almost a perfect immunity from fire, this house may well claim its well-earned title of Queen of watering places.

W. H. J.



## WHAT THE NEWPORT HACKMAN SAID.

[Ben C. Truman in "New York Times."]

This is the leading sea-shore resort in the United States in many respects, but to the "looker-on in Vienna" it is the most unsatisfactory. What is generally termed "life" does not exist in Newport as it does at other ocean-side watering places, and is no more to be compared to that at Long Branch than Jersey cider is to champagne. There are only two or three hotels here which at all suggest sea-shore life, and they are really anything but first class except in their charges, which would simply paralyze those of the illustrious Light Brigade. I have had occasion to drop down on Newport quite often during the past 30 years, and have observed very little change during that time. There have been additions every year in the way of cottages (palaces) and grounds, to be sure; there are more turn-outs to be seen and admired on Bellevue-avenue of an evening, nowadays, than in those of years gone by. And there is the Casino, too—a lovely combination of club-house, café, theatre, and garden—there is nothing of the same kind to compare to it in this country—and there is tri-weekly merriment among the polo players during the months of July and August. But there are the same old concerts and so-called hops at the Ocean House, and the same photographs of dried beef and slivers of "assorted cakes" for supper as in days of yore. There are the same wily mokes who have driven their rattle-trap barges to the beaches for a score of years, whose only aim in life is to beat a stranger and vote the Republican ticket; there are the same dealers in leathery meats who have done so much for dentistry during two or three decades, and there are the same "Injun" purveyors of Pequot and Narragansett relics and implements of barbarous warfare one meets at Niagara, all of whom cultivate hair on their incisors and are in favor of Gladstone's home rule. Neither Easton's nor Bailey's beach can be mentioned in the same breath with Cape May, Long Branch, Bar Harbor, or Old Orchard. There is just one public attraction here that cannot be seen elsewhere, and that is the grand parade of the aristocracy which takes place upon Bellevue-avenue every evening between the hours of 4 and 7. This is the most brilliant cavalcade of the fortunate possessors of blue blood and coupons and magnificently limbed coachmen and swell women with handsomely caparisoned dogs that can be observed in America. The best time to see this panorama is between 5 and 6, and the best place to see it is from the piazza of the Ocean House, or from the balcony of the Casino. The best way to see it, however, and to enjoy it, is to join it—which one may do, for a moderate sum, and get almost inextricably mixed in with three or four miles of drags, tandems, four-in-hands, dog-carts, T-carts, pheatons, victorias, English coaches, tally-hos, barouches, and innumerable other kinds of elegant equipages, and listen to your driver (who has forgotten to put on his livery, of course, and who is quite an encyclopedia in his way,) who will entertain you in a manner something after the following: "That old gentleman who just passed is Bancroft, the historian, and there isn't a tougher old thoroughbred in town;" "the house on the right is owned by a gentleman in Boston, who makes Rome howl when he gets his paint on." "That's Col. Best who just passed; he commands at Fort Adams, and is very sweet on his young wife." "That's the property of Gen. Van Alen—you know the evening papers contain accounts of his suicide or accidental drowning; guess he had so much wealth it troubled him, but he was mighty good to those grandchildren, and he was mightily well liked, too, and he was a good man for Newport—he was a queer old person, though." "That youngster that just drove by is Foxy Keene, son of Jim Keene, who did things in roaring style a few years ago; he had millions then, but he hasn't got a cent now. The young fellow don't look like a chap that has to do much hard work, though, does he? The old man used to give slashing dinners, you bet, and he had lots of friends, too. Where are they now? That's what I want to know, where are they now? Any old duffer can answer that conundrum." "That was James Gordon Bennett's place we first passed; Bennett built the Casino, you know, and he is just as likely to return at 12 to-night, or at daylight to-morrow, as at any other time, even if he is at Constantinople or St. Petersburg at present—you know, things are kept up at his house just as though he were here; his servants are always dressed for dinner, which is cooked every day whether he is here or not; oh! I tell you, he's a stem-winder. When he's here there's fun all along the line." "The next place belongs to his brother-in-law." "There

goes the navy officer who married the pillmaker's daughter; he's a fly marine, with a quarter-deck strut, and the easiest mash on the avenue." "There goes a bob-tailed Englishman on a trotter from Little Compton, who is sweet on an heiress from Brooklyn with a glass eye; look at her pup with the diamond hatband round his neck; her sister's mashed on the coachy with the Chicago girl's yams who hangs out at the Lorillard lodge." "That poor-looking chap you see in the moke's barge is a fiddler at the Ocean; he is taking 20 cents worth of airing—he can jerk a bow, though, that'll make a burying ground dance." "Here comes some high steppers, my friend—the first is Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, the next is Mrs. Leonard Jerome, and the third is Mrs. Griswold Gray." "The two drags dashing up alongside belong to E. M. Padelford and August Belmont, and the one just turning out of the lane contains Mrs. Ogden Mills and Mrs. Pierson." "Look quick, now! that handsome girl coming this way is Miss Galatin, who was one of the belles of last season, and she might be this, but she's engaged to Howland Pell. The ladies who just passed are Mrs. Sarah Belmont, Miss Whitney, and Miss Beckwith. They say there's more style than health at Newport. Have you seen any very consumptive-looking women for the past half-hour? Don't they all look as if the Lord had been good to them in more ways than one? Have you noticed how many old duffers there are here with young wives? That's what knocks me silly—to see how ready many of these little daisies are to give themselves away to rich old second-hand husbands. Here comes one now; as pretty as a peach blossom. You couldn't drop a handkerchief, though, quicker'n she dropped into the other one's shoes, just because they were golden. Still, I suppose she knew what she was about—apoplexy's had two whacks at her aged partner, and it won't be long before his little grave'll have to be kept green—she isn't Mrs. Don't-know-anything from Emeraldville." "That's where Mrs. George Francis Train used to summer—she's stepped down and out." "I forgot to show you the Ross Winans cottage—they call it the Bleak House—and the cottage of Theodore L. Davis." "There's where the owner of Foxhall used to do the grand on Saturday and Sunday nights—he used to come as far as Wickford on the Shore Line, where he had a boat with steam up ready to bring him to Newport, and he'd be here in the bosom of his family while the other millionaires were in the arms of Morpheus away the other side of Point Judith—O, he was saucy James from Keeneville;" "Yes, the Astors, the Vanderbilts, and the Belmonts, and other New Yorkers who manage to keep the wolf from their doors, have fine establishments here and keep elegant turnouts." "You must be sure and see Miss Wolfe's place from the ocean side. Miss Wolf is a curiosity. She has more cats and chickens than you can count." "This has been the dullest season so far I have ever seen. None of the hotels are making money, so they say; they can't sell a man a glass of beer, even. The average Summer guest goes to bed with a mint julep and gets up with a cocktail. There's lots of revenue in gin, you know, and there isn't much owling when your city dude has to brace up on Vuisingen or Vichy. Yes, it hurts all round. We generally make lots of money out of drunken men; a man that's full of benzine, or even champagne, likes to be setting 'em up as long as he can see, and then we hackmen take him home by the longest route at maximum midnight rates. I don't think there is much liquor being sold on the sly, especially at hotels; this prohibition law which went into effect throughout Rhode Island on the first day of July, is a regular old double back-action stem-winder, and can't be fooled with while there's plenty room in the new penitentiary; it's pretty tough when one man can prevent another from taking a glass of claret or a mug of beer or ale, or even a nice whisky punch; but I expect the less schooners there are unloaded the less drunken craft there will be seen sailing around the streets at all hours of the night, and a majority of poor working men will go home to their wives and children Saturday nights sober, with their earnings in their pockets; for myself, I like a moderate snifter once in a while, but I guess I can pull through with the rest of the mourners." "The pretty little brunette that just passed is Miss Bancroft; guess you've heard of her—she's as gamey as a sparrow; the next one coming is Miss Redmond," "No, there isn't much bathing; you see, the upper ten are too nice and too clean to go into the salt water—that is, the women—most of them are high steppers, from New York and Boston, and they do not want to expose themselves in the same water with girls who sew for a living and others whom an inscrutable Providence has sent into the world with less shekels than themselves; why, there are hundreds of fashionable ladies here who never stir out of doors except in their carriages, about this time of the day; there is really very little fun in Newport; some of the folks have high old rackets in their own houses, and make believe they like polo—all the same, they are colder than ice-cream freezers, generally, and don't take any chances of getting contaminated by mixing with the common herd; and so the common herd prefer Block Island and Narragansett Pier, where there is more fun to the square inch in one day, than there is in Newport during a whole season; yes, these mokes, who study up the guides and hotel advertisements, will tell you that Newport stands alone, and that its first settlers were contemporaries of the Pilgrim Fathers—that society is leavened, and that the meet here each season consists of those who occupy high social positions in our midst and the pets of fortune from New York and elsewhere—that Newport has the most magnificent driveways, the best beaches,



and the oldest parks in the country; that its cliffs and ledges, its spurs and headlands, its recreative powers of sunshine and stimulating ozone knock the stuffing out of all other ocean-side resorts, from Bar Harbor to Cape May—then they'll throw in the old mill, Perry's statue, Ocean House, Touro's grave, the Casino, forty steps, the huge chasm called Purgatory, Gravelly Point (where 26 pirates all danced at once between heaven and earth one fine morning in 1723); Spouting Rock, and the first printing press used by Franklin when working at his trade, and which may be seen at the office of the *Mercury*. There are more mokes here than you can shake a stick at, and every mother's son of 'em carries a razor in one pocket and a lottery ticket in the other. They are very religious, these mokes are, and all go to church on Sundays, but there ain't one of 'em who ever keeps the seventh or eighth commandments; that you can put down as a positive fact." "Again?"

"How many times have you driven up and down the avenue?"

"Four times."

"What's the damage?"

"Six dollars."

"How much would one of these thieving, adulterous old mokes have charged me?"

"Why, you wouldn't have ridden in one of those yellow-and-green-ancient-gothic-Eastlake-musty-smelling old rattletraps, with Tom, Dick, and Harry, would you? You're a gentleman, ain't you?"

"——."

"Besides, any of those nigger drivers would have talked you to death."

B. C. T.

### THE GOLDEN STATE.

MONTEREY—BEAUTIFUL DEL MONTE—A BENEFACTOR—PACIFIC GROVE.

BY REV. S. B. BARNITZ, WESTERN SECRETARY  
BOARD OF HOME MISSIONS.

[*"Lutheran Observer," Philadelphia, Oct. 1, 1886.*]

In the great delight experienced at the old city of Monterey and the beautiful "Del Monte," I am not ready to say, as they say of Naples, "See it and die," but rather, ready to cry aloud to all who can have the opportunity, "See Del Monte and live!" In all our country it is certainly the most beautiful place I have ever looked upon between the two oceans, and while memory lasts I must be grateful to him who insisted that I turn aside from the work for three days to rest amid the refreshing sights and sounds of this modern Eden. It would be unjust to the readers of the *Observer* to withhold from them even this imperfect sketch. A lack of ability to express the heart's feelings or the mind's graspings, makes the attempt at description almost vain. History tells us that "in the month of December, 1602, Don Sebastian Vizcayno, acting under instructions of Phillip III. of Spain, sailed into the placid waters of what is now known as the Bay of Monterey, and landing with two priests and a number of soldiers, took possession of the country in the name of his royal master. A cross was erected by Vizcayno, and religious ceremonies were performed at an improvised altar beneath the gracious protection of an umbrageous oak. The spot was called Monterey, in honor of Gaspar de Zuniga, Count de Monterey, at the time Viceroy of Mexico, and the projector and patron of the expedition. The appearance of the country made a deep impression upon the enthusiastic navigator, and he departed in the hope of soon returning to found a church and a permanent abiding place. It was one hundred and sixty-eight years after his departure before the foot of a white man again trod the soil of Monterey. On the 3d of June, 1770, the San Carlos, or Carmel Mission, was founded. Of the twenty-one missions established in California, that of Monterey was the second, the one at San Diego having been the first. Monterey thrived and very early became the capital of the territory. Many of the Spanish, Mexican and American Governors made the place their homes. The final event of public importance in Monterey was the meeting of the Constitutional Convention of California, August 1st, 1849. There were forty members, a majority of whom could not speak or readily understand English. The convention had two chaplains—one a Catholic and the other a Protestant—and prayers were uttered daily in both Spanish and English. The capital had been removed to San Jose, the commercial importance of the place had declined and Monterey gave itself over to the *dolce far niente* which has characterized the condition of things there from that time until the erection of the Hotel del Monte.

The hotel buildings stand in a lovely grove of pine, oak and cedar, the trees being sufficiently scattered to admit of the adornment of the grounds

by means of drive-ways, foot-paths, lawns and beds of flowers. The hotel plat proper embraces 126 acres, while the company own 7,000 acres additional, through which is the celebrated seventeen-mile drive. Oh! the wondrous beauty of these grounds! the loveliness of all manner of flowers and plants, the fragrance not exceeded by that which flows from "the spicy groves of Araby!" Between forty and fifty men are kept at work, by day and by night, trimming trees, shrubs and flowers, culling out the decayed and decaying ones, devising new designs for the beds, and new shapes for the terraces and hedges. Many of the flower-beds have the delicacy and finish of a Turkish rug; and the visitor may read in floral embellishment some such suggestive sentiment as this:

"This is an art which does mend nature—  
Change it, rather; but the art itself is nature."

Or this:

"Works, like flowers, blossom  
For the fruits they bear."

Amid all this beauty and fragrance the atmosphere is dry and invigorating. During what may be termed the winter months, 50° will mark on an average the mean temperature, and water is never congealed. It is a noteworthy fact that of seventeen thousand visitors at Del Monte in one year from all parts of the world, no one has uttered a complaint, but all have been unanimous in its praise.

Near Del Monte is Pacific Grove Retreat, a Christian resort like Chautauqua, Ocean Grove, etc., excepting that it has an equable temperature, and is kept open "all the year round." When told that

"December's as pleasant as May,"

that all this beauty continues through the winter—that when we are experiencing the biting cold of 36° below zero, and pouring coal into stoves and furnaces by the cart-load, Del Monte's gardens bloom and "the Grove" is clothed in verdure, and the people enjoying the ocean's roar from their verandas—it seems incredible; and yet 'tis true!

Monterey and the Grove have a warm friend and genuine benefactor in the person of Mr. Lucius B. Stone, of San Francisco, who owns several cottages, and with his family spends a part of each year at this retreat. That the property of the citizens might have protection in case of fire, Mr. Stone, at his own expense, fitted out a company of firemen, secured ample apparatus, erected an engine house, etc., etc. If "he who makes one blade of grass to grow where none grew before, is a benefactor," surely the man who makes provision to defend from the fiery element and protect the homes of the people, is a true friend to the race. Sympathetic in nature, manly and straightforward in business relations, despising that which is little or mean, Mr. Stone cheers many hearts, and is worthy of the heartfelt appreciation of all who are interested in this lovely part of the Golden State. May he never be obliged to say—

"Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
That dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot."

Del Monte, Pacific Grove, Monterey, and many of the choicest resorts of the Pacific Coast are reached by the great lines of the Southern Pacific Company. To these places they run their trains of finest equipment and marvelous speed. It being impossible for me, within the limits of a few *Observer* articles, to give details to your many readers who desire them, or to answer their questions, I can do what is perhaps better, viz., refer them to Mr. T. H. Goodman or Mr. H. R. Judah, of the Passenger Department at San Francisco, or to our friend Isaac Rudisill, formerly of York, Pa., now in connection with the DEL MONTE WAVE. These gentlemen will give all reasonable information and can be relied upon. Among the many choice books of information, I may mention those by Major Ben. C. Truman, author of "Campaigning in Tennessee," "The South After the War," "Occidental Sketches," "Homes and Happiness in the Golden State," etc., etc.

### THROUGH THICK AND THIN.

It is an old adage that "you can't squeeze blood out of a turnip," nor juice either out of many of those you find for sale. There is all the difference in the world in the nutrition one derives from good or from bad vegetables. You might eat a cart-load of the shriveled-up, dry, coarse and spongy kind, and you'd remain as thin as a rail, while good nutritive vegetables make one fat as well as healthy. This is why the stalls Nos. 30 and 31 California market of Brown & Wells are so liberally patronized. Persons buying there once never go elsewhere thereafter, because they get there the worth of their money. At five o'clock in the morning may be seen the best people in the city, including all our hotels and boarding-houses, making their selections of green peas, string beans, onions, celery, asparagus, young sweet corn, radishes, cucumbers, lettuce, oranges, strawberries, cherries, and indeed the whole list of fruits and vegetables that make life worth living. Brown & Wells certainly understand this business, and are now reaping the rewards of their experience. Drop in and see them.



## THE "RAYMOND."

## OPEN FOR THE WINTER

PASADENA'S PALATIAL HOTEL NOW COMPLETE—A CREOIT TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA—A MAMMOTH BUILDING WITH EVERY MODERN IMPROVEMENT—BEAUTIFUL GROUND AND MATCHLESS SITUATION.

[Los Angeles Times.]

Roam the world over for its rarest scenery, ransack it for its loveliest views, then come back to Pasadena and climb the Raymond Hill, hopeless of finding its peer. There are grander and more rugged views, but for flawless beauty none to compare with it. A smooth and rounded hill, heaving 300 feet above the bosom of an exquisite valley whose green vineyard patches, orange groves, myriad flowers and tree-set homes melt away in the periphery of a great circle whose center is the hill. Along the north, for fifty miles, looms the vast bulk of the Sierra Madres, a titanic wall, seamed and gouged by countless canons. Eastward, old Baldy's snow-capped head soars shadowy to the clouds; and ninety miles away the blue San Jacinto peaks float like dreams above the horizon, apparently dis severed from earth. South, the eye ranges down enchanted valleys, across smooth hills to the flat line of San Pedro bay, and even across to the hazy shape of Santa Catalina, sixty miles away. West, across the smooth plateaus and swelling hills, the sun goes down behind the roughest quarter of the horizon, as if the very hills had been put there to enhance the sunset glory. The whole area between the circling hills seems a vast landscape-garden. Had it been part of one skillful design, the combinations of light and shade—of vines and orchards of live-oak groves and eucalyptus spires, of winding roads and barley fields, of happy homes nestling amid bloom and shade—could not have been more harmoniously set down. And over all is the sublimated glory which belongs alone to the weird aerial effects to be found nowhere east of the Rio Grande.

For three years the Raymond hill has been the centre of an interest beyond the matchless beauty of its outlook. Grasping its advantages as the site for a mammoth hotel, Walter Raymond, manager of Raymond's famous vacation excursions, took up the enterprise with intelligent energy. It was a tremendous undertaking. Mr. Raymond had no hotel experience beyond the knowledge, gained in his excursions, of what tourists demand. He associated with himself Mr. Gluck, of the International Hotel at Niagara Falls, and J. H. Littlefield, a prominent architect of San Francisco. Work was begun in November, 1883, in cutting off the top of the hill to make a plateau for the hotel to stand upon. The hill was cut down 34 feet, leaving on top a level area of about five acres. April 23, 1884, work on the hotel was stopped, owing to financial entanglements. Mr. Raymond had exhausted his means and knew not where to turn. At last he interested in the work his aged father, Emmons Raymond, long time President of the Passumpsic River Railroad. The elder Raymond is 79 years old, but his days of usefulness are not ended, and when he came to realize the possibilities of the projected hotel, he lent vigorous aid with purse and head.

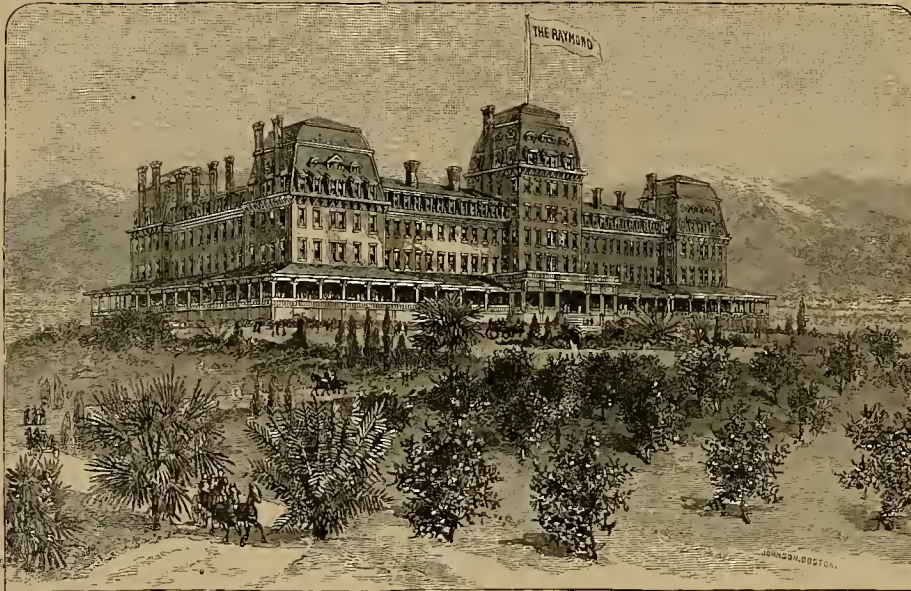
Perched on its conspicuous eminence, the "Raymond" has been growing skyward since the 27th of last September, when the elder Raymond, coming out from the East, devoted himself assiduously to the work. The great foundations had already been laid, 43,000 cubic yards of earth had been moved, and over a million bricks laid from the bed-rock up. Since then the whole superstructure has risen, and to-day, the vast building is very close upon completion. It is the most imposing sight in Southern California, and, perhaps, the greatest undertaking ever carried through here.

The main building faces exactly south. It is 287 feet front by 50 deep. The west wing runs back 75 feet north and is 42 feet wide. The east wing is 82x42; the center wing, 127x50; the kitchen wing, 74x36. The servants' hall is 86x40, three stories; and the laundry, 36x70, with two stories. The main building and the wings are four stories high, the dining-room wing two stories. The tower is 104 feet high, seven stories. The architecture of the building is what might be called a common-sense style, not too

severe, nor yet burdened with the gewgaws which would be ridiculous in a building of such enormous size. Around the whole lower story runs a handsome 16-foot porch with a total length of 805 feet. All the front windows of that story slide up from the floor into the wall, so that one can step into the porch at any point. Entering the doorway in the centre of the building, the visitor stands in the grand reception office, 41 feet square, 16 feet high, and with the ceiling paneled for fine frescoing. To the right side of the room is the clerk's office, while to the north begin two grand staircases, each 6 feet wide in the clear. Between these is an Otis Brothers' hydraulic passenger elevator, and to the right of this a baggage elevator of the same make. The baggage arrangements are very convenient. Instead of being knocked down and dragged in through the main entrance, the Saratogas are brought to the back of the house, thrown into a baggage-room, and taken to the various floors by their own elevator. From the grand reception-room a fine 10-foot hall runs from end to end of the main building. The wing halls are 8 feet wide.

Back of the rotunda or reception office is the dining room, a fine apartment 50x96, and 18 feet high. Back of this are the serving-rooms and the dining room for the children and maids. Still further back is the kitchen, 35x40 feet, and 21 feet high. The bake-room is 16x24, the pastry-room 11x20. The kitchen has two huge brick ovens, one for bread and one for meat. The basement of the kitchen contains two forty horse power boilers, for running the laundry, cooking and pumping. There are two powerful pumps for fire and other purposes, and an ice machine. The main kitchen has a fourteen-foot range with steam carving-board and all other modern improvements. The extreme rear end of the kitchen wing is

a good three-story building for the servants' quarters. They have their own dining-room, kitchen, and complete outfit and very comfortable bedrooms. In the lower story of this building are capacious cold storage chambers. The laundry, a generous building, is down the hill from the plateau, and thoroughly out of the way, though convenient of access by flights of stairs. It is fitted up with the latest machinery. Returning to the rotunda and turning to the west we enter the ladies' reception room, 25x21; next the ladies' billiard parlor, 24½x21; then the ladies' reading room, 26x21, and the ladies' grand parlor, 30x41. These are on the south side of the hall and on the front of the building. The



THE "RAYMOND," PASADENA, CAL.

lower story of the west wing is occupied by the grand ball-room, 39x84. On the north side of the hall, opposite the ladies' rooms, are the gentlemen's billiard-room, 40x21, and the bar, 26x21. To the east of the rotunda are the clerk's office, the private office and the manager's private suite, on the south side of the hall. On the north side are the barber shop, the baggage room and the gentlemen's reading room, 26x21. In the lower story are fifteen sleeping rooms for guests; in the second story, seventy; in the third, fifty-five; in the fourth, fifty-five; and in the top of the tower, six. All guests' rooms have grates and electric bells, while there are speaking tubes also to each story. There are forty bath-rooms in the house and forty-three water-closets. The plumbing has been done with the utmost care, to secure a sanitary condition. Every trap and sewer is connected with the big smokestack and ventilated by a constant hot draft. Back of the main building and between the three wings are two large courts, each 76 feet wide. These will be filled with walks and the choicest varieties of flowers. The roof of the building is shingled on the sides and tinned on top. The brick foundation goes down from two to twenty-eight feet and rests upon the solid rock. In the foundation and the chimneys there are a million and a half of brick. Not counting the outbuilding there are 110,000 feet of clear flooring. Over 800,000 feet of rough lumber and 500,000 shingles have been used. All through the house run two-inch pipes, with fire-plugs and three lines of hose on each story and three on the roof. There is also an abundance of fire extinguishers. The building will be lighted with coal gas, to be manufactured by the Pasadena Gas and Electric Light Company, in which the elder Raymond is largely interested. The water is supplied by the Lake Vineyard Water Company and the Pasadena Land and Water Company.

The whole arrangement and appointment of the house is of the best that modern hotel science has devised. The kitchen is far back where its odors



cannot reach the guests. The stables are at a distance, and the laundry out of the way.

W. Raymond long since learned that every tourist wants a sunny room, and in the "Raymond" he has very nearly solved this apparently impossible problem. As the dining-room wing is only two stories high, it does not shut out the sun from the windows of the east and west wings in the morning and afternoon respectively. Indeed, the only windows in the whole hotel which are not more or less sunny are the few on the north side of the main building! The sleeping-rooms are all of generous size, averaging 13x19. Besides the grand staircases, there are five-foot flights in each wing, and another at the back of the dining-room. In the rear of each wing is a fire escape.

The "Raymond" is built upon honor throughout. The architect, J. H. Littlefield, of San Francisco, has every reason to be proud of the plans, and the details have been well carried out under the direction of O. J. Muchmore, superintendent of construction.

The plumbing, gas fixtures, electric wiring and tin work were done by W. C. Furrey of this city. The elevators and boilers were put in by M. S. Baker. The plastering, an exceptionally fine job, is by Chris Hansen. The brick was made on the ground and laid by Simons & Hubbard. The ovens and chimneys were laid by Mr. Lacy, of Pasadena. The painting and glazing was done by Frank Haskell, the materials coming from Whittier, Fuller & Co.

The fine building, thus imperfectly described, has a worthy setting. The grounds comprise fifty-five acres, admirably situated. R. Ulrich, the head landscape gardener of the Hotel del Monte, drew the plans for the adornment of the "Raymond" grounds, and the work is being carried out by head-gardener William Farrell, and his assistant, Robert Dick. It will be a veritable paradise, with ornamental and drinking fountains, palm and rose gardens, tennis courts, children's playgrounds, croquet grounds, swings, rustic houses, bowling alley, under an arbor an artificial cave, gardens of cactus, a lovely little lake with islands and swan and duck houses, a shooting gallery, a maze, and other things too numerous to mention. Among the trees which dot the long slope are the pepper, the gum, the pine, the cypress and the sycamore, the giant redwood, the olive, date, palm, banana, pomegranate, guava, persimmon, evergreen umbrella, maple, elm, locust, English walnut, birch, alanthus, poplar, willow, and a great variety of ornamental shrubs. There will also be a large orange grove and a generous lawn. Mr. Farrell has, under the hill, a big nursery which he has stocked with many thousands of the rarest and most beautiful plants. Among the interesting features of his collection is a large and variegated assortment of Arizona cacti, which will be a great attraction to eastern visitors.

That the "Raymond" will be a success will not be doubted by those conversant with the facts and with the needs of South California. Hardly less important than its unrivaled situation and elaborate appointment ranks the management under which it is conducted. C. H. Merrill, popularly known as "Dean" Merrill, famed all over the East in connection with the Crawford and other White Mountain hotels, is manager of the "Raymond." His lifelong hotel experience, energy and progressive ideas have made him probably the most capable hotel man in the East. W. Raymond is proprietor, and Mr. Merrill also has an interest. Under the present arrangement the "Raymond" will be open from November to June—Mr. Merrill being engaged at the Crawford House during the summer months. This programme, however, will undoubtedly soon be changed and the "Raymond" be kept open all the year round.

Mr. Raymond plans to unite his hotel and his excursion system in a harmonious whole. A certain number of rooms will be regularly reserved in the hotel for his parties. The Raymond excursions are doing much already for Southern California, and when supplemented by the superb "Raymond" hotel, will accomplish much more. The benefit of bringing here such people as Raymond's excursions are now getting hold of, the most influential people in the East, will be great to Southern California. On the last excursion Rev. Phillips Brooks, J. T. Trowbridge, Martin Brimmer and several other prominent Bostonians were included.

Every attraction which can add to the pleasure of guests will be centered in the "Raymond." A fine band will be kept there constantly, the reading-room will be supplied with all kinds of periodicals, and probably a large circulating library will be added. In fine, every appointment will be absolutely first-class and worthy of the magnificent building whose cost is \$300,000.

**THE MODERN OLD MAID**—Who does not rejoice in her? She is round and jolly, two dimples in her cheeks, and has a laugh as musical as a bobolink's song. She wears nicely fitted dresses, and becoming little ornaments about her throat, and captivating knots and bows. She goes to concerts, parties, suppers, lectures and matinees, and she does not go alone. She carries a dainty parasol, and wears killing bonnets, and has live poets and philosophers in her train. In fact, the modern old maid is as good as the modern young maid; she has sense and conversation as well as dimples and curves, and she has a bank book and dividends.

The custom of writing R. S. V. P. at the left hand corner of an invitation has been discarded by some of the best people of London, and in its stead are inscribed the words "Answer will oblige." In New York some ladies have nothing on their invitation to signify that an acceptance or regret is expected. They correctly argue that good manners should prompt a reply.

SEA-SIDE DITTIES.

HE'S IN BIG LUCK IF HE CAN, EH?

The brightest of sunshine is ever adorning  
The sky of the lucky man's life,  
Who can creep into bed at two in the morning  
And never awaken his wife.

TWO OF A KIND—THE SHY KIND.

Well, I'll have to stop that flirtation  
And tell Amy all; that is flat.  
She would not have uttered negation,  
If I had proposed; I know that;  
But now I am to marry another,  
Our little affair of course, ends.  
I'll say: "Think of me as a brother,  
And we will continue good friends."

Of course, when she hears of my wedding,  
There'll be an exhibit of woe,  
The copious tears she'd be shedding  
Will bring on hysterics, I know.  
And then there'll be sobbing and sighing  
Perhaps till my tender heart melts,  
With vows of affection undying  
And vows to wed nobody else.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Now, Amy, my dear, do not tremble  
And heed what I am going to say.  
Your tender emotion dissemble;  
Be calm, now, my precious, I pray.  
To tell you my secret I've tarried;  
And oh, I have hated to try;  
But, Amy, I'm soon to be married—"  
"Don't worry, old boy, so am I!"

THE FAITHFUL LOVERS—TWO MORE OF A KIND.

I'd been away from her three years—about that—  
And I returned to find my Mary true;  
And though I'd question her, I did not doubt that  
It was unnecessary so to do.

'Twas by the chimney-corner we were sitting;  
"Mary," said I, "have you been always true?"  
"Frankly," says she—just pausing in her knitting—  
"I don't think I've unfaithful been to you,  
But for the three years past I'll tell you what  
I've done; then say if I've been true or not.

"When first you left, my grief was uncontrollable;  
Alone I mourned my miserable lot,  
And all who saw me thought me inconsolable,  
Till Captain Clifford came from Aldershott;  
To flirt with him amused me while 'twas new;  
I don't call that unfaithfulness. Do you?"

"The next—oh! let me see—was Frankie Phipps,  
I met him at my uncle's Christmas tide;  
And 'neath the mistletoe, where lips meet lips,  
He gave me his first kiss," and here she sighed:  
"We staid six weeks at uncle's—how time flew!  
I do n't count that unfaithfulness. Do you?"

"Lord Cecil Fossmote, only twenty-one,  
Lent me his horse. Oh, how we rode and raced!  
We scoured the downs—we rode to hounds—such fun!  
And often was his arm about my waist—  
That was to lift me up or down. But who  
Would count that unfaithfulness. Do you?"

"Do you know Reggy Vere? Ah, how he sings!  
We met—'t was at a picnic. Ah, such weather!  
He gave me, look, the first of these two rings,  
When we were lost in Cliefden woods together.  
Ah, what a happy time we spent, we two!  
I do n't count that unfaithfulness to you.

"I've yet another ring from him. D'you see  
The plain gold circlet that is shining here?"  
I took her hand: "Oh, Mary, can it be  
That you——." Quoth she, "That I am Mrs. Vere.  
I do n't call that unfaithfulness. Do you?"  
"No," I replied, "for I am married, too."

—London Illustrated News.



# DEL MONTE WAVE.

Published Every Month at One Dollar a Year, which includes Postage in delivery,

BY DEL MONTE PUBLISHING CO.,

AT MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO AGENCY,

ROOM NO 220, LICK HOUSE

ISAAC RUDISILL, Traveling Agent and Business Manager of the WAVE, is *alone* authorized to receive moneys for subscriptions and advertisements. All his transactions for the Paper will be honored by

DEL MONTE PUBLISHING CO.

MONTEREY, CAL. - - - NOVEMBER, 1886

ENTERED AT THE MONTEREY POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

SPECIAL inducements are offered by the Southern Pacific Company, during the winter months, to clubs, organizations or parties, who desire to visit the Hotel del Monte, the "queen of American watering places." See advertisement elsewhere.

TALK about modern extravagance as compared with the Jeffersonian simplicity of the fathers! Why, John Adams bought a billiard table in France, set it up in the White House, and sent the bill to Congress! That's the way the frugal fathers did!

"THERE is a tide in the affairs of man which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." Which reminds us that Joe Spanier's famous Del Monte cigars are favorites with all who have smoked them. Mr. Spanier is just receiving a lot of the new crop from Havana.

WE only express the opinion of the many when we say, that the Geyser Soda is the most delightful mineral water that is bottled on the Pacific Coast. It is especially nice mornings and evenings, and would have made Ponce de Leon go even wilder than he did over the discovery of the water which he made poetically famous.

WHY do editors quarrel and fight? They fight because fighting, in the sense of brains against brains, principle against principle and policy against policy, is a good thing. It prevents sluggishness, it incites and encourages, it calls forth mental energies and activities, and it makes the newspapers better, brighter and more enterprising.

"THE Windsor," of Montreal, Canada, is, in many respects, the finest hotel in the world. It is well worth the ride from Boston or New York to see, and it should be taken in with other attractions, by the East-bound Californian, who could take the fast, smooth-running Canadian Pacific from Niagara Falls to Montreal, and see a city and a hotel that have no equal in very many ways.

THE managers of the Leland Hotel in Chicago, while sinking for artesian water, lately, not only got it, but obtained an inexhaustible supply of an article similar in almost all respects to the far-famed Bethesda, which is second to no water in the world, unless it may possibly be our own Geyser Soda, which has become so exceedingly popular that the demand has increased ten times in ten months.

WE call attention to an article entitled: "What the Newport Hackman said," written for the New York *Times* by Major Ben C. Truman, who has been spending the summer in the East. It is chock full of felicity, and has been attentively copied in the East. It was rather a sly way of the Major—letting the hackman (?) say many funny things that the author would not like to say himself, probably.

PERSONS going to Washington during the coming winter should be sure and bear in mind that the "Ebbitt House," although not so high-priced as either the Arlington or the Riggs, is a much better hotel in every way, has more agreeable people as patrons, and is the most centrally located of all the Washington caravanserais. Besides, it makes a specialty of treating Californians and army and navy people awfully nice.

IN directing the attention of tourists and travelers to the advertisement of the Lick House, San Francisco, we do not hesitate to say that the Lick House is unsurpassed in the city as a pleasant and comfortable hotel. It possesses every modern convenience, and its able management merits for it the rank of a real first-class hotel in every particular. Its dining-room is of special interest and is a feature of San Francisco on account of its rich ornamentations and costly paintings, as well as the excellent meals served. No tourist should fail to visit the Lick House dining-room.

THE device upon the new oleomargarine revenue stamp represents an animal of the *genus bos domesticus* trampling on a snake. The oleo men interpret this as symbolizing the triumph of bull butter over its slanderers, while the dairymen insist that the device is to be understood as representing an indignant cow disposing summarily of a crawling and slimy antagonist. Thus, by the exercise of a judicious discretion on the part of the designer both sides have been led to indorse and commend the new stamp as a symbolic and tasteful work of art.

IN a letter published in the London *Times* on the subject of foreign orders and decorations, "Medico" asks why the royal family is perpetually breaking the law in this matter. Nothing can be more strict than the application of the prohibition to distinguished servants of the British crown, who have honorably earned this slight acknowledgment on the part of foreign potentates. And yet the Prince of Wales, who has never heard a gun fired in warfare, who has never saved a life, who has never done one single thing to qualify himself in any way for the distinction thrust upon him, is permitted to cover his manly bosom with eagles and lions and lambs, with crosses and stars, until an unknowing spectator would take him either for Marshal Moltke or the ring-master of some circus.

No tourist ever leaves San Francisco without visiting Taber's famous Photograph Gallery, No. 8 Montgomery street. The reputation of this establishment is known all over the world. The exquisite work it turns out has been admired in almost every clime nature has produced. It is admitted that for accuracy, artistic posing of the subject, and elaborate finish, these photographs have no equal. An album of Taber's views of Pacific Coast scenery and objects of interest, interspersed with pictures of the eminent men and women who have been photographed at this great gallery, would constitute one of the most interesting books which could be placed on a reception parlor table to amuse the guests. Those who wish to obtain satisfactory photographs should go to Taber.

## A CARRIAGE EMPORIUM.

Until of late it has not been generally understood that Truman, Isham & Co., Nos. 421-427 Market Street, San Francisco, kept constantly on hand, in connection with their warehouse, for the sale of agricultural and other farming implements, a full line of everything in the shape of wagons and carriages, and especially the latter, which includes buggies of all noted makes. Landaus, rockaways, hacks, carriages and coupes, dog-carts, sulkies, skeleton wagons, phaetons, etc., etc. All of these are made to order, not only for California, but for various parts of California, thus: the firm carry carriages, wagons and buggies which they have had manufactured especially for San Joaquin Valley, which they would not sell to a man wanting a vehicle for San Francisco use, or for use in Sonoma, Napa or Solano counties. This has given this well-known and prosperous firm the best name of any party in the State, dealing in such things, and the compliment is deserved. Their buggies are of the best Brewster or of cheaper, and the cheapest patterns carried by the trade, and all made to order for California use. We have not been so interested in many a day as we were at the establishment of Truman, Isham & Co. last week.



*FURS BETTER THAN DIAMONDS.*

Time was when a lady would select either diamonds or laces as the one thing of all others which she would like to possess. This holds good with a number to-day. But, nevertheless, where one well-bred woman would choose an ordinary diamond or a rich piece of lace, a score at least will select a sealskin, which imparts more regal finish, more comfort and more substantiability than any other article of woman's wearing apparel known. The diamond lights up a fair one's eye with a lustre which makes the gem look pale, while the present of an exquisite piece of point is in excellent taste. But if one wishes to create a shaft of sunshine which shall warm a woman's heart forever toward husband or lover, let him make the medium for such, a sealskin, and make his bliss ineffable. In this connection we call attention to the advertisement of Messrs. H. Liebes & Co., Nos. 111, 113, 115 and 117 Montgomery Street, near Sutter, opposite the Occidental Hotel, dealers in sealskin sacques, sealskin dolmans, sealskin mantillas, rich fur rugs, rare skins and other novelties in furs. We do this partly for the information of tourists and excursionists, and to show them that they may purchase all things in the fur line at at least forty per cent. lower than they can get the same line of first-class goods in the East. Messrs. H. Liebes & Co. have their own vessels and men employed in trading and hunting, and are so situated, geographically, as to obtain the furs of the world in greater varieties and at lower rates than any other firm in the same business anywhere else in the world. Tourists visiting here from the East should make it a point to call and see the beautiful stock, even if they do not care about purchasing, as the store of Messrs. Liebes & Co. is regarded in San Francisco as second to no other exhibition or museum upon the Pacific Coast. The proprietors and assistants take great pleasure in showing their goods and explaining the history of the fur-bearing animals of the Northern Pacific waters.

*GROVE HALL*

Is the title of a new cottage at Pacific Grove Retreat at Monterey. It is beautifully located, and contains thirteen apartments, and promises to be one of the attractions of this popular resort. The permanent citizens as well as transient visitors, look upon it as quite a benefit to the Grove.

It was erected for Dr. C. L. Roe, a lady physician, who now occupies it as a permanent residence, and has commenced the practice of medicine at the Grove. Dr. Roe is a regular graduate of a New York medical college, and is a registered physician according to the laws of the State. She has had twenty-three years' practice in New York City, and comes to this Coast as a physician of marked ability. Besides answering to calls at the Grove and vicinity, she proposes opening her cottage for the treatment of invalids, and furnish them rooming accommodations. In cases where persons are unable to go to the regular restaurant for board, meals will also be served to patients.

Grove Hall cannot help but become a desirable place for any one in need of medical treatment. The healthful climate at the Grove, as well as its various attractions and restful surroundings, alone is sufficient to attract the invalid, and the opportunity to enjoy this beautiful Grove, and at the same time be under the treatment of so eminent and able a physician as Dr. Roe, is a chance rarely offered. Grove Hall is therefore looked upon as an important addition to the many improvements at Pacific Grove Retreat.

*FOR TOURISTS.*

For the information of strangers who desire to carry with them lunch baskets upon leaving the city, we would say that the best place to be accommodated in this line is at the extensive store of Messrs. Lebenbaum Bros., 215 and 217 Sutter street. It is centrally located and is within a block or two of the Palace, Lick and Occidental Hotels. We are free in guaranteeing perfect satisfaction at Messrs. Lebenbaum.

*DR. LORVEA'S*

New Hammam, 218 Post Street, between Dupont and Stockton, San Francisco, is the finest Turkish, Russian, Electric and Medicated bath-house in that city. Single bath, one dollar. Twelve tickets for ten dollars. Open day and night, Sundays included. Newly-fitted Department for Ladies.

*ST. MATTHEW'S HALL.*

The Easter Session at St. Matthew's Hall, San Mateo, begins January 6, 1887. Parents having boys to educate will find it to their interest to visit this institution and inquire into the superior facilities which it offers for the educational, moral and military training of boys. Twenty years' experience on the part of the very efficient Principal, Rev. Alfred Lee Brewer, places it high as an institution of learning. It has combined all the requirements of a thoroughly organized school as well as the attractions of a real home, and it is the aim of the Principal and teachers to make gentlemen as well as scholars out of their pupils. The preparatory department for small boys is a feature of this institution and receives special care. See advertisement elsewhere in this issue of the WAVE.

*BYRON SPRINGS.*

There are few people in our midst who are aware that there is, only a few hours' ride from San Francisco, and only three miles by stage from a railway station, a resort that ranks as a sanitarium, and a place to regain health higher, really, than any other springs in California. It has been the custom of sufferers to make long trips, at great expense, to visit places whose waters are not wonderful for their efficacy, while there are more healing waters closer at home. We know it to be a fact that hundreds of people have been cured of many complaints at the Byron Springs, and that no person has ever visited them that has not felt relief in two or three days. We are acquainted with a prominent railroad man who obtained great relief from increasing kidney pains and disorders, in from a visit from Friday to Tuesday. It is an absolute fact that, for the positive cure of all such complaints, or great relief, there is no place on the Pacific Coast that can touch these wonderful waters. Persons suffering from general debility and nervous strains may be greatly refreshed and recuperated by a stay from Saturday to Monday.

*CAPITOLA.*

The season at Capitola, Santa Cruz County, opened on the first day of May, under very favorable auspices. Over two thousand persons were present, and it was very complimentary to Messrs. Cahoon and Son, the new managers and proprietors of this popular sea-side resort, to hear the many expressions of surprise at the greatly improved appearance of the place. Since that time there have been accessions daily, so that at present there is a mighty swarm of people at Capitola, in hotel, cottage, tent, and a number who have no roof except the canopy of heaven. The time is not far distant when double the accommodations now obtainable at Capitola will not accommodate the half who will apply for rest and recreation at this delightful summer resort. So far as nature has had a chance, she has put in her prettiest work. The bay, the beach, the bathing, are all fine, and the latter is nice and warm these days. It is now the very charm of summer at Capitola—there are days of warm sunshine and delicious evening breezes; the trees are all in full leaf; the grass is as soft and green as in winter; wild and cultivated flowers are in profusion; the music of the mocking bird and the linnet meet the ear in all directions, made more melodious by the baritone of the ocean's roar, and all Nature seems to smile serenely at this captivating place. There has been thrown at us many times the general order of "See Naples and die." We would rather pass a few days at Capitola and live.

*TO ADVERTISERS.*

THE WAVE has special advertising advantages, one or two of which we enumerate: In the first place it is put in the hands of all tourists who visit Del Monte, and also sent to many of the fashionable patrons of that place who are at times elsewhere. It is also on sale for a month at the news stand at Del Monte, and on all the trains running between San Francisco and Monterey. It is the organ of the Northern Division of the Southern Pacific, and the country through which it passes, which includes the cities and towns of San Mateo, Menlo, Redwood, Santa Clara, San Jose, Gilroy, Santa Cruz, Pajaro, Watsonville, Castroville, Salinas, Paraiso, Soledad and Monterey. The libraries, club houses, hotels, rooms of the Christian Association, Turkish bath houses, and other prominent places of resort in San Francisco, are kept supplied with copies of the WAVE during the whole of each month.



## DAVID JACKS OF MONTEREY.

AN ARTICLE WHICH EXPLAINS ITSELF.

[*California Christian Advocate*, Oct. 6th, 1886.]

*Editors Daily Bee*—*Sacramento*: My attention has just been called to a letter in your issue of May 1st, current year, which is fairly entitled to notice. It is headed: "Ben Crocker on His Muscle—How he thrashed David Jacks at Monterey, and purports to have been "from the *Bee's* regular correspondent."

Either the juvenescence of your correspondent was grossly imposed upon by some conscienceless wag, or he belongs to that class of penny-a-liners who "lie for a sixpence when it would be a shilling's advantage to tell the truth." I charitably espouse the former alternative. To show the extreme inaccuracy of the letter let me instance a few items: Your correspondent avers that Ben Crocker purchased some ground of Mr. Jacks for the railroad company; that he discovered a cunning concealment in the deed; that "the blame would fall on his shoulders;" that "he gave Jacks a pleasant and personal invitation to take a drive with him;" that "the unsuspecting millionaire stepped into Ben's buggy, and the pair drove off as friendly as you please;" that Crocker "drove straight for the fenced piece;" and he then "dragged the millionaire from the buggy, and gave him an awful pounding;" that, in connection with a later assault upon a Mr. Gates, Crocker "shrieked," "Oh, where's Snodgrass? where's the Rev. Mr. Snodgrass"—referring to the Methodist chaplain—"if I could only get a whack at him I should be happy;" that Mr. Jacks has refrained from prosecuting his assailant because "he was afraid of the publicity of the law transaction."

To go no farther, here are nine statements, eight of which are absolutely and unqualifiedly false, and the ninth is too disgraceful to be credited:

1. Ben Crocker never bought a rood of ground of Mr. Jacks for the company, himself, or any other party.
2. He never detected a cunning cheating in the deed.
3. He never feared that the "blame" of the "transaction" would fall on his shoulders.
4. He never gave Mr. Jacks an invitation to ride with him in this connection.
5. He never came "to the fenced piece."
6. He never "dragged the millionaire from the buggy."
7. Mr. Jacks had no reason to fear "the publicity of the law transaction," and was not restrained from prosecuting by such fear.
8. Mr. Snodgrass is not a "Methodist chaplain," nor is Mr. Jacks now a Methodist. Mr. Snodgrass is an accredited minister of the Presbyterian Church, and owes no apology for being such.

I have known Mr. Crocker—not unfavorably—for many years. If he assaulted a man scarcely more than half his size, and a known non-combatant at that, it must have been under the impulse of sudden anger, aroused by false and sinister statements by a third party, or under some stimulant which it were wiser to let alone. If he "shrieked" after the "Methodist chaplain," according to the silly putting of "the *Bee's* regular correspondent," he has been doubtless heartily ashamed of that "transaction" long ere this. I cannot believe that he ever authorized or approved the tissue of fabrications in the letter under view. It is easy for any man to learn if he is too young, in this State, to know that persons who are particularly ambitious to find a "Methodist chaplain," who is ready to maintain that David Jacks is shamefully misrepresented in the letter, either by the mythical "lawyer," or by your correspondent, need not cross the continent to seek him.

I have intimately known Mr. David Jacks, of Monterey, for twenty-eight years, and, under stress of this vindictive or foolish assailment, must make free, without asking his consent, to state some facts concerning him.

Mr. Jacks came to this State a Scotch boy in 1849, with a small capital and indomitable pluck and keen common sense. He worked hard, lived frugally, supported every good cause, made wise investments, and has amassed property. This last item gives great offense to the unthrifths and spendthrifts who enjoyed, but failed to improve, the same opportunities. This base enmity against enterprising and successful men belongs to low-natured creatures, who ridicule the early endeavors of the vigorous, malign them in their persevering struggles, and then curse them for achieved success. I well remember when groups stood on the streets of Sacramento, hands elbow-deep in trowser's pockets, and laughed at the "fools" who thought they could run a railroad over the "Sara Nevaders." The same class now abuse these same "fools" for an achievement which has enriched the nation and the State much beyond all that the corporation has received. Organizers of steamship lines, builders-up of large manufactories, successful men in every department of life, are exposed to the shafts of this ignoble envy.

Mr. Jacks lives in a plain house. That is his own business. The house is paid for. He wears uncostly clothes. Out of the pockets of that same plain clothing have come many generous gifts to the needy. I strongly suspect that I have distributed more money among the unfortunate and the worthy poor, for David Jacks, with "no name given," than your fertile correspondent possesses. This guess may be an undervaluation of the letter-writer's earthly gear; but, somehow I cannot persuade myself that a man with capacity to acquire and keep an estate would have time and temper for such unlordly puerility as characterizes the letter and the jocular "lawyer"

of the story. This I know, that I have personally been an almoner of Mr. Jacks' unostentatious bounty on a scale more extensive than most men dream of; nor do I judge myself to have been the only medium for the carefully-directed benefactions of his generous hand.

As to the poor, unfortunate "children" who are kept "at prayers and accounts," it is a sad pity that your correspondent has not been kept "at accounts" until he learned to make some "account of truth and justice." There are few happier families than that of Mr. Jacks and his excellent wife. In their younger life (that of the elder children, I mean) a governess was constantly kept for their special instruction. Probably the same method is still adopted for the younger members. The eldest daughter graduated with honor, in June, from one of the best schools in the State, and has now gone East to pursue a two-years' post-graduate course in Cornell University. Two Younger daughters are students in Mills Seminary. Mr. Jacks' liberality to schools of advanced character is well known to many. That he, like other thrifty men, is "heartily disliked" by a class of persons, is undoubted. Let me give you a sample: Years ago I was on my way to Monterey by steamer. On deck sat a small group, with a specimen in the midst loudly denouncing David Jacks. I listened for some time, and then said: "I do not know you, or what sinister reason you have for pouring such stuff into the ears of strangers; but I do know that your statements are utterly false, and think I shall find that something rotten in your character and discreditable in your history inspires you to make them." Arrived at Monterey, I described the creature to Mr. Curtis, a respectable merchant of the place. "What," said he, "has that fellow come back? Two years ago he was accused of stealing, and left us, we hoped, for good." He "heartily disliked" David Jacks of Monterey.

Pressed by an indignant sense of outraged justice, I must present a brief and naked catalogue of some of the more public acts for which the Church and the country have been indebted to Mr. Jacks. I state them as they come to mind on the instant.

1. Before the Methodist Church had a mission in Japan Mr. Jacks, appearing to anticipate the transitions destined to take place in that interesting nation offered to equip and support two missionaries there.
2. Monterey has for many years been indebted for its Protestant religious services—Methodist, Episcopalian and Presbyterian—to the liberality of the same man.
3. The liberality, energy and public spirit of the same citizen insured the construction of a narrow-gauge railroad from Salinas City into Monterey. He put thousands into that enterprise, and took nothing out.
4. It was largely owing to Mr. Jacks' management that the Southern Pacific Railroad Company was induced to purchase the narrow-gauge road with its equipments, which were disposed of to open the way for the Southern Pacific Company to build the present broad-gauge road from Castroville to Monterey.

5. Mr. Jacks furnished the entire financial backing which encouraged ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church to found Pacific Grove Retreat, which is now one of the most inviting and popular places of resort in the State. He put twenty-nine thousand dollars into that enterprise, much of it borrowed at the time at high interest.

6. It is a maxim in logic that "the cause of the cause is the cause of the effect." Under cover of this maxim, I venture to say that out of the construction of the railroad, and the growing and prospective attractions of the Retreat, has sprung the Hotel Del Monte with its superb surroundings—a very fairyland, to which tourists go next to Yosemite. The railroad, or Pacific Improvement Company, has done munificent and magnificent things, both at the Hotel and Grove; for which we and the generations yet to be ought to thank him, but at the ultimate casual center quietly stands our Scotch friend, with his plain house and unfashionable garments.

7. The unique success of Pacific Grove Retreat as a quiet and Christian sea-side resort has been greatly and in many ways promoted by the silent push and well-directed energy of its original financial foundation. To him, more than to any other man—very much more—we were indebted for the holding of the first two large Sabbath-school Conventions on the grounds. Dr. Vincent organized there the Chautauqua Scientific and Literary Circle, which now extends to all parts of the State, at Mr. Jacks' earnest solicitation. By the same personal solicitation Dr. Stratton, President of the University of the Pacific, was induced to loan his great executive ability to said Circle, and lead it forward to its present prosperity. In a word it may be confidently affirmed that, but for Mr. Jacks, Monterey would to-day have been the "Sleepy Hollow" of the olden time.

8. It was the opportune offer of \$5,000 by Mr. Jacks which set the elegant new building at the University of the Pacific in process of erection. In connection with the institution, Mr. Jacks and Captain Goodall built an observatory, and purchased a telescope, transit and chronometer—in short, a complete outfit.

The list could be much extended, but this is sufficient to show that a man who has the courage to live in a house and wear garments to please himself, and to shun the wine-glass and honor God's rest-day for the toilers of our race, may put to burning shame a thousand traducers who are incapable of interpreting his character, and too supine to learn the facts of his life.

M. C. BRIGGS.

Napa City, Cal., September, 16, 1886.

[The *Bee* refused to publish the correction of its correspondent's statements, and Dr. Briggs thinks they ought not go unanswered, and so sends the paper to us.—Ed.—*Christian Advocate*.]



# LICK HOUSE

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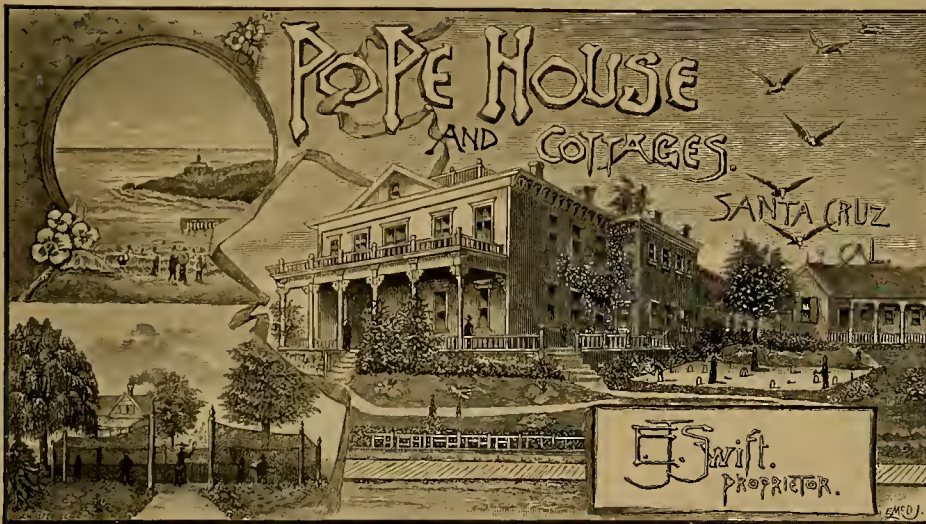
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## ANTE-BELLUM LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

[Ben: Perley Poore, in the Boston Budget.]

Congressmen and other officials nowadays do not hesitate to accept invitations all winter, eating other people's delicacies and drinking their wine, but never offering any hospitality in return. It did not used to be so, and I can remember when Mr. Buchanan, then Secretary of State under President Polk, hired Carusi's saloon and gave a handsome entertainment in payment for courtesies received. Thirteen hundred cards of invitation were issued, and at least a thousand persons were present. Mrs. Marcy, of New York, whose husband was Secretary of War, aided Mr. Buchanan in receiving the guests, and Mr. George Bancroft, then Secretary of the Navy, seemed to be as old as he looks to-day. Prominent among the ladies, on an elevated platform at the end of the hall, were Mrs. Madison, the widow of a framer of the Constitution and an ex-President, and the venerable widow of Alexander Hamilton, then upward of 88 years, who talked sensibly about her husband, although her memory of

contemporaneous persons and events had ceased altogether. Daniel Webster was accompanied by his wife and Mrs. Jandon, of New York. William H. Seward (who had come to Washington to argue a planing-mill patent before the Supreme Court) promenaded with Mrs. John Adams, the widowed daughter-in-law of John Quincy Adams, and the old Baron Bodisco's young Georgetown wife wore a set of diamonds that excited the envy of her sex. Years afterward, when Mr. Buchanan had become President, another Democrat—Senator Gwinn, of California—gave a fancy dress ball at his residence at the corner of I and Nineteenth streets, now occupied by Senator Philetus Sawyer. Nearly every one who figured in the great drama of secession was here, and there were some in fancy costumes who not very long afterward wore the blue or the gray and filled soldiers' graves. Barton Key, that gallant gentleman, was present, wearing a scarlet English hunting coat, with buckskin breeches and top boots, while Mrs. Dan Sickles, who was then luring him to destruction, wore the scarlet cloak of Little Red Riding Hood. It is not true that there is more dissipation nowadays at Washington than there was then, and there is certainly less intrigue, less gambling, and less intoxication, with fewer duels and street fights.

## THE LELAND MINERAL SPRING.

[From the Chicago Herald.]

Mr. Leland, the proprietor of the well-known Leland Hotel, some months since commenced drilling for water in order to procure a perfectly pure article for use in his hotel. The success attained more than meets his expectations, there being an ample supply for all purposes throughout the entire hotel, and of a quality superior to most imported waters. Coming from the solid rock, its temperature is perfect for drinking purposes. The following analysis by Professor Wheeler shows its superiority.

CHICAGO, June 25, 1886.—Warren F. Leland, Esq.—DEAR SIR: The following is the result of my analysis of the sample of water you submitted to me from your well:

Grains per Gallon.

Silica.....	1.337
Chloride of sodium.....	2.514
Sulphate of potassium.....	.129
Carbonates of the alkalies.....	6.324
Carbonate of lime.....	5.692
Carbonate of iron.....	.304
Carbonate of magnesia.....	.249
Organic matter.....	.441

Total solid residue..... 16.990

Free carbonic acid, 38.22 cubic inches per gallon.

Very respectfully yours,

C. GILBERT WHEELER.

I regard the above water as purer than the water from better-known Waukesha springs and most of the mineral springs of Wisconsin and Michigan, many of which are too excessively charged with saline matter to be wholesome as a regular beverage.

A special feature of this water is the considerable amount of free carbonic acid present, which adds much to its palatability.

C. GILBERT WHEELER.

This spring water is used by the proprietor of the Leland Hotel throughout the entire establishment.

## A WOMAN'S COURAGE.

[From the New Orleans Picayune.]

With what a store of sea-going lore Captain Wallace has enlivened the long evenings on deck, or when our entire party sat tea drinking in his red velveted snugery—stories of adventure, of strange travels in all the foreign lands; and last night he told us something about a sister-in-law of his, that thrilled us as nothing else has done. This young English girl married a sea captain and went in his sailing vessel with her husband, visiting many countries with him. On her first trip, when she was yet a young bride, there was a mutiny, and her husband was wounded or knocked senseless in his cabin. The sailors were about to spring down the companion-way into the cabin, when the young woman barred the way, pistol in hand, and promised to shoot the first man who moved toward her. She held them thus at bay till wrath burned out, and the mutiny was all at an end. On the next voyage they were ship-wrecked, and this brave-hearted girl, with her young baby, was lashed in the rigging, and remained there for several days before they were rescued. They had nothing to eat, and the mother's natural food for her child was exhausted. By some means a can of meat was fished up from the ship, and the child fed on this until it was all gone, and the little one about to starve. But the mother put her teeth into her hand, between the thumb and forefinger, and bit a gash into her own flesh, from which the blood flowed. The child sucked this, and that night the almost dying crew and the brave sailor-wife were rescued.





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The attention of Travelers is directed to this pleasant hotel. On account of its delightful location, commanding a charming view of the bay, and spacious play-grounds for children, it is a desirable boarding-place for Tourists. The rooms are newly furnished, and the table receives special attention.

BOARD AND LODGING PER WEEK,	- - - - -	\$8 00
BOARD AND LODGING PER DAY,	- - - - -	1 50

Free 'bus to and from all trains.

L. SCHAUFLE, Proprietor.



Your Attention is Directed to the Famous Grocery Establishments of

# LEBENBAUM BROTHERS,

Successors to C. J. HAWLEY & CO.

THE LEADING IMPORTERS ON THE PACIFIC COAST OF

Fine Groceries and Table Delicacies.

Tea and Wine Merchants.

215 and 217 Sutter Street, adjoining Centre Market,  
and at Polk Street, corner California,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

This Firm enjoys a well deserved reputation for supplying the freshest goods, the best quality, and the most extensive variety to be found on this Coast. At the same time the vast extent of their trade makes it possible for them, by giving their Patrons the benefit of wholesale rates, to sell at lower prices than are to be obtained anywhere else. The principles of unqualified straightforwardness which characterize their dealings with the Public, have won for LEBENBAUM BROTHERS the implicit confidence of their patrons, comprising to a large extent the élite of the Coast who find it a convenience to be relieved, in a measure, from the worry of a minute personal control of their household arrangements.

LEBENBAUM BROTHERS' stores, both at 215 and 217 Sutter Street, a few doors up from that lively corner at Kearny and Sutter, and at the California Street corner of the Polk Street thoroughfare, are stocked with the choicest domestic and imported delicacies. Their arrangements for supplying exquisite Lunch Provisions in the most tasty baskets for Picnickers and Excursionists are unsurpassed, and the limit of our advertisement precludes the naming of all the Patés and Dainty Viands imported for this season. Suffice it to say that the excursionist may enjoy through the agency of this house, all the luxuries forming the delight of the sojourner at Brighton or Cowes, Boulogne and Trouville, or Helgoland and Ostend, in addition to the pick of Eastern dainties and the delicious gifts of our own California.

EXTRA QUALITIES OF COFFEES, Ground fresh daily, and absolutely pure. CHOICE TEAS, English Breakfast, Congon, Superfine Souchong, Mandariu Oolong, and Fine Japan Teas. The celebrated Caravan Tea.

Daily Fresh Supplies of the Best Table Butter and Fresh Ranch Eggs.

Wine Department Replete with the Choicest Selections.

The most renowned brands of Imported Champagne.  
Choice French Chabrets, Burgundies and Sauternes. Old Ports and Sherries, Hock and Moselle Wines.

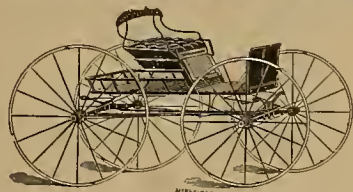
Dr. Lubowsky's Celebrated Sanitary Tokay.  
The best of California Wines. The Choicest Whiskies, Brandies and Cordials.

LEBENBAUM BROTHERS.

215 and 217 Sutter St. (adjoining Centre Market)  
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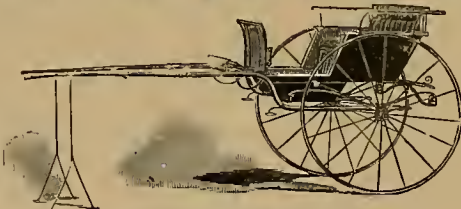
## VEHICLES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.



T. I. Buckboard.

Timken or Mulholland Springs.

No. 98.—1 in. Axle, Leather Dash, Shafts, \$95.00  
No. 99.—1½ in. Axle, Leather Dash, Shafts, 100 00



No. 520.—Fisher Cart.

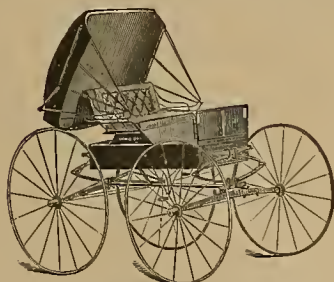
A very handsome Ladies' Cart.

Price..... ..\$80.00



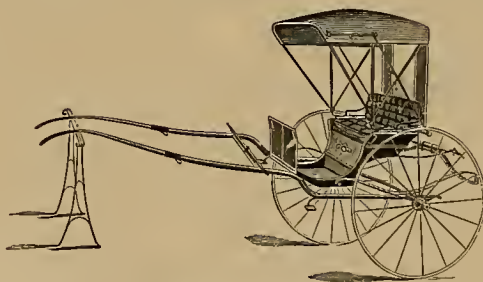
No. 517 F.—San Leandro Phaeton.

Price ..... ..\$130.00  
" without Top..... .. 110.00



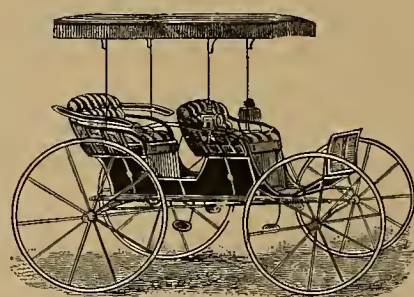
Our California Standard.

No. 501.—1 in. Axle, Piano Box, narrow or full lazy-back, no top..... ..\$100  
No. 502.—1 in. Axle, Piano Box with leather quarter top ..... 125  
No. 503.—1 in. Axle, Piano Box, full leather top, rubber side curtains..... 140  
Pole extra, \$15; 1½ Axle, \$5.



No. 515 a.—Monterey Sea-side Phaeton.

A very Stylish Cart, and used extensively at the Sea-side.  
Without Top ..... ..\$100  
With Top ..... .. 125  
Brewster's Buggies from \$500.00 upwards.



Lawrence Surray.

A very fine, Stylish Vehicle.

No. 246 A.—Canopy Top and Shafts..... ..\$350  
1½ Steel Axles, Lamps and Fenders.

We have the **FINEST CARRIAGE REPOSITORY** on the **PACIFIC COAST.**

Take the Elevator and ride to the 4th and 5th Floors. We are agents for McCormick Mowers, Reapers and Twine Binders, Randolph Headers, David Bradley Manufacturing Co., J. B. BREWSTER & CO., and E. M. MILLER & CO'S Fine Buggies, and Jas. Cunningham, Son & Co's fine Carriages, Coupes, Cabriolets, Victorias, Landaus, and Hearses. Send for new Illustrated Catalogue. Address

TRUMAN, ISHAM & HOOKER,

421—427 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.



# DEL MONTE WAVE.

Vol. I. No. 12.

Monterey, California, December, 1886.

10 Cents.

## OPENING OF THE NEW RAYMOND.

THE MOST PALATIAL HOTEL IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, AND  
ONE OF THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

THE OPENING CELEBRATED BY A MAGNIFICENT  
BALL AND SUPPER.

PASADENA IN A BLAZE OF BEAUTY AND BRILLIANCY.

[Special Correspondence of the "Wave."]

SOUTH PASADENA, CAL., November 21, 1886.

For many years all that has been wanted to perfect Southern California was a strictly first-class hotel, which we have never had—the Horton House at San Diego and the Arlington at Santa Barbara being the best excuses for such. But, thanks to Walter Raymond of Boston, the projector, and to his venerable father, the builder, Southern California, the most delightful spot to winter in in the world, undoubtedly, now triumphs in a first-class hotel in all respects, and one that will become as famous as any on the list. That its table will be as fine as any in the world, and that its general *ensemble* will be perfectly satisfactory to all who visit THE RAYMOND, may be quietly believed when the public are informed that Mr. C. H. Merrill, who has conducted the famous "Crawford House" in the White Mountains for a score of summers, and who is believed to be by many the completest landlord in America, is a partner in the carrying on of the Raymond, and is in charge. It warms the heart, indeed, to behold the incomparable Dean, whose fame has made the Crawford a household word, and whose presence is a guaranty of perfect management. He has brought with him a large proportion of the efficient force of the Crawford. At the desk in the rotunda are S. C. Fleming, room clerk, from the Crawford; F. L. Presbrey, assistant clerk from the same house, and Alpha Thom—late chief clerk of the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad—cashier. The steward is C. V. Carter, and his assistant is N. F. Chapin. D. P. Simpson is head waiter, and Frank Ackerman second head. The housekeeper is Mrs. Jennie Audinwood, all from the Crawford, and between them all, and the other attachés, Lord! how they do know how to keep a hotel. For the culinary department a most admirable selection has been made, as *connoisseurs* may see by the following list: Chef, Pat Waters, of the Crawford; second cook, Chas. Phillips, of the Parker House, Boston; third cook, Gus Delude, of the Crawford; fourth cook, Fred. Fernald, of the Wentworth, New Castle, N. H.; pastry cook, Mrs. Mary F. Gates; assistant, Miss Dora Harpin; head baker, Tim White.

As every Eastern traveler knows, one of the most attractive features of the White Mountain hotels is—the waiters. For years it has been customary to find at those hotels farmers' daughters, seminary girls and college boys putting in their summer vacations in this way. Their service was always found preferable to that of the so-called professionals. Mr. Merrill has imported this unique feature to the Pacific coast, bringing forty-three bright-faced girls from the Crawford and other White Mountain resorts. They are all under contract to remain at the Raymond till next June, when most of them will return to the Crawford. Following are their names: Misses Alma Clough, Belle Coolidge, Kate McArdy, Belle McLeod, Katie McLeod, Ida McLeod, Etta Osgood, Sarah Miller, Fannie Sawyer, Emma Sawyer, May Hodge, Eva Simons, Annie Taylor, Nellie Rowell, Lillian Thompson, Lillian Bullock, Rebecca Green, Clara Woodman, Laurette Jewett, Annie Eaton, Maggie Moore, Katie Shuhan, Jessie Shuhan, Minnie Blood, Emma Chillson, Nettie Chillson, Effie Hall, Annie Gaskill, Annie Whalen, Mary Bambue, Mabel Ormsby, Dora Harpin, Mattie Gallup, Carrie Gallup, Susie Hamish, Jennie Goodnow, Fannie Adams, Emma Taber, Mattie Merrill, Kate Martin, Lulu Lane, Lydia Colburn, Ina Larkie. These girls are all dressed neatly in white, well behaved, and wear white caps. They do not

gossip with each other, nor converse with guests, except to answer when they are spoken to. They do not ask you how you like your chops, or say that they smothered the onions purposely for you, or that they iced the celery against orders. They neither smell of last night's tobacco or liquor, nor do they quarrel, drink or strike, and are efficient, gentle, virtuous and generally acceptable.

There is a band of musicians from the East, who play an hour or two twice a day, and there is a Chickering grand and an Estey organ in the parlor, and a Decker grand in the ball-room.

### DESCRIPTION OF THE BUILDING.

Although the WAVE has presented elaborate descriptions of the hotel upon one or two occasions, I request permission once more to refer to this important point. The main building faces exactly south. It is 287 feet front by 50 deep. The west wing runs back 75 feet north and is 42 feet wide. The east wing is 82x42; the center wing 127x50; the kitchen wing 74x36. The servants' hall is 86x40, three stories, and the laundry 36x70, with two stories. The main building and the wings are four stories high, the dining-room wing two stories. The tower is 104 feet high, seven stories. The architecture of the building is what might be called a common-sense style, not too severe, nor yet burdened with the gewgaws which would be ridiculous in a building of such enormous size. Around the whole lower story runs a handsome 16-foot porch with a total length of 805 feet. All the front windows of that story slide up from the floor into the wall, so that one can step on to the porch at any point. Entering the doorway in the center of the building, the visitor stands in the grand reception office, 41 feet square, 16 feet high, and with the ceiling paneled for fine frescoing. To the right side of the room is the clerk's office, while to the north begin two grand staircases, each 6 feet wide in the clear. Between these is an Otis Brothers' hydraulic passenger elevator, and to the right of this a baggage elevator of the same make. The baggage arrangements are very convenient. From the grand reception-room a fine 10-foot hall runs from end to end of the main building. The wing halls are 8 feet wide. Back of the rotunda or reception office is the dining-room, a fine apartment 50x96 and 18 feet high. Back of this are the serving rooms and the dining-room for children and maids. Still further back is the kitchen, 35x40 feet and 21 feet high. The bake-room is 16x24, the pastry-room 11x20. The kitchen has two huge brick ovens, one for bread and one for meat. The basement of the kitchen contains two 40-horse power boilers, for running the laundry, cooking and pumping. There are two powerful pumps for fire and other purposes, and an ice machine. The main kitchen has a 14-foot range, with steam carving-board and all other modern improvements. The extreme rear end of the kitchen wing is a good three-story building for the servants' quarters. They have their own dining-room, kitchen and complete outfit, and very comfortable bedrooms. In the lower story of this building are capacious cold-storage chambers. The laundry, a generous building, is down the hill from the plateau and thoroughly out of the way, though convenient of access by flights of stairs. It is fitted up with the latest machinery. Returning to the rotunda and turning to the west we enter the ladies' reception room, 25x21; next the ladies' billiard parlor, 24½x21; then the ladies' reading room, 26x21, and the ladies' grand parlor, 30x41. These are on the south side of the hall and on the front of the building. The lower story of the west wing is occupied by the grand ball room, 39x84. On the north side of the hall, opposite the ladies' rooms, are the gentlemen's billiard-room, 40x21, and the bar, 26x21. To the east of the rotunda are the clerk's office, the private office, and the manager's private suite, on the south side of the hall. On the north side are the barber shop, the baggage-room and the gentlemen's reading room, 26x21. In the lower story are fifteen sleeping rooms for guests; in the second story seventy, in the third fifty-five, in the fourth fifty-five, and in the top of the tower, six. All guests' rooms have grates and electric bells, while there are speaking tubes also to each story. There are forty bathrooms in the house and forty-three water-closets. The plumbing has been done with the utmost care to secure a sanitary condition. Every trap and sewer is connected with the big smokestack and ventilated by a constant hot-draft. Back of the main building and between the three wings are two large courts, each 76 feet wide. These are filled with walks and choice flowers. The roof of the building is shingled on the sides and tinned on top. The brick foundation goes down from two to twenty-eight feet and rests upon the solid rock. In the foundation and the chimneys there are a million and a half of brick. Not counting the out-buildings, there are 110,000 feet of clear flooring. Over 800,000 feet of rough lumber and 500,000 shingles have been used. All through the house run two-inch pipes, with fire-plugs and three lines of hose on each story and three on the roof. There is also an abundance of fire-extinguishers. The building is brilliantly lighted with coal gas manufactured by the Pasadena Gas



and Electric Light Company, in which the elder Raymond is largely interested. The water is supplied by the Lake Vineyard Water Company and the Pasadena Land and Water Company. J. H. Littlefield, of San Francisco, was the architect, and O. J. Muchmore superintendent of construction. Young Mr. Raymond long since learned that every tourist wants a sunny room, and in the Raymond he has very nearly solved this apparently impossible problem. As the dining-room wing is only two stories high, it does not shut out the sun from the windows of the east and west wings in the morning and afternoon respectively. Indeed, the only windows in the whole hotel which are not more or less sunny, are the few on the north side of the main building. The sleeping-rooms are all of generous size, averaging 13x19. Besides the grand staircases, there are 5-foot flights in each wing, and another at the back of the dining-room. In the rear of each wing is a fire escape. The furnishing of the hotel is in keeping with its requirements—elegant and tasteful.

#### THE GROUNDS.

The grounds immediately surrounding the hotel are not yet in a state of completeness, of course, but that they will be, as soon as Nature shall get in some of its rare work, may be correctly guessed at when it is known that, through the kindness of Col. Fred. Crocker, Mr. Ulrich, the head landscape gardener of the Hotel Del Monte, has drawn the plans for the adornment of the Raymond grounds, and the work is being carried out by head gardener William Farrell, and his assistant, Robert Dick. It will be a veritable paradise, with ornamental and drinking fountains, palm and rose gardens, tennis courts, children's playgrounds, croquet grounds, swings, rustic houses, bowling alleys under an arbor, an artificial cave, gardens of cactus, a lovely little lake, with islands and swan and duck houses, a shooting gallery, a maze, and other things too numerous to mention. Among the trees which dot the long slope are the pepper, the gum, the pine, the cypress, and the sycamore, the giant redwood, the olive, date, palm, banana, pomegranate, guava, persimmon, evergreen, umbrella, maple, elm, locust, English walnut, birch, ailanthus, poplar, willow, and a great variety of ornamental shrubs. There will also be a large orange grove and a generous lawn. Mr. Farrell has, under the hill, a big nursery, which he has stocked with many thousands of the rarest and most beautiful plants. Among the interesting features of his collection is a large and variegated assortment of Arizona cacti, which will be a great attraction to Eastern visitors.

#### ANOTHER ADJUNCT.

Mr. Raymond recently purchased in Santa Fé thirty burros, which are kept at the stables for the use of guests; and these drollest and most patient of quadrupeds will prove a decidedly drawing card. The livery connected with the hotel will be in keeping with the other appointments. The Raymond Livery Company has been regularly organized. It includes Walter Raymond, C. H. Merrill and Charles E. Raymond. The carriages are from the famous factories of Amesbury, Mass.; the wagons of the celebrated Concord make.

#### REFLECTIONS.

If there is in the whole world a site pre-ordained and set aside to be crowned by the finest of hotels, it is the Raymond hill, South Pasadena. There are grander and more rugged views, but, for flawless beauty, none to compare with it. A smooth and rounded hill, heaving 300 feet above the bosom of an exquisite valley, whose green vineyard patches, orange groves, myriad flowers and tree-set homes melt away in the periphery of a great circle whose center is the hill. Along the north for fifty miles looms the vast bulk of the Sierra Madres, a titanic wall, seamed and gouged by countless cañons. Eastward, old Baldy's snow-capped head soars shadowy to the clouds; and 90 miles away the blue San Jacinto peaks float like dreams above the horizon, apparently discovered from the earth. South, the eye ranges down enchanted valleys, across smooth hills, to the flat line of San Pedro bay, and even across to the hazy shape of Santa Catalina, 60 miles away. West, across the smooth plateaus and swelling hills, the sun goes down behind the roughest quarter of the horizon, as if the very hills had been put there to enhance the sunset glory. The whole area between the circling hills seems a vast landscape garden. Had it been part of one skillful design, the combinations of light and shade—of vines and orchards, of live-oak groves and eucalyptus spires, of winding roads and barley fields, of happy homes nestling amid bloom and shade—could not have been more harmoniously set down. Over all is the sublimated glory which belongs alone to the weird aerial effects to be found nowhere east of the Rio Grande. And upon that enchanted crest towers the superb Raymond.

For three years the Raymond hill has been the centre of an interest beyond the matchless beauty of its outlook. Grasping its advantages as the site for a mammoth hotel, which should put Pasadena on a footing with Monterey, Walter Raymond, manager of Raymond's famous vacation excursions, took up the enterprise with intelligent energy. It was a tremendous undertaking, but he was equal to the occasion. Work was begun in November, 1883, in cutting off the top of the hill to make a plateau for the hotel to stand upon. The hill was cut down 34 feet, leaving on top a level area of about five acres, and upon this the giant

structure has risen. The work was attended by countless obstacles; but one by one these were overcome by dauntless young Raymond and his indomitable father, a white-haired man of 80 years whose vigor shows no signs of abatement, and the great hotel has marched steadily on to completion. It is now finished and occupied, the most conspicuous and imposing work in Southern California.

#### ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST RAYMOND AND WHITCOMB EXCURSION PARTY.

The first event after the formal opening of the house was the arrival of the first Raymond and Whitcomb excursion party from the East numbering just one hundred persons, in a special train of six Pullman coaches on special schedule time direct from the Fitchburg depot in Boston, on November 4th, except that they spent two days in Chicago, five hours at the Phoenix hotel at Las Vegas Springs, and half a day at Santa Fé. Major Truman, who accompanied the party as a member, in conversation with your correspondent, declared that the excursion was a revelation to him, and one of the most charming and satisfactory of his life. The people, he says, aggregated as an agreeable and intelligent crowd, and the whole excursion was perfect in every part. Among the more prominent members are the following:

Mr. J. G. Allen, of New Canaan, Conn., a retired merchant, formerly a dealer in foreign fruits in New York city.

Mr. A. B. Almon, of Newport, R. I., a retired member of the Massachusetts bar, accompanied by his wife and daughter.

Mr. Edwin L. Barnes, of Boston, graduate of Chauncy Hall School.

Mr. J. Percy Barnitz, of Hanover, Pa., secretary to President A. W. Eichelberger, of the Baltimore & Harrisburg Railway, accompanied by his wife, mother and sister.

Dr. Eliza J. Beach, of Waverly, N. Y., a practicing physician.

Dr. G. G. Bishop, of Norwich, Conn., a retired dentist.

Mr. Francis Brown, a well-known wool buyer for the Middlesex Mills, of Lowell, Mass.

Dr. W. M. Chamberlain, practicing physician, of New York City, accompanied by two daughters.

Mr. C. M. Clark, a leading merchant of Sandwich, Mass.

Mr. Charles Danforth Cobb, a retired merchant of Boston.

Mr. John H. Coes, of Worcester, Mass., of the firm of A. G. Coes & Co.

Mr. H. W. Cushing, a druggist, of Skowhegan, Me., accompanied by his wife.

Rev. L. H. Fravy, of Weymouth, Mass., a Congregationalist clergyman, accompanied by his wife and daughter. They are to become permanent residents of Southern California.

Dr. Adele A. Gleason, of Elmira, N. Y., an acting physician of the Hillside Home Sanitarium.

Mr. E. C. Hersey, of Portland, Me., a retired merchant.

Rev. Hiram Houston, a Congregationalist clergyman, of Wells, Me.

Mr. C. H. Hovey, of Boston, a member of the American Pomological Society, Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and was one of the judges of pomological and horticultural exhibits at the late exposition in New Orleans. He is the son of the famous florist, Mr. Charles M. Hovey, of Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. Henry C. Howard, of Niagara Falls, N. Y., President of the bank of Niagara, accompanied by his family.

Otis E. Hunt, M. D., of Newton, Mass., Councilor of the Massachusetts Medical Society and active member of the Medical Board of the Newton Cottage Hospital, accompanied by his wife. This is their second visit to California with a Raymond & Whitcomb party.

Mr. H. H. Hutchins, of Somerville, Mass., of the firm of Rice & Hutchins, dealers in boots and shoes in Boston. He is accompanied by Mrs. Hutchins. They spent the winter of 1884-5 in California under the auspices of Raymond and Whitcomb.

Mr. Geo. B. Milton, of Weston, Mass., a retired merchant.

Mr. W. H. Osgood, of Salem, Mass., who is well known in California, having spent many years in the State during its early days.

Mrs. Emmons Raymond, wife of the projector and builder of the magnificent Raymond Hotel at Pasadena, accompanied by Miss M. J. Raymond. These ladies, who have never been in California before, have come out to behold the crowning result of the energy of the venerable gentleman whose name is already a household word in Semi-tropical California, and will reside in the cottage built for them near the hotel.

Rev. G. S. F. Savage, D. D., of Chicago, secretary of the Chicago Congregationalist Theological seminary.

Mr. Leonard Smith, of Waltham, Mass., a Boston broker, accompanied by his mother and sister.

Mr. William Stanton, a retired lawyer of Pittsburg, Pa., accompanied by his family.

Judge W. G. Sterling, of Northampton, Mass., formerly of New York City.

Mr. Alpha Thom, of Portland, Me., assistant general ticket agent of the Portland and Ogdensburg railroad, who is to be the cashier of the Raymond.

Mr. William H. Thomes, a California pioneer of 1843, a well-known



journalist and author, and at present the special correspondent of the *Boston Journal* in Southern California.

Mr. S. H. Wardwell, of Swampscott, Mass., formerly proprietor of the Lincoln House at Swampscott beach, accompanied by his daughter, and Mr. S. H. Wardwell, Jr., of the firm of Wardwell Brothers, the present proprietors of the above mentioned hotel.

Mrs. Alonzo S. Weed, wife of the publisher of *Zion's Herald*, of Boston.  
Dr. F. B. Whittier, a leading homeopathic physician of Fitchburg, Mass.

Dr. F. Woodruff, a retired merchant of Berlin, Conn.

Among others there were a number of ladies unaccompanied by gentlemen, who were profuse in their praise of the management of their trip, and who declared that no detail which might impart perfection of transportation and means of entertainment were unemployed. Mr. Walter Raymond, one of the firm, came on in charge of the party, assisted by Messrs. C. C. Harding and C. H. Wilson, all of whom were spoken of in the highest terms by those excursionists with whom we briefly conversed.

The following is the full list of names of the excursionists of the first party which came to the Raymond Hotel on the 13th:

Mr. W. Raymond, of Boston, Mass., in charge.  
Mr. C. C. Harding and Mr. C. H. Wilson, assistants, of Boston, Mass.  
Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Allen, of New Canaan, Conn.; Mr. A. B. Almon, Mrs. A. B. Almon, Miss M. E. Almon, of Newport, R. I.; Miss Ida M. W. Ansell, Chelsea, Mass.; Mr. Edwin L. Barnes, Boston, Mass.; Miss Emma W. Barnitz, Mr. J. Percy Barnitz, Mrs. J. Percy Barnitz, Mrs. Martha Barnitz, Hanover, Pa.; Master F. L. Barrows, Mrs. Horatio Barrows, Middleboro, Mass.; Dr. Eliza J. Beach, Waverly, N. Y.; Dr. G. G. Bishop, Mrs. G. G. Bishop and maid, Norwich, Conn.; Mrs. J. H. Bowles, San Francisco, Cal.; Miss Carrie G. Bragdon, Miss Lizzie E. Bragdon, Newburyport, Mass.; Miss A. D. Chamberlain, Miss S. P. Chamberlain, Dr. W. M. Chamberlain, New York, N. Y.; Mr. C. M. Clark, Mrs. C. M. Clark, Sandwich, Mass.; Mr. Charles Danforth Cobb, Boston, Mass.; Mr. John H. Coes, Mrs. John H. Coes, Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. J. S. Conant, Newark, N. J.; Mrs. Geo. K. Crockett, Springfield, Mass.; Mr. H. W. Cushing, Mrs. H. W. Cushing, Skowhegan, Me.; Mrs. M. M. B. Dennis, Miss Carol B. Dennis, Matapoisett, Mass.; Miss A. Erickson, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Mary E. Frail, Hopkinton, Mass.; Rev. L. H. Frary, Mrs. L. H. Frary, Miss Margie Frary, Weymouth, Mass.; Dr. Adele A. Gleason, Elmira, N. Y.; Miss J. C. Griffing, Mrs. J. S. Griffing, Miss Mary S. Griffing, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. L. R. Guild, Boston, Mass.; Miss Mary O. Hale, Princeton, N. J.; Miss Mary P. Heartt, Bloomfield, N. J.; Miss Ethel M. Heath, Waterville, Me.; Mr. E. C. Hersey, Mrs. T. C. Hersey, Portland, Me.; Mrs. John Holmes, Boston, Mass.; Rev. Hiram Houston, Mrs. Hiram Houston, Wells, Me.; Mr. C. H. Hovey, Boston, Mass.; Miss Carrie C. Howard, Mr. Henry C. Howard, Mrs. Henry C. Howard and maid, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Dr. Otis E. Hunt, Mrs. Otis E. Hunt, Newtonville, Mass.; Mr. H. H. Hutchins, Mrs. H. H. Hutchins, Somerville, Mass.; Mrs. P. H. S. Kelley, Miss Alice M. Kimball, Miss Carrie G. McNutt, Boston, Mass.; Mr. Geo. B. Milton, Mrs. Geo. B. Milton, Weston, Mass.; Miss A. L. Nason, West Newton, Mass.; Mr. W. H. Osgood, Salem, Mass.; Miss Mary B. Pecker, Lynn, Mass.; Mrs. W. C. Pierce, Boston, Mass.; Miss Sarah E. Pratt, Sudbury, Mass.; Mrs. Emmons Raymond, Miss M. J. Raymond, Cambridgeport, Mass.; Miss Clara F. Rideout, Calais, Me.; Mrs. E. Rosenfeld, Miss Ida Rosenfeld, So. Weymouth, Mass.; Miss Irene F. Sanger, Boston, Mass.; Rev. G. S. F. Savage, Chicago, Ill.; Miss J. L. Schenkl, Miss Pauline Schenkl, Boston, Mass.; Miss Anna M. Sharpless, West Chester, Pa.; Mrs. R. B. Shepherd, Skowhegan, Me.; Miss Jennie M. Smith, Mr. Leonard Smith, Mrs. M. J. Smith, Waltham, Mass.; Miss Emily I. Stanton, Mr. William Stanton, Mrs. William Stanton, Sewickley, Pa.; Mrs. E. C. Steele, Kirkwood, Mo.; Mr. W. G. Sterling, Mrs. W. G. Sterling, Northampton, Mass.; Miss Caroline Sutton, Chicago Ill.; Mrs. P. L. Thayer, Weymouth, Mass.; Mr. Alpha Thom, Portland Me.; Mr. Wm. H. Thomes, Boston, Mass.; Maj. Ben. C. Truman, San Francisco, Cal.; Miss A. T. Wall, Dorchester, Mass.; Miss Kate L. Wardwell, Mr. S. H. Wardwell, Mr. S. H. Wardwell, Jr., Swampscott, Mass.; Mrs. Alonzo S. Weed, Newton, Mass.; Mrs. F. B. White and maid, Milton, Mass.; Dr. D. B. Whittier, Fitchburg, Mass.; Dr. F. Woodruff, Mrs. F. Woodruff, Berlin, Conn.; Mrs. Francis Brown, Lowell, Mass.

#### THE DEDICATION BALL.

The second event of note was the dedication ball, which took place on Wednesday evening, the 17th instant, and which was attended by quite 1,500 persons.

With a handsome open-handedness quite in keeping with all that has characterized the entire enterprise, the managers of the Raymond made their inauguration ball unquestionably the most brilliant event in the social history of Southern California. It was hospitality on a mammoth scale, and as handsome as huge. As a purely practical bit of enterprise, it was undoubtedly sound; but every one who has hotels to popularize is not so long-sighted as to realize this truth.

A notable event socially, the opening of the Raymond for business, is no less important as regards its bearing on the business interests of the city

and county—and indeed of all Southern California. The presence here of a veritably first-class winter resort hotel—something which has not heretofore existed in California south of Monterey—will bring into this vicinity annually thousands of the very best class of people from the East, and in fact from all over the world, and with them hundreds of thousands of dollars. There is no need of expatiating upon the benefits to be derived from such an influx.

It was with these facts in view that the managers threw wide the great hotel and kept open house on the night of the 17th. Walter Raymond has a lively interest in the development of Southern California, and wishes the people to feel that they and he are working to the same end. In issuing his invitations to the opening he remembered first the people of Los Angeles, Pasadena, and the county in general. That any one was left out was not his fault. Over 2,500 elegantly engraved invitations were issued under the following form:

"The pleasure of your presence is requested at the grand dedication ball at the Raymond, South Pasadena, Cal., Wednesday evening, November 17th, 1886.

"Emmons Raymond, Walter Raymond, C. H. Merrill.

"Please reply.

"Address, Walter Raymond, South Pasadena, Los Angeles county, Cal."

The ball was indeed a magnificent affair throughout, and reflected great credit upon all who had anything to do with it. The hotel and grounds were beautifully enlivened by Japanese lanterns and lights, and three bands of music made the delicious evening air resonant with sweet sounds.

The great hotel, if cheery outside, was tenfold more brilliant within. Its superb rotunda, spacious corridors, elegant reception rooms and charming chambers, were aglow with light and life and flowers. Evening suits and dainty ball dresses predominated, though there were those who were content with less pretentious habiliments. It was a notable, and in many respects a brilliant gathering. The most prominent citizens of Los Angeles, Pasadena and the county in general, were out in force, and there were representatives from San Francisco and the northern counties, not to mention the solid contingent of the permanent guests who had arrived only a few days before from Boston.

The ball opened as soon as the last trainload of guests had had time to assume the proper gorgeousness, and went on swimmingly. It was entirely under the skillful direction of the following well-known Angelenos: Floor director, Dr. William LeMoyne Wills; assistants, Messrs. Hayden McLellan, Dr. J. M. Radebaugh, H. M. Galloway, H. J. Fleischman; aids, Messrs. W. M. Caswell, L. J. Rose, Jr., J. E. Cook, W. Taylour English, Edwin L. Barnes. The spacious ball room in the west wing was crowded beyond the limits of comfort, and hundreds of other people perambulated the corridors or occupied the parlors. At the north end of the ball-room the wall bore the following filial inscription in evergreen, put up by order of Walter Raymond:

THE RAYMOND—dedicated to Emmons Raymond, of Boston, Mass., by whose energetic assistance it has been accomplished.

At 10:45 the doors of the dining-room were thrown open, and all who wished marched in to abundant and delicious refreshments. The hall was a beautiful sight, and not the least of its attractions was the little army of White Mountain waiter girls in spotless white. After refreshments the crowd returned to the ball-room, save the small proportion carried cityward by the 11:30 train, and danced away the night in happiest fashion. Following is the

#### ORDER OF DANCES.

GRAND MARCH.....	"Salutation".....	Weigand
WALTZ.....	"Sweet Smiles".....	Waldfteufel
LANCERS.....	"Our Party".....	Weingarten
POLKA.....	"Troujours Gallant".....	Fahrbach
WALTZ QUADRILLE.....	"The Skaters".....	Waldfteufel
SCHOTTISCHE.....	"Pretty as a Butterfly".....	Ross
YORKE.....	"One Heart, One Soul".....	Strauss
PORTLAND FANCY.....	"Orpheus".....	Offenbach

#### INTERMISSION.

WALTZ.....	"Emminie".....	Jacobowski
POLKA QUADRILLE.....	"Cheerful".....	Weingarten
GALOP.....	"Fedora".....	Dietricke
CONTRA DANCE.....	"Virginia Reel".....	(selected)
WALTZ.....	"Mikado".....	Sullivan
QUADRILLE.....	"Sleigh Bells".....	Audran
WALTZ.....	"Till We Meet Again".....	Bailey

#### BANQUET TO THE RAYMONDS.

The third event was the banquet given to the Messrs. Emmons S. and Walter Raymond by the citizens of Pasadena, at the new hotel, on Saturday evening last, the 20th instant, which was attended by nearly three hundred persons, and which was a success in every particular. At the stated hour, Chairman C. T. Hopkins announced that the banquet-room was open; the guests adjourned, accordingly, to the dining-hall, where the tables were laid, and which had been decorated for the occasion with all the floral



wealth which so abounds in Southern California. After the guests were seated, there was an opening prayer by Rev. Cornelius, pastor of the Pasadena Presbyterian Church, after which an elegant *menu* was served. This was heartily enjoyed, and then Mr. Hopkins, in a feeling manner, explained the reason of the evening's gathering. We wanted this rain, he said, to lay the dust and help the crops.

#### IN THE EARLY DAYS

sojourners in Pasadena had to search for precarious hoarding-places. The congenial climate had drawn more and more strangers here, making hotels more and more necessary, until now upon this hill a magnificent caravansary rears its stately head. He closed with glowing tributes to Los Angeles, Pasadena, and the Raymonds.

An original poem on "Castles in the Air" was read by Thomas Coles, and the next toast, "Our guests, the venerable and sagacious father who builds the house, and the enterprising son who fills it," was responded to by Dr. O. Congar. The gentleman drew a striking contrast between the trials and privations of the early days and the prosperity and plenty of the present, and attributed the change rightly to the sagacity and enterprise of men who were not afraid to risk their capital in improving and

#### BUILDING UP THE COUNTRY.

In responding to the toast, "The Elixir of Life," Emmons Raymond said that he had found it, after much search, in the fair land and glorious climate of the San Gabriel valley. He was thankful that he had made the venture of a journey to this fair land, for this night's gathering was the result. He had induced many others to come here also, and they were still coming, and would continue to come. Walter Raymond said that in the bright lexicon of his youth there had been no such word as fail. He thought that Florida was jealous of California, and said that what this country wanted was ten more hotels like the Raymond. They could all be filled, so anxious were Eastern people to come to this country. Arthur Tibbs sang a comic song, which was encored, and Mayor Spence responded to the toast, "The City of the Angels." The mayor spoke very highly of the burg which he represented. It was a city of strong men and beautiful women, he said, and he spoke in very flattering terms of its business prospects and the enterprising spirit of its citizens. He closed by proposing the health of Mr. Raymond, which was drank standing.

Mrs. Gilbert, of Boston, sang "When the Flowing Tide Comes In," with a piano accompaniment, and was encored to the echo. In responding to "The Union of the East and West," W. H. Magee compared very happily the relative prosperity of the two sections and the unity of their interests. Mr. Cogswell sang very effectively, E. A. Healey gave the first impression of an immigrant, and J. E. Clark, of the Pasadena *Union*, spoke manfully and well for the press.

Abbot Kinney was then introduced and made a delightful speech upon "Our Climate," which was rapturously received.

The banquet then came to an end by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," all of the company joining in the refrain. Then the guests arose from the table and dispersed with many happy wishes to the recipients of the evening's entertainment.

AL. A. BAZAN.

#### IVORY BANGERS.

An exchange asks: "What is home without a piano?" Paradise. Ask us an easier one.

He—Miss Elsa, do you play on the piano? She—No, sir; I can't play a single note. He—Elsa, I love you.

It is stated that electricity will put a piano out of tune. Now we know what ails the piano across the street. It has had an electric shock.

"What is home without a piano?" queries an exchange. It must be a delightful place, but unfortunately the great majority of us can never have any practical experience of its joy.

Mrs. Smith was boasting that her daughter could play anything at sight. When the young lady had given a specimen of her performances Fogg remarked he was glad it was played at sight. It would be very discouraging if such music were played at ear.

Bagley—Aurelia, my child, won't you favor us with one of those delicious waltzes you play so well? Aurelia (bashfully)—Perhaps Judge Longterm does not like music. Judge (preparing for a nap)—Oh, yes, I do. Fire away. I can always sleep better when somebody is banging the ivories.

"Mattie, Mattie," called an Omaha dame to her daughter. "I do wish you would play something else besides Wagner. I am so sick of it." "I am not at the piano, ma," responded the daughter from an adjoining room. "Then who is it?" "Nurse and the baby."

## A SCREED FROM PACIFIC GROVE.

An Exciting Land Boom in Progress at that Point.

PARTIAL LIST OF IMPROVEMENTS GOING ON OR CONTRACTED FOR.

[Special Correspondence of the "Wave."]

PACIFIC GROVE, CAL., Nov. 26, 1886.

Watch ye the land-sales while ye may,

Old Time is still a-flying;

For these choice lots on sale to-day

Some one will be espying.

The quiet atmosphere of Pacific Grove is rife with the excitement of a land boom. The calm of the Retreat is broken temporarily, and the old settlers, who for years have rested in the established conviction that the Grove would continue to bury itself under old theories, have aroused themselves to accept at least the decree ordained by the "Spirit of the Times."

There has been no period in all the former history of Pacific Grove Retreat that has promised such a rapid rise to prosperity as the advance made the present year. The first omen that seemed to open out prospects of a most encouraging nature, marking the growing popularity of the Grove, was the increase in the number of guests during the united season of '86-7. It gave promise for its future as a winter resort, as soon as facilities could be arranged for securing suitable accommodations to meet the public demand. One season established the fact of what it *could* be; the months that have intervened since that season closed have determined what it *shall* be.

From month to month new homes have been built in all portions of the beautiful grounds, new stores have gone up, adding greatly to the convenience of residents, avenues and streets are being improved both by the Pacific Improvement Co., and also by private individuals. Within the past few months the said Company have taken some advance steps in the line of improvements, which have doubtless been the creative power in stimulating the general public to active measures in behalf of personal interests, as well as to regard the good of the community at large.

The two movements which mark the greatest enterprise on the part of the Pacific Improvement Co. are, the new hotel and the extension of the railroad to Pacific Grove.

The former work, to be entered upon early next month, will be put rapidly forward, and it is expected that the building will be ready for the reception of guests at the opening of the summer season of '87. The new railroad extension has created enthusiastic applause from the many who have long looked forward to its realization, and long indulgence in theories that have mysteriously disappeared, along with the other phantoms of prophecy. Now there seem to be facts of a more tangible character to grasp, and speculation has been done away with, under promise of a declared action. Pacific Grove will seem quite like a metropolis with four trains a day steaming in and out, and a "dummy" plying to and from Pacific Grove, the Bathing Pavilion and Hotel del Monte, a plan adopted to materially benefit the "water nymphs" who prefer the seclusion of the vine-clad pavilion to the rolling billows of the briny deep.

Just *where* that new railroad is to be tracked, is at present a subject, agitating the minds of the people in no small degree. It is generally believed that the ocean front is the ground of the survey, and property owners of that locality are indulging in long and silent meditations. They will doubtless have to yield to "the powers that be" and school themselves to yield gracefully to the inevitable. The upper side of the Light-house road is becoming the popular building locality, especially for those desirous of being a little distant from the salt water and reap the greater benefit from the pines. Last summer Prof. and Mrs. J. G. Lemmon, the distinguished botanists of California, purchased a number of lots on Pine avenue, which was appropriately named Lemmon Heights, and where it is expected in the near future the owners thereof will take up their habitation—at such times as they can release themselves from scientific explorations—and enjoy the domestic quietude that ever exists in homes by the sea, and among the pines of Pacific Grove.

Rev. Edward B. Church, Principal of Irving Institute, San Francisco, is erecting a very attractive cottage on Central avenue near Seventh street. It is understood that Mr. Church will make the Grove his summer residence, and bring with him the teachers and pupils who are resident in the school during vacations. Among new buildings for public benefit is that of the new district school. It is expected that a fund of \$3,500 will be raised for that purpose. A public school was organized a year ago, and thus far the rooms in the rear of the Chapel have been used for school purposes.





The Light-house has been undergoing a transformation process within a few weeks past. As it is the main driveway to Monterey, it is quite well worth the attractive form it is to assume. Two small parks for flowers are being laid out near the entrance to the grounds. One is opposite the residence of Mr. Johnson, the superintendent of the Grove, and the second a few rods up the avenue, with driveways on both sides. Mr. Ulrich, the landscape gardener at Hotel del Monte, has the designing of the ground.

"Grove Hall" has become quite widely known as a sanitarium. Mrs. Dr. Roe is the physician in charge and also resident physician of the Grove. To have the profession so ably represented by one in whom all confidence is placed, and also to have an institution offering special inducements and privileges, to those who come in search of health, has been of great benefit and cannot be too highly appreciated by the residents of Pacific Grove. Mrs. Roe is to be congratulated on the success she has attained since establishing her office and sanitarium.

There was an effort made a few months ago to organize an Episcopal mission at Pacific Grove. "St. Mary's Guild" has been actively at work to further the church interests, and a few weeks since the charge was given to the Rev. J. Fred. Holmes of Salinas. Regular services are now held both at Pacific Grove and Monterey. The new organization has taken immediate steps toward the erection of a chapel. A beautiful and most desirable site has been obtained for which the denomination are indebted to the courtesy and generosity of the Pacific Improvement Co. The lot is on Central avenue and faces the bay of Monterey. Another generous act on the part of the Pacific Improvement Co., was the setting apart a number of desirable lots for the exclusive use of the Methodist Episcopal clergy, and offering the same on special terms. This offer was known to the ministers interested through a circular letter by Rev. F. F. Jewel, D. D., President of the Pacific Grove Association, which has charge of the prudential and religious management of the Grove. The rapid sale of these lots is the best evidence of the appreciation of the generosity of the owners of the Grove.

The demand for lots from all quarters is wonderful. During the last sixty days the sale of company lots amounted to over \$20,000, while real estate transactions among individual property owners amounts to nearly half as much.

Among the cottages under contract and to be erected during this winter, the following are reported:

Mrs. M. C. Tubbs—on 15th street.  
 Mrs. Straub, Sacramento—on 10th street.  
 Mrs. Captain Fales—on Light-house road.  
 Mr. A. R. Cummings—a Business house.  
 Mr. Henry Kent, Hollister—on 19th street.  
 Mrs. E. Cornel, San Francisco—Park street.  
 Mr. John Hay, Salinas—on Light-house road.  
 Mr. J. R. Patrick, Monterey—Laurel avenue.  
 Mr. J. B. Snively, Monterey—on Ocean Front.  
 Rev. Mr. Pritty, Hollister—on Light-house road.  
 Mr. R. G. Mitchel, Monterey—on Ocean Front.  
 Mr. J. A. Gunter—four cottages on 17th street.  
 Mr. Elias Snapp, Livermore—on Laurel avenue.  
 Rev. H. L. Gregory, Linden—on Laurel avenue.  
 Dr. E. W. Spaut, San Jose—on Fountain avenue.  
 Mr. Walker Baker, Alameda Co.—Central avenue.  
 Mr. J. B. Norton, Monterey—on Light-house road.  
 Mr D. Dickens, San Francisco—on Grand avenue.  
 Mrs. S. Russel, San Francisco—on Forest avenue.  
 Mr. A J. Porter, Sacramento—on Light-house road.  
 Mrs. Addie Jewell, San Francisco—on Forest avenue.  
 Mr. Geo. Quintel, Moss Landing—on Light-house road.  
 Rev. F. F. Jewel, D. D., San Francisco—on Forest avenue.  
 Miss M. E. B. Norton, San Jose—cor. 19th and High streets.  
 Mrs. E. E. Joy, Salinas—cor Light-house road and 14th street.  
 Mrs. Judge Curtis, Sacramento—14th street near Ocean Front.  
 Rev. Dr. Bentley, P. E. Stockton District—on Caledonia Park.  
 Mrs. Sprague, Sacramento—cor. Laurel avenue and Park street.  
 Mr. Chas. Brown, San Jose—cor. Forrest avenue and Ocean Front.  
 Mr. P. F. Gosbey, Santa Clara—on Light-house road, for a shoe store.  
 Mr. H. J. McCoy, Gen'l. Sec. Y. M. C. A., San Francisco—on Del Monte avenue.  
 Rev. Edward B. Church, Principal Irving Institute, San Francisco—on Central avenue.

As the year of '86 closes the first in the history of the Del Monte WAVE, we note that it, too, has progressed in a like ratio to the growth of the Pine Grove, whose interests in all lines have in a marked degree been watchfully tended. As the next twelve months come and go, may each guard the other, that there be "no steps backward."

R.



## 'OSTLER JOE.

THE POEM WHICH SHOCKED WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

Mrs. James Brown Potter read a beautiful and striking poem by George R. Sims, an English writer, at the charitable entertainment, at Secretary Whitney's residence on the 19th of February, last. This poem we publish in full, in order that certain prudish people, who have fancied that they were shocked on hearing the poem, may peruse it and be assured that there was nothing improper either in the words or the tone of it. We have heard "Ostler Joe" called "Swinburnian" in character, but such a reference to it would be made only by persons who either never read this poem or else never read Swinburne. If the object of a public reading be not to put a lot of stupid people to sleep, but to produce a dramatic effect, then Mrs. Potter exercised a correct and praiseworthy judgment in her selection of this poem:

I stood at eve, as the sun went down, by a grave where a woman lies,  
Who lured men's souls to the shores of sin with the light of her wanton eyes;  
Who sang the song that the siren sang on the treacherous Lurley height,  
Whose face was as fair as a summer's day and whose heart was as black as night.

Yet a blossom I fain would pluck to-day from the garden above her dust—  
Not the languorous lily of soulless sin, nor the blood-red rose of lust,  
But a sweet white blossom of holy love, that grew in the one green spot  
In the arid desert of Phryne's life, where all was parched and hot.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the summer when the meadows were aglow with blue and red,  
Joe, the 'ostler of the Maggie, and fair Annie Smith, were wed;  
Plump was Annie, plump and pretty, with a cheek as white as snow—  
He was anything but handsome, was the Maggie's 'ostler, Joe.

But he won the winsome lassie. They'd a cottage and a cow,  
And her matronhood sat lightly on the village beauty's brow;  
Sped the months and came a baby—such a blue-eyed baby boy!  
Joe was working in the stables when they told him of his joy.

He was rubbing down the horses, and he gave them then and there  
All a special feed of clover, just in honor of the heir.  
It had been his great ambition, and he told the horses so,  
That the Fates would send a baby who might bear the name of Joe.

Little Joe, the child was christened, and, like babies, grew apace;  
He'd his mother's eyes of azure and his father's honest face.  
Swift the happy years went over, years of blue and cloudless sky,  
Love was lord of that small cottage and the tempests passed them by.

Passed them by for years, then swiftly burst in fury o'er their home.  
Down the lane by Annie's cottage chanced a gentleman to roam;  
Thrice he came and saw her sitting by the window with her child,  
And he nodded to the baby, and the baby laughed and smiled.

So at last it grew to know him—little Joe was nearly four;  
He would call the "pretty gemplin" as he passed the open door;  
And one day he ran and caught him, and in child's play pulled him in;  
And the baby Joe had prayed for, brought about the mother's sin.

'Twas but the same old wretched story that for ages bards have sung,  
'Twas a woman weak and wanton and a villain's tempting tongue;  
'Twas a picture deftly painted for a silly creature's eyes  
Of the Babylonian wonders and the joy that in them lies.

Annie listened and was tempted; she was tempted and she fell,  
As the angels fall from heaven to the blackest depths of hell;  
She was promised wealth and splendor, and a life of guilty sloth,  
Yellow gold for child and husband, and the woman left them both.

Home one eve came Joe the 'ostler, with a cheery cry of "Wife!"  
Finding that which blurred forever all the story of his life.  
She had left a silly letter—through the cruel scrawl he spelt;  
Then he sought the lonely bedroom, joined his horny hands and knelt.

"Now, O Lord, O God, forgive her, for she ain't to blame!" he cried;  
"For I owt t'a seen her trouble, and a-gone away and died.  
Why a wench like her—God bless her! 'twasn't likely as her'd rest  
With that bonny head forever on a 'ostler's ragged vest.

"It was kind o' her to bear me all this long and happy time,  
So for my sake please to bless her, though you count her deed a crime;  
If so be I don't pray proper, Lord, forgive me, for you see  
I can talk all right to 'osses, but I'm nervous like with 'Thee."

Ne'er a line came to the cottage from the woman who had flown;  
Joe, the baby, died that winter, and the man was left alone.  
Ne'er a bitter word he uttered, but in silence kissed the rod,  
Saving what he told the horses, saving what he told his God.

Far away in mighty London rose the woman into fame,  
For her beauty won men's homage, and she prospered in her shame;  
Quick from lord to lord she flitted, higher still each prize she won,  
And her rivals paled beside her as the stars beside the sun.

Next she made the stage her market, and she dragged Art's temple down  
To the level of a show-place for the outcasts of the town,  
And the kisses she had given to poor 'Ostler Joe for naught,  
With their gold and costly jewels rich and titled lovers bought.

Went the years with flying footsteps while the star was at its height:  
Then the darkness came on swiftly, and the gloaming turned to night;  
Shattered strength and faded beauty tore the laurels from her brow;  
Of the thousands who had worshiped never one came near her now.

Broken down in health and fortune, men forgot her very name,  
Till the news that she was dying woke the echoes of her fame:  
And the papers, in their gossip, mentioned how an "actress" lay  
Sick to death in humble lodgings, growing weaker every day.

One there was who read the story in a far off country place,  
And that night the dying woman woke and looked upon his face.  
Once again the strong arms clasped her that had clasped her long ago,  
And the weary head lay pillowed on the breast of 'Ostler Joe.

All the past had he forgotten, all the sorrow and the shame;  
He had found her sick and lonely, and his wife he now could claim.  
Since the grand folks who had known her one and all had slunk away,  
He could clasp his long lost darling, and no man could say him nay.

In his arms Death found her lying, in his arms her spirit fled;  
And his tears came down in torrents as he knelt beside her, dead.  
Never once his love had faltered through her base, unhallowed life;  
And the stone above her ashes bears the honored name of wife.

\* \* \* \* \*

That's the blossom I fain would pluck to-day from the garden above  
her dust;

Not the languorous lily of soulless sin, nor the blood-red rose of lust,  
But a sweet white blossom of holy love, that grew in the one green spot  
In the arid desert of Phryne's life, where all was parched and hot.

## A CARRIAGE EMPORIUM.

Until of late it has not been generally understood that Truman, Isham & Co., Nos. 421-427 Market Street, San Francisco, kept constantly on hand, in connection with their warehouse, for the sale of agricultural and other farming implements, a full line of everything in the shape of wagons and carriages, and especially the latter, which includes buggies of all noted makes. Landaus, rockaways, hacks, carriages and coupes, dog-carts, sulkies, skeleton wagons, phaetons, etc., etc. All of these are made to order, not only for California, but for various parts of California, thus: the firm carry carriages, wagons and buggies which they have had manufactured especially for San Joaquin Valley, which they would not sell to a man wanting a vehicle for San Francisco use, or for use in Sonoma, Napa or Solano counties. This has given this well-known and prosperous firm the best name of any party in the State, dealing in such things, and the compliment is deserved. Their buggies are of the best Brewster or of cheaper, and the cheapest patterns carried by the trade, and all made to order for California use. We have not been so interested in many a day as we were at the establishment of Truman, Isham & Co. last week.

## THROUGH THICK AND THIN.

It is an old adage that "you can't squeeze blood out of a turnip," nor juice either out of many of those you find for sale. There is all the difference in the world in the nutrition one derives from good or from bad vegetables. You might eat a cart-load of the shriveled-up, dry, coarse and spongy kind, and you'd remain as thin as a rail, while good nutritive vegetables make one fat as well as healthy. This is why the stalls Nos. 30 and 31 California market of Brown & Wells are so liberally patronized. Persons buying there once never go elsewhere thereafter, because they get there the worth of their money. At five o'clock in the morning may be seen the best people in the city, including all our hotels and boarding-houses, making their selections of green peas, string beans, onions, celery, asparagus, young sweet corn, radishes, cucumbers, lettuce, oranges, strawberries, cherries, and indeed the whole list of fruits and vegetables that make life worth living. Brown & Wells certainly understand this business, and are now reaping the rewards of their experience. Drop in and see them.



## SPLASHES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Papa was sharpening pencils when May came up and said, "Papa shall I get you the scrap basket to put the peelings in?"

Little Lucy who had heard much of an aunt but never seen her, asked: "Mother, my Aunt Daisy isn't a 'bug ant,' is she?"

Sunday School Teacher—"Can any of you tell me anything about Solomon?" Small Urchin—in a piping voice—"He keeps a cigar store around the corner."

One of our little California boys, John Henry, at four, eating green corn, was bothered with the silk. "I wish," said he "whoever made this corn had pulled out the basting threads."

Susie Smith, daughter of the well-known John Smith, was sitting one evening at the open door when she saw for the first time a shooting-star. "O mamma!" she exclaimed, "I saw God take a star in."

Little Annie's experience of medicine is limited to the camphor which is sometimes given her for a cold. She astonished her friends the other day by rendering Proverbs xvii. 22: "A merry heart doeth good like camphor."

A little boy who has just attained his fifth year listened attentively to a lady visitor who gave an account of the late appearance of her wisdom tooth, and then astonished her by asking: "Do all foolish people also get wisdom-teeth?"

Little Willie prayed long and ineffectually for a little brother. At last he gave it up as "no use." Soon after his mother had the pleasure of showing him twin babies. He looked at them for a moment, and then exclaimed: "How lucky it was that I stopped praying! There might have been three!"

I told my little girl she must not expect to be amused all the time. Next day, when naughty, I said to her: "You must be good and be a comfort to your mother." "I'll comferd you some, but you musn't expect to be comferd all the time," was her reply. As told the editor by the child's mother.

"You are fishing with persistence," said a gentleman to an urchin who had thrashed a stream without apparent reward a whole afternoon. "Oh, no, sir; on'y jest angle-worms," replied the youth, pleasantly. "I mean you have a good deal of perseverance," explained the other. "No, them's suckers. Guess ye aint never lived in these parts, hev ye?"

A Salinas youngster who has an original way of putting things, got up from his seat suddenly and began limping about the floor, with a quizzical, painful expression of countenance. "Why, what is the matter?" inquired his mother. "My foot feels dizzy," was the instant reply. A very good description of the peculiar feeling of the nerves when one's foot is "asleep."

A newsboy who was eating away at a yellow banana, while he had two red ones stuffed into his pockets, was approached by another and asked: "Did you get that tin-type took fur ten cents?" "Naw." "Too cloudy?" "Naw! I was on my way to the gallery when bananas dropped to three fur ten cents, and I took advantage of the decline. Tin-types are allus ten cents, but bananas bobb up and down."

One of our little San Jose girls named Alice not quite six years old, was present at a musical entertainment given at the house of one of her friends. Miss T., a very excellent singer, favored the audience with a song and was enthusiastically encored. Alice was noticeably restless during the repetition of the song, and then turned to her mother with the remark, loud enough to be heard by the company: "Mamma, did the lady sing so badly that she had to do it all over again?"

## FURS BETTER THAN DIAMONDS.

Time was when a lady would select either diamonds or laces as the one thing of all others which she would like to possess. This holds good with a number to-day. But, nevertheless, where one well-bred woman would choose an ordinary diamond or a rich piece of lace, a score at least will select a sealskin, which imparts more regal finish, more comfort and more substantiability than any other article of woman's wearing apparel known. The diamond lights up a fair one's eye with a lustre which makes the gem look pale, while the present of an exquisite piece of point is in excellent taste. But if one wishes to create a shaft of sunshine which shall warm a woman's heart forever toward husband or lover, let him make the medium for such, a sealskin, and make his bliss ineffable. In this connection we call attention to the advertisement of Messrs. H. Liebes & Co., Nos. 111, 113, 115 and 117 Montgomery Street, near Sutter, opposite the Occidental Hotel, dealers in sealskin sacques, sealskin dolmans, sealskin mantillas, rich fur rugs, rare skins and other novelties in furs. We do this partly for the information of tourists and excursionists, and to show them that they may purchase all things in the fur line at at least forty per cent. lower than they can get the same line of first-class goods in the East. Messrs. H. Liebes & Co. have their own vessels and men employed in trading and hunting, and are so situated, geographically, as to obtain the furs of the world in greater varieties and at lower rates than any other firm in the same business anywhere else in the world. Tourists visiting here from the East should make it a point to call and see the beautiful stock, even if they do not care about purchasing, as the store of Messrs. Liebes & Co. is regarded in San Francisco as second to no other exhibition or museum upon the Pacific Coast. The proprietors and assistants take great pleasure in showing their goods and explaining the history of the fur-bearing animals of the Northern Pacific waters.

## GROVE HALL

Is the title of a new cottage at Pacific Grove Retreat at Monterey. It is beautifully located, and contains thirteen apartments, and promises to be one of the attractions of this popular resort. The permanent citizens as well as transient visitors, look upon it as quite a benefit to the Grove.

It was erected for Dr. C. L. Roe, a lady physician, who now occupies it as a permanent residence, and has commenced the practice of medicine at the Grove. Dr. Roe is a regular graduate of a New York medical college, and is a registered physician according to the laws of the State. She has had twenty-three years' practice in New York City, and comes to this Coast as a physician of marked ability. Besides answering to calls at the Grove and vicinity, she proposes opening her cottage for the treatment of invalids, and furnish them rooming accommodations. In cases where persons are unable to go to the regular restaurant for board, meals will also be served to patients.

Grove Hall cannot help but become a desirable place for any one in need of medical treatment. The healthful climate at the Grove, as well as its various attractions and restful surroundings, alone is sufficient to attract the invalid, and the opportunity to enjoy this beautiful Grove, and at the same time be under the treatment of so eminent and able a physician as Dr. Roe, is a chance rarely offered. Grove Hall is therefore looked upon as an important addition to the many improvements at Pacific Grove Retreat.

## FOR TOURISTS.

For the information of strangers who desire to carry with them lunch baskets upon leaving the city, we would say that the best place to be accommodated in this line is at the extensive store of Messrs. Lebenbaum Bros., 215 and 217 Sutter street. It is centrally located and is within a block or two of the Palace, Lick and Occidental Hotels. We are free in guaranteeing perfect satisfaction at Messrs. Lebenbaum.

## DR. LORVEA'S

New Hammam, 218 Post Street, between Dupont and Stockton, San Francisco, is the finest Turkish, Russian, Electric and Medicated bath-house in that city. Single bath, one dollar. Twelve tickets for ten dollars. Open day and night, Sundays included. Newly-fitted Department for Ladies.



# DEL MONTE WAVE.

Published Every Month at One Dollar a Year, which includes Postage in delivery,

BY DEL MONTE PUBLISHING CO.,

AT MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO AGENCY,

ROOM NO. 220, LICK HOUSE.

ISAAC RUDISILL, Traveling Agent and Business Manager of the WAVE, is *alone* authorized to receive moneys for subscriptions and advertisements. All his transactions for the Paper will be honored by

DEL MONTE PUBLISHING CO.

MONTEREY, CAL. - - - DECEMBER, 1886

ENTERED AT THE MONTEREY POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

## THE "WAVE" FOR 1887.

With this number of the WAVE is concluded the volume of 1886, and we must be excused if we call the attention of our readers to this fact with some considerable pride and glow of feeling. The WAVE has been successful and has precisely filled the place which seemed to be created for it. It has made its welcome appearance promptly during the first week of every month, and has had increasing sales, subscriptions and advertisements since its first flow upon the beach of public estimation. It has kept its promise as regards its personal appearance, being admitted as printed upon the nicest and costliest paper used by any periodical upon the Pacific Coast, and its declaration not to permit any unclean advertisement in its columns. Its standard of advertising is the best in the State, and can never be excelled. It can be read in a crowd from the first to the sixteenth page—advertisements and all—and no word can be found to mortify or disgust. It is sold all the month at principal stands, on the cars and at the "Palace," "Hotel del Monte," the "Tacoma," at Tacoma, and at "The Raymond," at South Pasadena. It has been a factor in the interests of Pacific Grove, with which it has had intimate relations. Its correspondence has been of an elevating and entertaining character, and all of its reading matter has been bright, brilliant and educating.

It is the aim of the management to make the WAVE roll higher upon the beach of public opinion than ever before, and with this object in view an arrangement has been made with Mr. Ben C. Truman to write a continued story and to furnish other reading matter as heretofore. The new story will be commenced in the January number, and will be entitled "Divorced on the Desert," and will be a most thrilling and beautiful story, and will also delineate many graphic pictures and sections of the Pacific Coast. The characters in the book will all be true ones from first to last, and, with one or two exceptions, the real names will be presented. It will be done in Mr. Truman's best style, and will undoubtedly be the best continued story ever written by a Californian upon Pacific Coast life. The January number will contain two or three splendid illustrations, and will otherwise be a model opening of the volume for 1887.

The managers of the Leland Hotel in Chicago, while sinking for artesian water, lately, not only got it, but obtained an inexhaustible supply of an article similar in almost all respects to the far-famed Bethesda, which is second to no water in the world, unless it may possibly be our own Geyser Soda, which has become so exceedingly popular that the demand has increased ten times in ten months.

Special inducements are offered by the Southern Pacific Company, during the winter months, to clubs, organizations or parties, who desire to visit the Hotel del Monte, the "queen of American watering places." See advertisement elsewhere.

"There is a tide in the affairs of man which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." Which reminds us that Joe Spanier's famous Del Monte cigars are favorites with all who have smoked them. Mr. Spanier is just receiving a lot of the new crop from Havana.

We only express the opinion of the many when we say, that the Geyser Soda is the most delightful mineral water that is bottled on the Pacific Coast. It is especially nice mornings and evenings, and would have made Ponce de Leon go even wilder than he did over the discovery of the water which he made poetically famous.

A cat blew up a house in Illinois the other day. At least it is supposed she did. She was left alone in the dwelling, and as an explosion soon after occurred, the theory accepted is that she pushed a can of nitro-glycerine from a table where it had carelessly been put. The cat herself was found hanging in a tree 500 yards away, nervous but almost uninjured.

"The Windsor," of Montreal, Canada, is, in many respects, the finest hotel in the world. It is well worth the ride from Boston or New York to see, and it should be taken in with other attractions, by the East-bound Californian, who could take the fast, smooth-running Canadian Pacific from Niagara Falls to Montreal, and see a city and a hotel that have no equal in very many ways.

Mr. Lewis Leland, one of the oldest, and surely one of the best, hotel keepers in the United States, has made a very large offer to the Stewart estate for the great white mansion at the corner of Thirty-fourth street and Fifth avenue. If his tender is favorably considered, the house will be turned into a hotel at once. Mr. Leland now has a millionaire partner, and he is determined to get hold of some hotel in New York within a very few months.

The Tombstone (Arizona) *Epitaph* gives the following order of dances as used at a recent cowboy ball: 1, grand circle march; 2, horse hunters' quadrille; 3, catch horse waltz; 4, saddle up lancers; 5, bronco racquet; 6, captains' quadrille; 7, circulars gallop; 8, round-up lancers; 9, cut-out schottische; 10, branding quadrille; 11, cow and calf racquet; 12, night horse lancers; 13, first guard waltz; 14, second guard quadrille; 15, third guard newport; 16, fourth guard quadrille; 17, day herders' waltz; 18, maverick polka; 19, bull calves' medley; 20, stampede all.

The heads of the bank notes of different denominations are not generally known, and very few persons can tell what portraits are on the different notes. They are as follows: On United States—\$1, Washington; \$2, Jefferson; \$5, Jackson; \$10, Webster; \$20, Hamilton; \$50, Franklin; \$100, Lincoln; \$500, Gen. Mansfield; \$1,000, De Witt Clinton; \$5,000, Madison; \$10,000, Jackson. On silver certificates—\$10, Robert Morris; \$20, Com. Decatur; \$50, Edward Everett; \$100, James Monroe; \$500, Charles Sumner, and \$1,000, W. L. Marcy. On gold notes—\$20, Garfield; \$50, Silas Wright; \$100, Thomas H. Benton; \$500, A. Lincoln; \$1,000, Alexander Hamilton; \$5,000, James Madison, and \$10,000, Andrew Jackson.

No tourist ever leaves San Francisco without visiting Taber's famous Photograph Gallery, No. 8 Montgomery street. The reputation of this establishment is known all over the world. The exquisite work it turns out has been admired in almost every clime nature has produced. It is admitted that for accuracy, artistic posing of the subject, and elaborate finish, these photographs have no equal. An album of Taber's views of Pacific Coast scenery and objects of interest, interspersed with pictures of the eminent men and women who have been photographed at this great gallery, would constitute one of the most interesting books which could be placed on a reception parlor table to amuse the guests. Those who wish to obtain satisfactory photographs should go to Taber.



In directing the attention of tourists and travelers to the advertisement of the Lick House, San Francisco, we do not hesitate to say that the Lick House is unsurpassed in the city as a pleasant and comfortable hotel. It possesses every modern convenience, and its able management merits for it the rank of a real first-class hotel in every particular. Its dining-room is of special interest and is a feature of San Francisco on account of its rich ornamental decorations and costly paintings, as well as the excellent meals served. No tourist should fail to visit the Lick House dining-room.

There arrives a time in the contest between labor and capital when patience ceases to be a virtue, and unreasonable demands have to be met by firm refusal. That time has arrived with the Knights of Labor and the meat packers of Chicago. The Knights of Labor have for the last two years presumed to say that no man shall manage his own business except with their consent and under such rules as they may adopt for his guidance. They claim the right to tell the employer what should constitute a day's labor, how much he should pay for that day's labor, and whom he should employ. In a word, they aim to make every capitalist and employer the slave of the same tyranny now being exercised by them over his employees. To refuse to submit is to be subject to a strike, to have the wheels of your industry stopped, and to be hurt where, according to the labor gospel, you will suffer most—in your pocket. The meat packers of Chicago have replied to the Knights of Labor like men who know that they, too, have some rights in the premises, and that one of them is to preserve their own liberty of contract with those whom they employ. They say, "We will not employ your slaves under any conditions. We believe we can supply their places with better and more manly men, and we will try and do it. If we fail at first we will remain closed until we succeed, but neither your General Master Workman, Powderly, nor your District Master Workman, Butler, shall own us or our business. We shall fight it out on this line if it takes all we possess." The gauntlet thus thrown down, the Knights say they will take up. They say that they will boycott every man who helps the packers; that such railroads will be tied up as transport their live stock or take away their dressed product, and that as capital has made war upon labor, what was up to the present only a local question, will be made a national one. Well, let it be so. The contest had to come sooner or later, and it is better sooner. Let it be known through the length and breadth of the land that the poorest man in the United States may work or not, just as he, as an individual, may desire. That, as there is no power in this land to make him work for any man whom he does not want to work for, neither shall there be allowed to exist any power to keep him idle when he desires to toil. Let the State of Illinois see to it that ample protection be given to the thousands of men who are not Knights and who are willing to take the places of the strikers. If the State of Illinois cannot do this, then let it be done by the general Government, and if it be necessary to run trains under the protection of all the power of the United States, let that power be invoked. If the Knights are allowed even a partial success, the distress in our large cities this winter will be fearful to contemplate. The thing should be nipped in the bud at once by giving ample assistance to the packers, to the men who are anxious to work for them, to the railroads, and to every man whom the Knights may attempt to boycott. Philip Armour, who heads the movement of the packers, is a self-made man. He worked hard for every cent he possesses to-day. No man has been made poorer by his success, while many thousands of the Bohemian rubbish who in their own country yoked their women with their oxen to the plow, have gained a livelihood through his enterprise. His clerks work more than eight hours a day, and he works more than eight hours a day himself. Neither he nor any one of his fellow packers has ever ground the face of the poor. On the contrary, they have all paid higher wages than obtained elsewhere in the United States for similar work. They even gave the "eight hours' work for ten hours' pay" a trial before they decided that it could not be carried out. They have acted like honorable men throughout the whole business, and should be supported in their struggle by the common sense of the people. The Knights of Labor are killing their own enterprise by giving such men as Irons and Butler the right to order strikes that involve the welfare of the whole organization, no less than the rights of the employers and the public at large.

## ST. MATTHEW'S HALL.

The Easter Session at St. Matthew's Hall, San Mateo, begins January 6, 1887. Parents having boys to educate will find it to their interest to visit this institution and inquire into the superior facilities which it offers for the educational, moral and military training of boys. Twenty years' experience on the part of the very efficient Principal, Rev. Alfred Lee Brewer, places it high as an institution of learning. It has combined all the requirements of a thoroughly organized school as well as the attractions of a real home, and it is the aim of the Principal and teachers to make gentlemen as well as scholars out of their pupils. The preparatory department for small boys is a feature of this institution and receives special care. See advertisement elsewhere in this issue of the WAVE.

R. H. McDonald, President.  
R. H. McDonald, Jr., Vice-President.  
S. G. Murphy, Cashier.

**PACIFIC BANK**

Oldest Chartered Commercial Bank on the Pacific Coast.

Established 1863.  
Capital Stock \$1,000,000.00  
Surplus \$500,000.00

San Francisco, Jan. 1, 1886.

## A REPRESENTATIVE BANK.

If we were asked to point to a representative Bank—that is to say, a Bank whose resources are far ahead of its liabilities; which will not lend money except upon sterling security; which will lend money at all times on approved collaterals; which will discount good business notes and drafts at the lowest market rates—we should at once designate the Pacific Bank.

It is a shining example of what can be accomplished by probity in business matters. Through its wise management it has become one of the foremost Banks in the State.

There is nothing which so insures the stability of a Bank as the knowledge, in the minds of depositors, that no financial crisis or flurry on the street will have any effect on the institution which takes care of their money. Security is what people want, and this is what they will always get at the Pacific Bank.

## DR. HENLEY'S EXTRACT OF CELERY, BEEF, AND IRON.



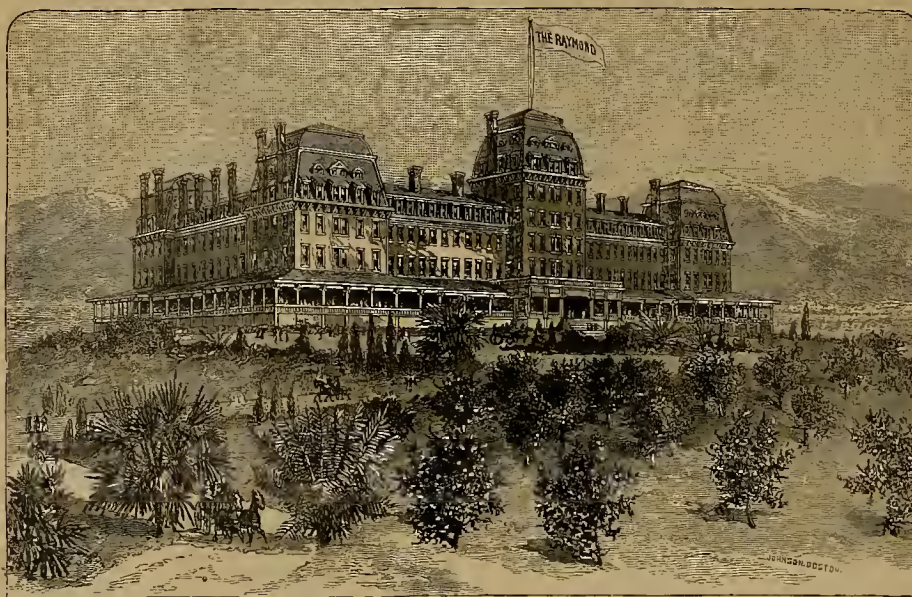
Even Nervous Dyspepsia, which has baffled the skill of eminent physicians, gives way under this wonderful combination of strength. Victims of Nervous Debility, caused by excessive use of tobacco or spirits, have been cured. Old men and women with shattered nerves, unable to sleep, have been cured and made to enjoy refreshing slumber. Scores of such persons are ready to testify, if we had room to print their testimonies. A trial of the article will convince.

After you have suffered for years from Nervous Prostration, Malarial Fever, Sleeplessness, Indigestion, and a dozen other complaints, and have exhausted the patience of your physician and your family, and have settled down to the belief you are a confirmed invalid, then try Dr. Henley's Celery, Beef, and Iron, and you will soon discover a renewed vigor of life. The blood will grow rich, the nerves strong, and the appetite will be regained. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.



# THE RAYMOND

## SOUTH PASADENA.



### THE FINEST HOTEL IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Has been opened to the public by C. H. MERRILL, of the famous Crawford House, White Mountains, N. H. For terms and other particulars address C. H. MERRILL, Manager, The Raymond, South Pasadena, Cal. Circulars showing the floor plans can be obtained of CLINTON JONES, 36 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

## THE LARGEST MANUFACTURING UNDERWEAR HOUSE

ON THE PACIFIC COAST, BOTH WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

**No. 42 THIRD STREET,  
NEAR MARKET.**



We manufacture  
all our own Goods,  
and Sell at Whole-  
sale Prices.

We guarantee our  
Prices to be the  
very Lowest, and  
no one can Under-  
sell us.



MANUFACTURER OF

**I. MAGNIN, LADIES', CHILDREN'S and INFANTS' WEAR.**

## N. THORSON, TAILOR

**PHELAN BUILDING,**

Market, O'Farrell & Dupont Sts

ROOMS 1, 2 AND 3. TAKE THE ELEVATOR.

**PROFESSIONAL.**

**G. B. RICHMOND, Jr., M. D.**

Graduate University of New York.

OFFICE, SALINAS CITY, CAL.

**JOHN GRAY,  
CARPENTER and BUILDER**

Contracts taken and Estimates given at

Lowest Possible Rates.

Pacific Grove, Monterey Co., Cal.

Misses J. & E. TABOAS,

→ FASHIONABLE ←

**DRESSMAKERS,**

LEESE BUILDING. MAIN STREET.

MONTEREY, - - - - CAL.

Cutting and Fitting a Specialty.



# LICK HOUSE

MONTGOMERY AND SUTTER STREETS,  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

AMERICAN  
AND  
EUROPEAN PLAN.



THE DINING ROOM  
A  
FEATURE OF THE CITY.

CHAS. CLAFFEY, - - - Proprietor.

THE "LICK HOUSE" is one of San Francisco's splendid hotels. It was built by the celebrated millionaire, James Lick, in 1861, and is three stories in height. It fronts on Montgomery and Sutter streets. The location is not only the most central in the city, but the most convenient to amusements, art galleries, and other places of interest and business. It is essentially a family hotel, conducted on the European plan. The dining-room, eighty-six by sixty-eight, is the handsomest on the Pacific Coast, and is embellished with ten oil paintings by Denny, Hill, and Marple, while in corners are large mirrors of great beauty. In March, 1881, the building was entirely renovated, and a marble floor laid in the office, where stands a painting from the facile brush of Denny, representing "Outside of the Golden Gate." A massive marble stairway leads to the second floor. Each room has been completely refurnished, while the establishment boasts of every improvement that modern art and science can bring to bear in the management and comfort of a hotel.

THE BEST LOCATION IN CHICAGO.



VANDERCOCK & CO., ENGRAVERS & PUBLISHERS, CHICAGO.

## THE LEELAND HOTEL,

(Michigan Avenue, Boulevard and Jackson Sts.)

WARREN LEELAND, - - - Proprietor.

THE LEELAND is first-class in every respect, and is the favorite hotel of Army and Navy Officers and Californians, who stop over a few days in traveling between the East and West. The view from THE LEELAND is unsurpassed by any in the world.

CHESNUTWOOD'S  
BUSINESS COLLEGE  
SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

MUSICAL.

ERNST LOWENBERG,

434 Ellis Street, SAN FRANCISCO,

TEACHER of PIANOFORTE

Also Teacher of Singing,

PUPIL OF G. B. GALVINI.

## Del Monte Drug Store

Alvarado St., MONTEREY,

Is the place where you will always find a large and select stock of

Pure Drugs and Chemicals,

Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumes, Druggist Sundries and Fancy Goods, Fine Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes.

Also a full line of Bandages, Brushes, and Chest Protectors.

Arctic Soda Fountain, and Mineral Water. Siphons

filled to order. Stationery Department, Comprising

a full line of writing material. Sea-side

and Lovell's Libraries regularly on sale.

A full assortment of Artists' Paints,

Brushes, Canvas, Etc., also Eye-

Glasses Spectacles, Etc., Etc.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded by a regularly licensed Pharmacist.

Office of J. P. E. HEINTZ, M. D.,

At the Del Monte Drug Store.



Far the Most Popular Drink

GEYSER SODA

Effervesces like Champagne.

Purely Natural Gas

Bottled at the Springs.

GEYSER SODA

Lemonade

Is delicious.

FOR SALE

IN ALL

First-Class Saloons

Ask for it!

Take no other!

Families Supplied.

OFFICE:

152

New Montgomery St.



## CALIFORNIA THE FAVORITE.

The winter exodus of Eastern tourists has been unprecedented this year. From every State in the Union California has received and is receiving large installments of that leisure class which we on this coast only know from Eastern and English sources. Our wealthy people on this side of the Rockies have not yet found time to put away the machinery of business and enjoy the harvest of toilsome years. True, occasionally they make a feverish rush to Europe, but the suspicion of careless agents and neglected speculative opportunities accompanies them, and they return as quickly as possible to settle down again in the regular channels of work. Our Eastern friends have been slow to recognize the advantages of California as a winter resort. Though every year the influx has been growing it is not until this season that the migratory element has signified its approval of the Pacific Coast as a refuge from the snows and climatic hardships of the Atlantic side of the continent. We have a great deal to offer them, inducements greater than any portion of the continent not excepting Florida, so long California's rival as a winter resort. In the first place there is the convenience of travel, and the grand panoramic view the tourist enjoys on the transcontinental trip. From the moment he leaves the summit he is approaching spring, and every throb of the locomotive places winter farther behind. As he descends the slope of the Sierra and begins to inhale the balmy air of the Sacramento valley, the realization of the change grows strong upon him. He is indeed in a new land, and he is visiting it at the period of nature's new birth, in the heart of spring, while elsewhere winter holds all vegetation in its icy embrace. And then what a reception he meets! He lodges in the largest, best appointed and most economical hotels in the world. He is free from the petty extortions and annoying financial snares which are the inevitable accompaniment of hotel life elsewhere. The skies are blue above him, the gardens are gay with flowers, and the market stalls offer delicious fruit in abundant variety for his selection. If the sea-air of the peninsula be too harsh for him, mild though it be in contrast with the atmosphere he has left, he can travel south until a semi-tropical temperature is gained. Everywhere he finds consideration, attention, economy and luxury. In midwinter he can bathe in the sea, he can bask coatless in the sun, he can wear clothing light enough for a June day in the East, he can lounge among rose trees, flower-laden and fragrant; he is enjoying the delights of the garden-spot of the world. With all those rare advantages Californians are modest. We leave for the great part the advertising of our climatic and natural wares to those who have been here and seen for themselves, and the result is the rush of those whose circumstances allow them the delights of a winter on the Pacific Coast.

## BYRON SPRINGS.

There are few people in our midst who are aware that there is, only a few hours' ride from San Francisco, and only three miles by stage from a railway station, a resort that ranks as a sanitarium, and a place to regain health higher, really, than any other springs in California. It has been the custom of sufferers to make long trips, at great expense, to visit places whose waters are not wonderful for their efficacy, while there are more healing waters closer at home. We know it to be a fact that hundreds of people have been cured of many complaints at the Byron Springs, and that no person has ever visited them that has not felt relief in two or three days. We are acquainted with a prominent railroad man who obtained great relief from increasing kidney pains and disorders, in from a visit from Friday to Tuesday. It is an absolute fact that, for the positive cure of all such complaints, or great relief, there is no place on the Pacific Coast that can touch these wonderful waters. Persons suffering from general debility and nervous strains may be greatly refreshed and recuperated by a stay from Saturday to Monday.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

THE WAVE has special advertising advantages, one or two of which we enumerate: In the first place it is put in the hands of all tourists who visit Del Monte, and also sent to many of the fashionable patrons of that place who are at times elsewhere. It is also on sale for a month at the news stand at Del Monte, and on all the trains running between San Francisco and Monterey. It is the organ of the Northern Division of the Southern Pacific, and the country through which it passes, which includes the cities and towns of San Mateo, Menlo, Redwood, Santa Clara, San Jose, Gilroy, Santa Cruz, Pajaro, Watsonville, Castroville, Salinas, Paraiso, Soledad and Monterey. The libraries, club houses, hotels, rooms of the Christian Association, Turkish bath houses, and other prominent places of resort in San Francisco, are kept supplied with copies of the WAVE during the whole of each month.

## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.



"The Great Pleasure Route of the Pacific Coast."

—FALL AND WINTER—

1886-7.

EXCURSIONS

—TO—

—MONTEREY—

—AND—

HOTEL DEL MONTE

—FOR—

Select Clubs and Private Parties.

These Excursions Include a Delightful Railway Trip to America's Famous Pleasure Resort, Luxurious Hotel Accommodations, and a Carriage Ride over the Celebrated Eighteen-Mile Drive,

—AT—

MINIMUM COST.

OFFICE OF

Assistant Passenger and Ticket Agent.

San Francisco, October 1, 1886.

WITH the opening of the Fall Excursion Season, the SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY is prepared to make very favorable engagements for the transportation of SELECT CLUBS and PRIVATE PARTIES to MONTEREY, including one or more days' stay at the famous HOTEL DEL MONTE and CARRIAGE RIDE over the celebrated EIGHTEEN-MILE DRIVE, and at specially reduced rates.

For Rates, Terms, and other information, apply at Room 33, Railroad Building, corner of Fourth and Townsend Sts.

Respectfully,

H. R. JUDAH,

Asst. Passenger and Ticket Agent.

# BAY VIEW HOUSE,

MONTEREY, CAL.

The attention of Travelers is directed to this pleasant hotel. On account of its delightful location, commanding a charming view of the bay, and spacious play-grounds for children, it is a desirable boarding-place for Tourists. The rooms are newly furnished, and the table receives special attention.

BOARD AND LODGING PER WEEK,	- - - - -	\$8 00
BOARD AND LODGING PER DAY,	- - - - -	1 50

Free 'bus to and from all trains.

L. SCHAUFEELE, Proprietor.



*CAPITOLA.*

The season at Capitola, Santa Cruz County, opened on the first day of May, under very favorable auspices. Over two thousand persons were present, and it was very complimentary to Messrs. Cahoon and Son, the new managers and proprietors of this popular sea-side resort, to hear the many expressions of surprise at the greatly improved appearance of the place. Since that time there have been accessions daily, so that at present there is a mighty swarm of people at Capitola, in hotel, cottage, tent, and a number who have no roof except the canopy of heaven. The time is not far distant when double the accommodations now obtainable at Capitola will not accommodate the half who will apply for rest and recreation at this delightful summer resort. So far as nature has had a chance, she has put in her prettiest work. The bay, the beach, the bathing, are all fine, and the latter is nice and warm these days. It is now the very charm of summer at Capitola—there are days of warm sunshine and delicious evening breezes; the trees are all in full leaf; the grass is as soft and green as in winter; wild and cultivated flowers are in profusion; the music of the mocking bird and the linnet meet the ear in all directions, made more melodious by the baritone of the ocean's roar, and all Nature seems to smile serenely at this captivating place. There has been thrown at us many times the general order of "See Naples and die." We would rather pass a few days at Capitola and live.

*SOCIAL GRADES.*

[From the Boston Record.]

Fortunately, perhaps, the comprehension of a difference of social grades comes very slowly in this country. The difficulty of grasping the English idea of the difference between "ladies" and tradeswomen was illustrated the other day in a case where the daughter of a wealthy Nahant house had gone to Lynn to make a purchase, and had left at a store there an order to be filled. When the goods reached the Nahant residence, the order had not been correctly filled, and the head of the house called, when he drove to Lynn that day, to see about it. "Oh," said the merchant in reply to his remonstrance, "the lady that took the order did n't quite understand what the girl said!" This story recalls another told of a somewhat famous Yankee coachman, who "drove" the family of Lathrop Motley during the historian's last residence near Boston. Mr. Motley had just removed to his summer residence, where his two brothers, Mr. Thomas Motley and Mr. Edward Motley, were then stopping. A night or two after the house had been occupied Mr. Motley arrived at the station early in the evening, and the coachman was there to meet him. "Have you driven anyone to the house to-day, Silas?" he asked. "Well," said Silas, "there was two ladies that come this morning, and Tom and Ned come this afternoon." The "two ladies" were the cook and the laundress, and "Tom and Ned," of course, were the historian's brothers.

*THE BENEDICT'S DELIGHT.*

Talk about the "strong arm of the law;" why, it isn't anywhere alongside of the strong arm of the mother-in-law.

Ferdinand Ward cheated his mother-in-law out of \$100,000. In other respects his career has been a very sinful one.

Judge—Prisoner, you say you dearly love your wife, and yet you acknowledge abusing her. What do you do it for? Prisoner—Well, you see, Judge, I hate my mother-in-law, and if I can't abuse her, I must take my revenge on one of the family.

A mother-in-law who was a little indisposed called in a physician. He felt her pulse. "Let me see your tongue, madam," said the doctor. "Oh, what a bad tongue!" The son-in-law aside to the physician: "That doesn't prove that anything unusual's the matter with her!"

Jones—And you say your mother-in-law has recently changed for the better, become quite amiable?

Smith—Yes. She reminds me of a ship that has just come into port. Jones—Indeed! How so? Smith—She has dropped her rancor.

The young lady from Menlo with No. 7 shoes, commenced a conversation the other evening unconsciously thus: "I have a huge prospect on foot," and so forth—too bad, was n't it?"

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### MONTREAL, CANADA.

GEORGE ILES, Manager.

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C. C. WILLIARD, Proprietor



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**LOCATION.**  
 THIS institution, founded in 1866, is situated near the village of San Mateo, which is noted for its beauty and seclusion; also, for the equability and healthfulness of its climate. It is within twenty miles of San Francisco by rail, and easily accessible by carriage, and therefore particularly suited to parents in the city who wish their sons within reach in case of emergency. Trains of the Southern Pacific Company run frequently, allowing visitors to go and return several times daily.

**DISCIPLINE.**  
 THE Principal exercises a fatherly care and discipline over the pupils, seeking to influence and kindly lead rather than drive. The military discipline is used in a modified form, sufficient to secure regular exercise and erect carriage by drill, and habits of promptness and obedience, with orderly movements in the school-room. Experience has proved that the military drill, thus modified, is beneficial and not objectionable. Particular attention is given to the morals and manners of the pupils by both principal and teachers, it being considered an indispensable part of their training to make them gentlemen as well as scholars. This is the atmosphere of the school.

**SESSIONS.**  
 THE School year is divided into two sessions of twenty weeks each. The Easter session begins about January 5th; the Trinity session about July 20th, with a Summer vacation of eight weeks and a Winter vacation of four weeks. Pupils will be received at any time.

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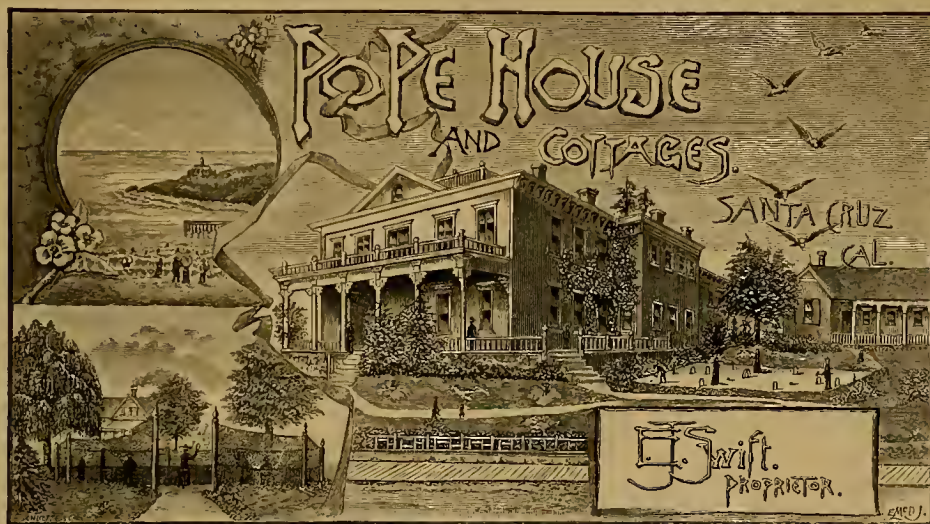
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The climate is delightful in all seasons, and affords a greater contrast to that of the Atlantic States than any other place on the Pacific Coast.

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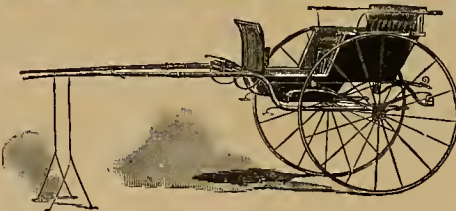
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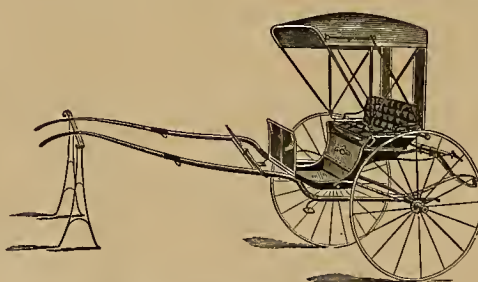
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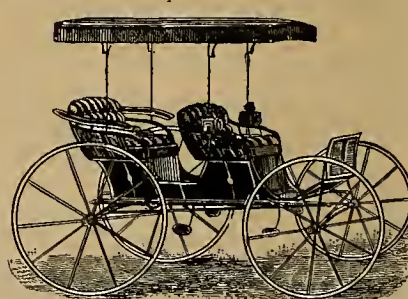
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